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FEBRUARY 1968 • 75 CENTS

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL WINNERS

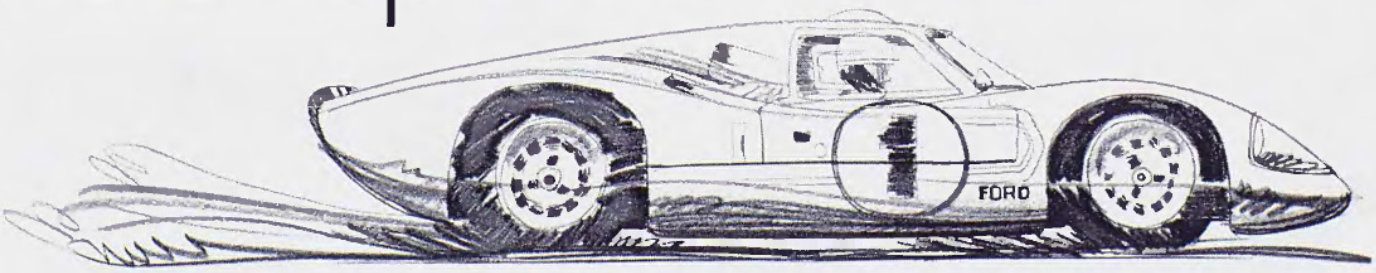
AN INTERVIEW WITH JIM BROWN

THE MISS NUDE UNIVERSE CONTEST

DETROIT'S SPORTY & SPECIAL CARS

U.S. SENATOR JACOB JAVITS ON LOWERING THE VOTING AGE

Anyone can paint stripes on a car...we earned ours at Le Mans...Sebring... Indianapolis...



1968 Torino GT fastback's only concession to convention is six-passenger seating, if you prefer

When you go fastback or GT... you've got to go Ford! And one of the reasons why is the newest member of Ford's winning fastback pack, the Torino GT. Built on a 116-inch wheelbase, this one sports such standard equipment items as a 302-cu. in. V-8, SelectShift transmission, unique GT stripes and identification, styled steel wheels and wide-oval tires.

But, Ford didn't stop with one well-bred fastback, it went on to make an entire pack . . . five models in three different sizes . . . small, medium, and large. Ford calls them the Mustang Fastback 2+2, Torino GT fastback, Fairlane 500 fastback, Ford XL fastback and Ford Galaxie 500 fastback. People who consider driving a sport call them great. The reasons why are as varied as the selection of models and options.

Consider five different V-8's for the XL. These run all the way from a new 302-cu. in. jewel with special lightweight pistons, to the proven 428-cu. in. V-8. These range from 210 to 390 hp. With five V-8's each for Torino, Fairlane and Mustang, the fastback pack really lays on V-8 choice.

They're not stinting on transmissions either. On most of these engines you can have either 3-speed, 4-speed, or syrup-smooth 3-range SelectShift. That's the automatic that leaves the option to shift or not to shift up to you. Ford doesn't let you build in all this go without having something special in the stop department. That something is a new optional floating-caliper disc brake that quickly disperses heat for high fade resistance, more uniform braking action.

There are eight V-8's, three transmissions, two suspensions, three tire options, two brake setups and five models . . . if your choice is GT or fastback, is there any doubt that Ford gives you the biggest choice? There's no need to choose things like stripes, low-restriction exhaust, and special wheel covers . . . Ford includes these in the special GT packages available for both Ford and Mustang.

FORD

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PLAYBILL WITH the advent of leap year, young men's thoughts turn not only to the tender traps laid by marriage-minded maidens but to the no less time-honored quadrennial ritual of electing a President. Our timeliest article this month, *Lower the Voting Age*, is concerned with that sizable body of Americans—12,000,000—who are between the ages of 18 and 21 and who will *not* be voting in November. The author is Jacob K. Javits, senior U.S. Senator from New York and one of the most respected of liberal Republicans. No stranger to the demands of the writer's craft, Senator Javits has penned two books, *Discrimination, U.S.A.* and the more recent *Order of Battle: A Republican's Call to Reason*.

Politics also provides us this month with a generous helping of humor in Ralph Schoenstein's *A Day in the Life of President George Romney—or Robert Kennedy, Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, Martin Luther King, Charles Percy, Hubert Humphrey, Nelson Rockefeller, Lurleen and George Wallace*, which prophesies what might happen if various likely and not-so-likely individuals were to be elected President. Schoenstein reports that he's hard at work on a volume of tongue-in-cheek travel pieces tentatively titled *O Beautiful Fallacious Skies*; it is scheduled for publication later this year by Prentice-Hall.

Versatile Max Gunther, who in recent issues has sounded out the new wave makers in sonics research and has punctured the myth of computer infallibility, considers another futuristic phenomenon in *Lasers: the Light Fantastic*. Gunther reports that PLAYBOY is the third most popular magazine among laser scientists, just behind *Scientific American* and *Laser Focus*; one lab he visited had a gatefold taped to the wall with the caption "PLASERBOY'S PLASERMATE OF THE MONTH."

Curious Courtships, an irreverent, valentine-flavored review of some old-time postcards, is the work of James Prideaux, a member of the Playwrights Unit (headed by Edward Albee, Clinton Wilder and Richard Barr), which has produced two of his plays, *Lemonade* and—coincidentally—*Postcards*. Prideaux intends to continue living and working "in the heart of Broadway, with occasional sallies to the Catskills."

A Pimp's Revenge—the tragicomic tale of an American painter in Italy—is our lead story this month and the second PLAYBOY piece by Bernard Malamud. Since publication of *The Natural* in 1952, Malamud has earned the plaudits of both the critics and the public with a succession of sensitively conceived and skillfully crafted works, including *The Assistant, The Magic Barrel, A New Life, The Fixer* and his most recent book, *A Malamud Reader*. Currently on the faculty at Harvard, he is writing a new novel and is working on a volume of short stories—to include *A Pimp's Revenge*—for release in 1969.

Robert Coover—author of *The Hat Act*, a gray-to-black-humor fantasy about a magician—is a former colleague of ours, having worked on our promotion staff. Now teaching at the Writers' Workshop of the State University of Iowa, Coover has a new novel, *The Universal Baseball Association, J. Henry Waugh, Prop.*, scheduled for publication next month by Random House; an earlier Coover work, *The Origin of the Brunists*, won the William Faulkner Award as the best first novel of 1966. *The Hat Act*, which will eventually be included in a volume of stories titled *Exemplary Fictions*, is Coover's first PLAYBOY contribution.

The Hot Sauces of Magda, by Bernard Wolfe, rounds out our fiction roster for the month. Though far from his first PLAYBOY story—as a matter of fact, it's his 11th—*Magda* is one of his ironic best, about the romantic misadventures of a Mexican fruit picker. Wolfe, who is giving a course in short-story writing at UCLA, is at work on a pair of novels, *My House Is Your House* and *Up You Go*. A volume of his tales, *Move Up, Dress Up, Drink Up, Burn Up*, will be published in April by Doubleday.

That might well suffice for an ordinary issue; but since February boasts an extra day this time around, we've compiled an additional array of pictorial and reportorial divertisements to match the occasion. Jim Brown, former football star of the Cleveland Browns and now a full-fledged film star, discusses the perils of fullbacking and the green side of black power in an exclusive *Playboy Interview*. Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy, in *Sporty and Special*, takes an expert look at the new, fun-oriented species of car that has matured in Detroit. Also on hand are the results of our Jazz and Pop Poll, with Nat Hentoff's comprehensive survey of 1967's music scene; Thomas Mario's *Let Yourself Goo*, a guide to the uninhibited enjoyment of extravagant desserts; a wardrobe of outdoor outfits for urban excursions by designer Bill Blass; and *Sights & Sounds of '68*, a roundup of the latest and best in hi-fi and television equipage. Our eye-opening pictorials include an inside look at epidermal attractions on display at a stunning *Miss Nude Universe Contest*; a revealing rendezvous with up-and-coming screen star Joanna Pettet; and a sojourn with our lovely Playmate of the Month, Nancy Harwood. All of which goes to prove that the shortest month of the year can be long on entertainment for men.

COOVER

MALAMUD

SCHOENSTEIN

HENTOFF

PURDY

WOLFE

JAVITS

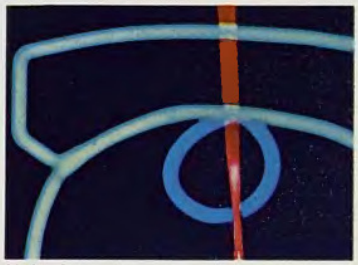
PRIDEAUX

GUNTHER

vol. 15, no. 2—february, 1968

PLAYBOY

Sporty and Special P. 102



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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PSYCHEDELIC SEX

Congratulations to PLAYBOY and to writer R. E. L. Masters for the November article *Sex, Ecstasy and the Psychedelic Drugs*. It's high time, no pun intended, that someone published an accurate and readable report on the sex-enhancing potential of today's drugs, and Masters' piece was just that. I was especially impressed with his discussion of the way the conservative medical establishment has cried wolf once too often and now, in the face of what may be very real dangers, its warnings go unheeded. I hope PLAYBOY's commendable open-mindedness will result in other articles as interesting as this one.

John S. Berry
Bay Shore, New York

With the publication of R. E. L. Masters' article, PLAYBOY has given its readers the only accurate, scholarly and significant treatise in print on this important topic. It is unfortunate that Masters and other researchers are unable to further investigate the effects of these drugs, due to severe (and, in my opinion, foolish) restrictions imposed by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Nowhere in this nation is there a clinic or a laboratory where a nonpsychiatric volunteer can undergo the psychedelic experience under controlled, guided conditions with bona-fide LSD. PLAYBOY continues to be one of the few publications in America where readers can explore the many facets of psychedelic drugs. Masters' piece is the finest you have published on the topic since your article by Aldous Huxley in 1963.

Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.
Brooklyn, New York

Sex, Ecstasy and the Psychedelic Drugs, by R. E. L. Masters, was very interesting and well motivated. Personally, I have no experience with the sexual potentialities of LSD; but I know very well the "amplifying" power of the substance and can easily imagine that intercourse between two mutually adjusted lovers who have taken LSD may reach unbelievable intensity. I wish to take this occasion to praise the efforts of Masters, and those of other American pioneers, to counteract the many ridiculous and baseless charges that are currently made against LSD. We have in my country a perfectly similar wave of irresponsible and terror-spreading information. Recently, an Italian medical review stated that besides being "more destructive than Thalidomide," LSD "has no therapeutic value whatsoever." Personally, I know very well how useful it can be—if properly and carefully used—as therapy in severe cases of psychoneuroses, with obdurate alcoholics, etc.

But I also know that the importance of LSD and the other psychedelic drugs goes far beyond their therapeutic use—and I could give plenty of evidence for this statement. Masters' article was a challenging and thought-provoking piece of work.

Professor Emilio Servadio
Rome, Italy

Masters' article was excellent, the first I've read on the subject that presented the truth. I've used LSD and marijuana for over two years and find both substances very rewarding. My husband and I derive a great deal of pleasure from sexual experiences enhanced by these drugs. I'm certain that I speak for more Americans than most people realize when I congratulate Masters for telling it like it is.

(Name withheld by request)
Vancouver, Washington

PORTRAIT OF MICHELANGELO

After viewing *Blow-Up*, a film that brilliantly explores the nature and borders of reality, I wondered what kind of man lay behind such a fine motion picture. My thanks for providing the answer in your November interview with Michelangelo Antonioni. He is clearly a cinematic genius; his philosophy is as fresh and exciting as his films.

Stanley Glassman
West Palm Beach, Florida

I'm afraid a lot of people think anyone could make a movie like *Blow-Up*, but your interview with Michelangelo Antonioni shows how mistaken they are. As a serious student of the cinema, after

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LANVIN

reading your interview, I can only call Antonioni a genius. He is a man truly dedicated to his art—and to his own sense of perception. My humble hat is off to this crusader for the "how it is" generation.

James R. Edington
Nebraska Wesleyan University
Lincoln, Nebraska

It is assuring to know that a brilliant man like Antonioni is behind the scenes of a movie such as *Blow-Up*. Congratulations to PLAYBOY for a fine interview and to Antonioni for giving us such real and provocative films.

Michael McNab
Bucknell University
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

Antonioni used a term that describes your entire interview perfectly: frivolous. With his generally insipid questions, your interviewer succeeded in setting up an astonishingly meaningless dialog. I would have learned more by listening to Antonioni talk in his sleep.

Frank Simons
Washington, D. C.

UPS AND DOWNS

Ken W. Purdy's *Long Way Up, Short Way Down* in your November issue impressed me very much. The experience of the aging ex-flier and the young French girl shows with disturbing accuracy that one man's true love can be another man's hypocrisy—an important observation, entertainingly presented.

Paul Holmes
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Purdy is a fine writer and a knowledgeable man. He knows that the R. A. F.'s 617 Squadron carried out the raids on the Möhne and Eder dams. He even knows the names of several authentic R. A. F. bomber boys who took part. So, how do we explain the almighty *faux pas* of giving his ex-R. A. F. central character the rank of colonel? This is about as incongruous as having an admiral in command of an armored division. The R. A. F. rank equivalent to colonel would, of course, be group captain.

David Lawrence
Detroit, Michigan

Quite right, old boy.

CONGRESSIONAL DEBATE

Congressman Morris K. Udall's November article, *The High Cost of Being a Congressman*, was indeed a masterpiece. In today's times of political turmoil and corruption, it is both gratifying and encouraging to see that we still have a few politicians who are more interested in our nation than in filling their own pockets. Representative Udall attacks the problem of campaign funds and its relation to political corruption with the vigor and enthusiasm of a new-generation politician and with the wisdom and foresight of the great, old-school politicians such as Abe Lincoln. Surely, affairs in Congress are in a sorry state, but with men like Morris Udall fighting for a better Government, these matters are bound to improve. My thanks to PLAYBOY and Udall for a deeply interesting and worthwhile article.

Ron Owen
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky

I think Congressman Udall has expressed our problem very well and I hope all of your readers will take the time to study his remarks so that they will better understand the problems their Congressmen face in campaigning every two years. While I do not necessarily agree with every proposal Mo Udall has to offer, I do agree that the problems of financing our elections in this country are serious and require more attention than they have gotten in the past.

Representative Samuel N. Friedel
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Many thanks for the frank and straightforward article by Congressman Udall. Just working for a candidate can cost money. Udall properly underscored some of the vast problems we are creating for today's leaders—and for many potential candidates who might never achieve leadership, simply because of the financial barriers they face.

H. Baxter
Exelsior, Minnesota

I've read Congressman Udall's article on *The High Cost of Being a Congressman* and can vouch for the fact that holding public office is expensive. Last year, for instance, my airplane fares alone cost me more than my total income when I was in the Texas senate. (I try hard to stay in close touch with the people at home and go back to my district almost every weekend of the year.) Even the cost of sending out a newsletter has been so great that I have reduced the frequency of my newsletter from once a month to whenever I can afford it—usually just two or three times a year. Luckily, I can still afford weekly television and radio reports—but getting these aired at peak hours is difficult, indeed.

Being a Congressman is not easy and it is anything but lucrative. But there is a certain reward in public service that has nothing to do with money, and that is the satisfaction of doing something that must be done, as well as possible, for the public good. That is why I am in politics—not for the money, because you can't make money in politics (at least not if you stay honest), but for the satisfaction that public service alone can give.

Representative Henry B. Gonzalez
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Congressman Udall's well-written article describes a condition with which we in Congress are all too familiar.

Representative John J. Flynt, Jr.
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Udall's article was a tentative step in the right direction, but I think he missed the main implication of his facts. He states, "Of every 100 Americans, 95 have never contributed to any political candidate." Then he advances impressive reasons and techniques for broadening the base of compaign contributions. But the point is: Why do only five percent of Americans contribute to candidates? Almost all of us give to charities of one sort or another. Udall's figures are a fine indication of how alienated most of us are from the political process. The answer to this alienation will not be found by tinkering with the superstructure. Instead, we need a Government that is responsive to the people's needs and wishes, and we need politicians who act on these wishes. What we have now is government by cynical horse traders acting for themselves. The American people show their instinctive good sense by refusing to bank-roll these operators. Campaign subsidies would only produce more of them.

Ralph Taylor
San Francisco, California

I disagree with Representative Udall. I find that I can live within the salary paid me and I do not require great expenditures to get elected.

Senator Margaret Chase Smith
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

***NEW THING* OF BEAUTY**

Since filming *Jazz on a Summer's Day*, I have not had much time or opportunity to keep abreast of new developments in the jazz world. But Michael Zwerin's well-written and informative *The New Thing*, in your November issue, went a long way toward remedying that situation. Zwerin is a bright, exciting writer. He seems to *care* about his subject, enough to be involved with it while not losing his objectivity. Consequently, he is able to make the reader care, even if that reader is not a particularly avid jazz fan. I am happy that PLAYBOY has recognized Zwerin's ability.

Bert Stern
New York, New York

Stern is one of the best-known photographers in the nation; his "Jazz on a Summer's Day" is recognized as one of the finest jazz films ever made.

Congratulations on publishing Mike Zwerin's excellent and informative article about *The New Thing* in jazz. Like much of what we consider to be serious music in America, "the new thing"

Next time you feel like a couple of beers, have a Country Club.

Just one.
Even a small one.
You'll find Country Club Malt Liquor twice as satisfying as beer.
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So, instead of wading through a sea of foam, you get right to the action with Country Club. Get with it!

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A rousing new fragrance that stays with you.

After Shave, Cologne and other essentials for the lusty life.

Created for men by Revlon.

receives little or no attention, and PLAYBOY is to be commended for informing the public about it. Unfortunately, Zwerin is accurate when he says that jazz is having rough days again. But as Dave Lambert used to remark: "Man, they say jazz is dying? Well, jazz has been dying for the last sixty years." Eventually, jazz will take its place in the music world, just as chamber music has, and will be presented in concert halls just the way fine string quartets and woodwind quintets are. In spite of the current gloom, my observations indicate that there are more fine players today than at any time since I began playing professionally in 1943. Ultimately, the new thing in jazz is the beautiful thing. I think the work of Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Lester Young and Charlie Parker is just as "new" as the sounds of Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor. As long as music says enough, it will be around for a long time.

David Amram
New York, New York

Amram recently completed a tour as composer-in-residence for the New York Philharmonic. His works—which combine the classical and the contemporary—include two cantatas; a sacred service; 15 chamber works; five orchestral works; and two operas, "Twelfth Night" and "The Final Ingredient."

MEMORABLE *DAY*

Thank you for Robie Macauley's short story *That Day* (PLAYBOY, November). When I heard of President Kennedy's assassination, I, too—like Charlie Huber—was "awe-struck, for maybe the better part of an hour." However, there the similarity ends. I wasn't carried into a wonderful trance. I didn't break out the champagne and bourbon. I didn't go to a New Year's Eve–type party. The death of our President was one of the most tragic events in the history of our nation. Don't let Macauley's label "fiction" mislead you. There were many Charlie Hubers that day and their attitudes make me wonder if the Civil War is really over.

Michael Korsonsky
Brooklyn, New York

Although I have read some very good works of fiction in PLAYBOY, never have I been so moved as I was by *That Day*. The impact was powerful, chilling, shattering and morbidly fascinating. This was masterful use of suspense and what might, I suppose, be called a surprise ending—yet not in the sense that the story turns itself around and you chuckle at the writer's cleverness; instead, the whole work was solidified by the ending, yanked into position as though by the abrupt setting of an enormous fishhook. I did not suspect what Macauley's story was leading up to until those final lines; and when the end came, I was dumfounded—much as I was on "that day" over four years ago. I feel sure that I shall be thinking of this short story long after many others have faded from memory.

Laird Marshall
New York, New York

WORTHWHILE WORDS

J. Paul Getty's *Familiarity Can Breed Content* in your November issue was an inspiration. An undergraduate education in liberal arts can be quite rewarding, particularly if one uses it as Getty suggests—to widen his business horizons and proficiency. But by the time the young man gets to graduate school in business education, he yearns for a more practical, point-by-point approach to his chosen field. I think the advice contained in Getty's short article is more valuable, in this respect, than a semester of just about anything a university offers.

David F. Wood
Columbia University
New York, New York

SMOOTH SAILING

A. C. Spectorsky's article *Charter Yachting in the Caribbean* (PLAYBOY, November) is impressive not only for the ease with which it conveys the delights of yachting but also for its thoroughness.

Robert Scott Milne
Yonkers, New York

Just as long as I could keep my mind from being distracted by PLAYBOY's superlative photography, I found A. C. Spectorsky's article on the subject of charter cruising in the Windward Islands really first rate. It confirms what I've come to realize recently: that PLAYBOY is a serious, practical magazine and not just a delight to the senses.

Robert N. Bavier, Jr.
Executive Vice-President
Yachting Magazine
New York, New York

Both a noted yachtsman and a writer, Bavier is president of the North American Yachting Union and author of "View from the Cockpit" and "Sailing to Win." On the latter subject he is particularly well versed, since he skippered Constellation to victory over England's Sovereign in the 1964 America's Cup race.

May I congratulate you on producing far and away the best article—and the most magnificent photographs—on Caribbean cruising and yacht chartering that I have ever seen.

J. H. Millar
Monte Carlo, Monaco

My compliments for PLAYBOY's superb article on chartering in the West Indies. I have cruised this area in my own boat and so can appreciate the accuracy of your descriptions. Being a yacht broker and in the charter business, I can also appreciate the intelligent picture you give

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Plymouth

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

of what it is like to charter. In fact, your article answered most questions a prospective charterer might think of and, what is more, answers them correctly. I have read most of the many articles that have come out on the subject, and Spectorsky's is by far the best.

Richard Bertram
Miami, Florida

Bertram's modest identification of himself as a yacht broker conceals his avocational fame as a racing yachtsman and a power-yacht designer.

A barrel of fine St. Lucian rum to Spectorsky for his excellent Caribbean article. Having been associated with the Caribbean since 1958, I'm interested in reading everything I can get my hands on involving chartering and West Indian travel. His article is the most comprehensive I've yet seen.

Michael S. Mitchell
Kalamazoo, Michigan

It's interesting to note that PLAYBOY, with its pictorial piece on a yacht party in the Windwards (*Playboy's Charter Yacht Party*, November), has entered bodily into our field. Our magazine has had several articles on bare-boat chartering, but that is something else again. With your vast circulation and wide influence, there will no doubt be a great increase in the sale of binoculars in the Lesser Antilles this spring; but shouldn't you have put in just a word to indicate that *all* girls on charter parties don't have quite the figures yours do and that *all* charter parties aren't exactly like yours?

Bill Robinson, Editor
Yachting Magazine
New York, New York

Editor Robinson, whose surf we admit encroaching upon, is himself a prolific literary charter of exotic waters. His books include "Over the Horizon: The Best in Cruising" and "Where the Trade Winds Blow"—which Spectorsky acknowledges was his island Baedeker when he first cruised the Caribbean.

TENDER *TRAP*

Frederik Pohl's *Speed Trap* (PLAYBOY, November) is probably the most subtle, sensitive and sophisticated treatment of the invasion-from-outer-space theme I've ever read. And the way things stand today, we'd hardly need an invasion for Pohl's prophecy to come true: The world may, indeed, not end with a bang but with a bureaucracy.

Roger Danforth
Cleveland, Ohio

STAG FILMS

The entire *History of Sex in Cinema* has been outstanding, but in your November installment, *The Stag Film*, authors Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert really outdid themselves. PLAYBOY, too, rates a big hand for daring to print the graphic scenes. I certainly agree, incidentally, that the film entitled *Smart Alec* deserves first prize. I have a fine "first-generation" print made back in 1952 and I wouldn't part with it for anything. Stag movies may come and go, but there's only one Candy Barr. Pound for pound, she was at 22 the most perfect woman I've ever seen.

Harold J. Williams
Newark, New Jersey

The article on stag films in your November issue was certainly top rate. The authors are to be congratulated on their insightful analysis, their meaningful interpretations and on their good taste in writing it. I was also filled with nostalgia in reading about many "old friends" that I had a hand in viewing and cataloging while I was working with the Institute for Sex Research in Bloomington. I hope you expand this into a book, as there are many more facets of the films that were not brought out.

Wardell B. Pomeroy, Ph.D.
Marriage Counselor
New York, New York

Dr. Pomeroy, who is the co-author, along with Dr. Alfred Kinsey and associates, of "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male" and "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female," should be pleased to learn that PLAYBOY *plans to publish an expanded version of "The History of Sex in Cinema" in book form, shortly after the conclusion of the series in these pages.*

I have generally enjoyed reading all the chapters of *The History of Sex in Cinema*, but *The Stag Film* is the best of the lot. It is, indeed, as it purports to be, a definitive survey of the screen's hardcore erotica. Its details were superb and the entire article gave a real feeling for the comparative history of this unique kind of film—from the early 1900s to date. I can't think of a recent PLAYBOY article—or, for that matter, any article in any other magazine—that I have found more sexologically informative. Hearty congratulations!

Albert Ellis, Ph.D.
Executive Director
Institute for Rational Living
New York, New York

The excellent article on stag films reminded me of one of my very few viewings of the genre. In 1955 or 1956, I went to the infamous Shanghai theater in Havana. The feature film was the most unusual variation on the *Faust* theme anyone is likely to encounter. Although the photography was poor and the film suffered from all the other ills noted by Knight and Alpert, whoever made the film at least had an imagination. As in the legend, the bored student made a pact with the Devil. His reward, of course, was a series of orgies. At the climax, if that word may be permitted, the final hour arrives and the trembling Faust is visited—presumably for his damnation—by Mephisto. Advancing behind the unwary Faust, Mephisto lifts his smock and proceeds to sodomize him. At this point, the film reached its finest moment, as the camera moved in on Faust's face, which bore a smirking, coprophagous grin. Before the final fade-out, Faust reciprocated Mephisto's advances. The immense ironies implicit in this silly flick are worthy of De Sade and Sartre combined.

Joe Morehead
San Francisco, California

As the article says, stag films may help save a marriage. A few quiet nights at home watching something besides the boob tube might be just the right therapy.

Dick Allen
Crawfordsville, Indiana

I read the installment on stag films with interest, though I'd like to point out one small error of fact. In supporting the notion that female sexual activity with animals has been a persistent preoccupation in male pornography down through the ages, Knight and Alpert mentioned that "Europa had coitus with a bull and gave birth to a child that was half bull and half man." Actually, although Europa was carried off to Crete on the back of a beautiful white bull (Zeus himself), she did not give birth to such a child. Rather, she bore Minos, Rhadamanthus and (according to post-Homeric accounts) Sarpedon. Obviously, Knight and Alpert have confused her with Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos. For she, with the help of Daedalus, disguised herself as a cow and satisfied her "unnatural passion" for a sacred white bull. The offspring was the Minotaur.

E. N. Genovese
Department of Classics
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Humanum est errare.

The Stag Film was well written and treated the subject matter fairly, but it failed to change my mind about the art form. Stag movies may in rare cases have a therapeutic value; but otherwise, viewing them doesn't seem to accomplish much. And, for the life of me, I can't imagine sexual intimacies as a spectator sport—it's so much more fun to participate.

Bob Baume
Los Angeles, California

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Thanks to the activities of the Citizens for Decent Literature and other such public-spirited groups, we are all aware of the sinister menace of the four-letter word. But how many of us know that public order and morality are also endangered by the *three*-letter word? If the reader, like the editors, has never given much thought to this threat, he can be assured that at least one clean-minded organization has already explored the dimensions of this creeping menace: the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators. Early last year, the AAMVA circulated to state motor-vehicle authorities a bulletin informing them which three-letter combinations were "objectionable" and should not appear on automobile license plates. When we read a copy of this tabulation of taboos, sent to us by a thoughtful correspondent, we were, quite frankly, stunned at the flood of bumper bawdiness that might engulf our highways if the intrepid AAMVA were not out there protecting us. As a public service, therefore, in this deadline month for '68 plates in most states, we offer the following report on the association's alphabetical excisions.

Nothing if not thoroughgoing in its condemnations, the AAMVA bans not only ASS but also AAS, ARS and even CAN from the nation's license plates. TIT, TYT, TTY and even TTI are equally *verboten*. AAMVA administrators also impartially ban both BRA and BVD. The male sex organ, needless to say, is interdicted in any overt or subliminal way it may attempt to sneak onto a plate—not only as a straightforward COK or DIK but also in such disguises as COC, COX, KOC, KOK and KOX, DIC, DYK and even DIX. Nor will the equally pernicious female genitalia creep by, even in the guise of CUN, KUN or via the deceptive Latin abbreviation VAG. This insidious erogenous zone cannot even infiltrate as BOX. Naturally, such rape-inciting combinations as FCK, FKU, FOX, FUK, FUX and FUG are considered equally objectionable. So, for that matter, are LAY and LAE, not to mention SUC, SUK, SUX, LIK, COM, CUM and KUM.

Looking closer at the list, we begin to wonder about the inner workings of the AAMVA mentality. How, for example, did GOD become unprintable? And HAM? We realize it's not kosher; but why is it forbidden to gentile motorists also? On the same subject, we suppose GOY is ruled out because it might offend those hip gentiles who happen to know what it means in Yiddish; but isn't it stretching things to assume that there exists somewhere a supersensitive Semite who will find a jeering tone in JOO? And if POO is really suggestive—as the AAMVA seems to have felt in forbidding it—why shouldn't the prurient works of A. A. Milne be removed from our public libraries? And in what foreign language, or in what secret perversities unrecorded by Krafft-Ebing, did such exiled combinations as AIG, DRY, EZP or NUN acquire licentious meanings? And who was the genius responsible for the discovery of lurking lewdness in MOO and HOO?

There are further mysteries. Was it some Birchite suspicion that pop art might be a Commie or hippie plot that led the motor-vehicle censors to ban ZOW, BOP, EEK, OOF and YOW? If so, how did they miss POW? How, furthermore, did the alert administrators let PAD get by? Don't they realize hippies smoke GRS there? For that matter, how did GRS itself escape condemnation? POT, predictably, is banned—presumably on the grounds that it might constitute advertising for a "dangerous drug"—but then, why is LSD so conspicuously absent from the Index Expurgatorius? And we can't help wondering whether the AAMVA shares the view of the ancient Manichaeans that all sex should be abolished. If not, why did it ban LOV, HUG, WED and BED, a sequence that spells out the sacrament of matrimony? Was it a prejudice against jazz musicians that put GIG on the black list? Is KOP forbidden because it might offend a police officer—or is it, perhaps, an obscenity in Lithuanian? And how did the man who saw the *double-entendre* in HOR and PRO miss the dangers of WHR?

Considering the high status given to animal doctors for their compassion and to soldiers for their heroism, why did VET get rejected? The ASPCA, finally, might be interested to learn that neither DOG nor CAT is permitted, the latter presumably because it might appear behind a house trailer. Despite such peculiar paradoxes, however, the list does reflect one consistent area of censorial permissiveness. While every possible reference to wedding or bedding has been hunted out and expunged, the administrators seem unconcerned about three-letter combinations that might provoke the homicidal instincts. STB, AXE, RIP, KLL, DTH, SLA, GOR, PSN, CUT and MDR are all permissible. But too many drivers don't need such provocation. They're out for BLD, anyway.

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Reassuring news from J. Edgar Hoover, as quoted in *The Christian Science Monitor*: "I regret to say that we of the FBI are powerless to act in case of oral-genital intimacy, unless it has in some way obstructed interstate commerce."

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Who Said War Is Hell? Department: A bored platoon of Marines in the Quangtri province of Vietnam vainly offered the Viet Cong $100 to start a battle, said a story from the *Miami Herald–Chicago Daily News* wire service. A lance corporal explained that the Marines collected the money and asked a local youngster—who frequently ran errands to provide them with bananas and ice—to use it to lure the enemy into battle.

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Sign of the times spotted on the marquee of a Long Island Holiday Inn motel: HAVE YOUR NEXT AFFAIR HERE.

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Incidental Intelligence, Gourmet Division: Italy is now importing gorgonzola cheese made in Australia.

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Anglican parish magazines recently published an article by Dr. Gerald Knight, director of the Royal School of

Church Music, entitled "Let Us Sin—and Show We Mean It." The second installment had as its theme "The Right Way to Do It."

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Lest We Forget, a radio program in Hancock, Michigan, that broadcasts detailed obituaries of local citizens, is sponsored by a brewery that calls its product "the most refreshing way to go."

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During Mrs. Shirley Temple Black's unsuccessful campaign for a Congressional seat in California, an irreverent poster appeared showing Shirley in her moppet days, thrusting out her under lip and declaring, "If you don't vote for me, I'll hold my breath!"

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News of the proliferating Love Generation has apparently penetrated the Iron Curtain: The Polish daily *Expres Poznanski* has declared that "Because of the increased sexuality of the Anglo-Saxons, it has been possible to exceed our planned export of mistletoe."

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Insult was added to injury, according to the Williamsport, Pennsylvania, *Grit*, by a burglar who plundered a detective agency and left a terse note: "So solve this one."

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Graffito spotted on the wall of a Chicago subway station: ENOVID TAKES THE WORRY OUT OF BEING CLOSE.

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We commend the candor of a classified ad in the Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, *Daily Bulletin*, calling for "A pickup in excellent mechanical condition, regardless of age, prefer eight-foot bed."

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According to *The Insider's Newsletter*, the "Report of the North Carolina Legislative Committee on Printing and Binding" is neither printed nor bound but mimeographed and held together with plastic fasteners.

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A notice posted at the Host-Hostess Club of Montreal, advertising a one-day guided tour of Niagara Falls, proclaimed that patrons would be able to "have a dry-run honeymoon."

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Armchair scholars will be interested to learn that the University of Science and Philosophy in Swannanoa, Virginia, offers a home-study course in the secrets of the universe. The all-purpose program, explains the brochure, provides answers to all the eternal questions confronting mankind, from "What is God?" to "How can I climb out of the assembly line and rise to the top in our factory?"

Our New York correspondent tells us there's a commercial artist around town who's rigged up a light on the front of his car that flashes YOU'RE WELCOME in response to the THANK YOU light at automatic toll booths.

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Attention, Sexual Freedom League: Glued to the copying machine of an office in Spokane, Washington, is a sign that warns: NO ONE SHALL USE THE SECRETARY'S REPRODUCTION EQUIPMENT WITHOUT EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE OFFICER IN CHARGE.

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The word from the Haight-Ashbury grapevine is that a hippie chemist has just developed a powerful new antidote for LSD and STP that's guaranteed to bring you down. He calls it LBJ.

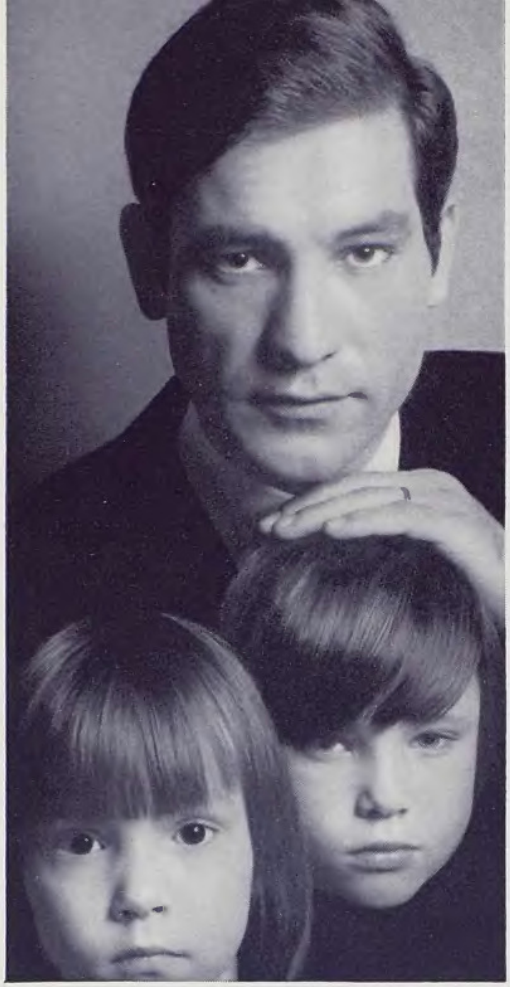
BOOKS

"Debate on the accuracy and adequacy of the Warren Commission's work," *The New York Times* editorialized sourly in September 1966, "is now approaching the dimensions of a lively small industry in this country." The first wave of "revisionist" books brought Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment* to the top of the best-seller lists and seriously shook much of the American public's confidence in the findings of the Warren Commission. Defenders of the Commission quickly counterattacked, reaffirming the official version of the assassination and dismissing its critics as moneygrubbing publicity hounds. The counter-counterattack is now under way, with a barrage of new books blasting the Warren Commission, its defenders and its apologists. Their tone and quality are uneven, ranging from strident and sparsely documented polemics to sober and scrupulously researched studies of the Commission's evidence. A few build a disturbingly persuasive case against the Warren Report and deserve serious attention.

The best of the new crop of books—and the most chilling in its implications—is Sylvia Meagher's ***Accessories After the Fact*** (Bobbs-Merrill), a comprehensive and exhaustively researched analysis of the Warren Report and its 26 volumes of supplementary evidence. "The central purpose of my book," writes Mrs. Meagher (a World Health Organization consultant who in 1966 privately published a 150-page "Subject Index" to the Warren Report), "is, by citing the actual evidence from the Hearings and Exhibits, to prove (1) that Oswald, far from being a lone assassin, may well be innocent of any implication in the crimes of which he has been accused; (2) that there were two or more assassins; and (3) that the Warren Report is a travesty of fact and mockery of justice, consciously contrived to render a false version of the assassination." Mrs. Meagher amasses an impressive array of evidence in support of her contentions, to the considerable discomfiture of any reader not congenitally prone to conspiratorial theories of history. Her scholarship, perception and grasp of the intricacies of the Commission's evidence make *Accessories After the Fact* the definitive work to date on the assassination. There may be answers to all the grave charges in her massive indictment; but until they are presented, *Accessories After the Fact* will stand as a modern *J'Accuse*.

Another responsible researcher, in a field too often—and too hastily—discredited by the sensationalism of a few "literary scavengers," Harold Weisberg has been as prolific as he is meticulous in investigating the assassination. Forced to publish his own books at considerable expense, Weisberg has followed his earlier assassination volumes—*Whitewash*, *Whitewash II* and *Photographic Whitewash*—with a carefully documented new examination of the Garrison investigation, ***Oswald in New Orleans***, subtitled "Case for Conspiracy with the CIA." Always a painstakingly accurate and assiduous—if less than impartial—researcher, Weisberg brings these talents to bear with considerable success in his latest effort. He contends that Oswald was involved with the late David Ferrie, anti-Castro Cuban exiles and elements of the CIA in a well-organized and ultimately successful conspiracy to kill the President. It's his conclusion, buttressed by a hefty array of evidence, "that the CIA and its involvement in the assassination were whitewashed" by the Warren Commission. On all major points, Weisberg supports the thesis of District Attorney Jim Garrison; and, along with Garrison's own case, his book will stand or fall with Clay Shaw in the courts. He does not pretend to be objective, but he never stretches or manipulates the facts; his research, particularly in the area of the so-called "second Oswald" and Oswald's ties to right-wing anti-Castro exile groups, is significant—and unsettling—in view of the Warren Report's failure to unearth any such associations. *Oswald in New Orleans* is read by the uncommitted reader with the hope that Weisberg is wrong—and the lingering fear that he isn't.

Yet another new dimension of the assassination is examined in Josiah Thompson's ***Six Seconds in Dallas*** (Geis). Thompson, a philosophy professor at Haverford College who served as a consultant for *Life* magazine's team investigating the assassination, has closely scrutinized the photographic evidence taken at the assassination site on November 22, particularly the famous Zapruder film of the shooting. On the basis of a detailed examination of the films and photographs, some of which Thompson



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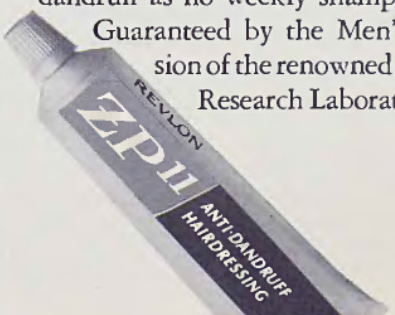

reproduces for the first time, he surmises that Kennedy was killed by three assassins, firing both in front of and in back of the Presidential limousine. Thompson's most significant original contributions are his detailed reconstruction of the sequence of shots—contradicting that of the Commission—and his mathematical research on the acceleration curves and impact phenomena of the bullets that struck Kennedy. Through intensive study of the Zapruder films and other relevant photographic evidence, Thompson concludes that the President was hit simultaneously by two "bunched" shots—one bullet striking his back and inflicting a nonfatal wound and a second, fatal bullet striking the front of his head. Detailed photographic analysis, he contends, makes it clear that the President's body was snapped forward under the impact of the first bullet that hit his back and fractions of a second later was slammed back and leftward by the second bullet, which blew off the top of his skull and killed him. A single assassin could not, obviously, have fired both bullets. Thompson's study is a sober and scholarly one, and his conclusion that Oswald did not act alone—if, indeed, he acted at all—is difficult to contest. The most unsettling aspect of both *Six Seconds in Dallas* and Sylvia Meagher's *Accessories After the Fact* is the failure of the Warren Commission to investigate, evaluate—or often even acknowledge—the huge body of evidence in its possession indicating the possible presence of more than one gunman in Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1963. Whatever the reason for its errors of omission and commission—subterfuge, carelessness, time pressures or simply a prejudgmental assumption of Oswald's lone guilt—these new books lend weight to widening appeals by Congressmen and the press for an independent new investigation of President Kennedy's assassination. Though the evidence would seem to indicate otherwise, such an investigation could conceivably vindicate the Warren Commission and silence the critics forever; but until it is conducted, the circumstances of the President's death will be the subject of many more books—and many more fears.

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Old friends of P(elham) G(renville) Wodehouse, cognizant of the weird rules governing the pronunciation of some Christian names in dear old England (viz., "Chumley" for Cholmondeley), have long since performed their own elision on the author's name and call him, fondly, "Plum." What better title, therefore, for this compendium of short stories by the indefatigable champion of rattlebrained complexity than ***Plum Pie*** (Simon & Schuster)? Through it totter, quiver and dash a host of old friends—Jeeves, Bingo Little, Freddie Threepwood, Bertie Wooster, Mr. Mulliner—ensnarled as ever in machinations that defy sanity (and, sometimes, insanity). A third of the book is devoted to a previously unpublished story in which young love, jewel smuggling and dog biscuits weave a twisted saraband. The others are equally good fun, even if you've read them before in these very pages—for who can remember how the intrigues of a Wodehouse plot resolve themselves, and who is not willing to savor once again the most amusingly inane dialog this side of the Congressional Record?

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If pot is already one's cup of tea, he won't learn much by reading ***Pot*** (University). But this "handbook of marijuana" by John Rosevear can be of value to the semi-initiated. For the person who knows where to buy pot but is uncertain about exactly how to use it and doesn't want to risk asking the wrong people the right questions, there are reliable answers in Rosevear's primer. *Pot* tells how to grow Cannabis sativa at home ("An old bathtub in a heated basement is an adequate planter") and how to cure it and prepare the plant for smoking. Useful though it is on practical matters, as a polemic in favor of legalizing the sale and use of marijuana, the book is so completely devoid of objectivity that it cannot be taken seriously. By contrast, ***The Book of Grass*** (Grove), an anthology of musings on marijuana by poets, novelists, philosophers, doctors, lawyers and scientists, is addressed to a more literate public. This volume, edited by George Andrews and Simon Vinkenoog, serves as a comprehensive source book. Perhaps its most impressive contribution is a 45-page section devoted to medical opinions. When diverse authorities express a consensus of approval on the use of marijuana, they lend strong support to those who seek legal reforms. (The eminent English psychiatrist R. D. Laing writes in a letter: "I would be far happier if my own teenage children would, *without breaking the law*, smoke marijuana when they wished, rather than start on the road of so many of their elders to nicotine and ethyl-alcohol addiction.") *The Book of Grass* contains fascinating bits and pieces of the complex truth about the role of drugs in modern man's search for ways of expanding consciousness beyond the limits of logical thought.

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Physical torture has the obvious fascination of pleasure for the sadist and the not-so-obvious fascination of horror for the humanist. If, in war, these distinctions are muddied by the military, the individual instinct may be likewise muddied, and decency and vileness often may come up looking like brothers. Both the physical agony and the spiritual mud are scrutinized by Victor Kolpacoff in his first novel, ***The Prisoners of Quai Dong*** (New American Library), and a harrowing scrutiny it is. The situation Kolpacoff

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poses is as stark as it is simple. A young Viet Cong is captured. Getting information from the prisoner means saving American lives. The lieutenant in charge of the detail assembles a team of information getters in a sweltering metal hut and the interrogation begins. To the author's credit, there is not a real sadist in the bunch. The division among the men in the hut is between those who don't give a damn for the V. C.'s life and those who do. The irony that develops is that the V. C. himself wishes for his own death, not so much to put an end to the relentless questioning and gouging knife but to assure his silence. It is upon Kreuger, an American officer busted and imprisoned for allowing enemy soldiers in the field to escape, that the exquisiteness of choice rests. Pressed into this grisly business because of his slight knowledge of the language, he struggles for uninvolvement; but his wish to save the V. C. leads to an accidental betrayal that the prisoner has suffered martyrdom to prevent. The mutilations inflicted on the body of the V. C. are the mutilations inflicted on the body of the idea, any idea, for which men go to war. By demonstrating this through the inexorable action of the story and not through the sermonizing of his characters, Kolpacoff achieves a power that could be celebrated in a novelist's tenth novel, much less his first.

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In his latest collection of essays, ***On Not Leaving It to the Snake*** (Macmillan), Harvey Cox, Harvard's brilliantly unorthodox young theologian, presents a tough, iconoclastic argument. Religion, he says, cannot tell us what is right and wrong—we are summoned to make our own decisions; "to shove them off on someone else, even on God or the church, is a betrayal" of our manhood. Today we as individuals and the church as an institution, writes Cox, must "leave the past behind and open ourselves to the promise of the future." Translating this into specific proposals, Cox calls for a dialog between Christianity and Marxism. Expanding on the theme of his January 1967 PLAYBOY article, *Revolt in the Church*, he lauds the new breed of ministers and champions their social involvement in actively combating war, poverty and injustice. And he challenges the church itself to fulfill its visionary function as the dreamer of dreams that transcend the pragmatic goals set by a materialistic society. Cox's stimulating introductory essay, *Faith and Decision*, contains the idea reflected in the title. Adam and Eve, he points out, let the snake take the responsibility of deciding their fate. Now, as we face the challenge of an ominous future, he warns us not to "let any snake tell us what to do." The image is vivid—but nowhere in this collection does Cox succeed in clarifying and developing this idea. Who—or what—is the snake? And exactly what is it telling us to do? The answers to these questions require another book—to which we look forward.

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To say that men are animals is, in many cases, to slander the animals. This is repeatedly demonstrated in ***Freewheelin Frank, Secretary of the Angels*** (Grove), as told to Michael McClure by Frank Reynolds. A graphic account of life in the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club, it is one of the sickest—and most sickening—reports of human behavior ever recorded. The book is written, for the most part, in wretched elementary school English, derivative, clumsy and inarticulate. ("Everything was just so groovy, it cannot be explained in words." Or: "When I looked at her the blood tingled and rushed through me, for Love in every way I had been taught.") Reynolds says, "God is Love" and then decribes in loving detail how seven Hell's Angels, without provocation, beat up three sailors so viciously that one of them "came within two minutes of dying." Sex is a gang bang: He tells of "magnificent momma turnouts," and says of one momma, "She was double-good, double-good in soul value," because she could take on such a long line of men. This book can be read, if read it you must, as a morbid document of human perversion. As such, it has a dreadful integrity.

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Terry Southern, author of *The Magic Christian* and co-author of *Candy* and the screenplay of *Dr. Strangelove*, is a pioneer black humorist; but ***Red Dirt Marijuana and Other Tastes*** (New American Library), though not without its grim share of thrills and twists, is like a bumpy roller-coaster ride with more dips than heights. This collection of short pieces seems to include not only recent short stories and magazine articles but also a few unsuccessful stabs at novels. Although there is a recurrent preoccupation with marijuana and other drugs, it is not an all-pervading theme. The title story does deal with a Negro farm hand and a 12-year-old white boy who enjoy a Huck Finn–Jim relationship as they cultivate their own psychedelic garden. But *You're Too Hip, Baby* doesn't go to pot for its put-down of a Kerouacky on-the-road whirl. The last piece, *The Blood of a Wig*, gives Southern exposure at his best—and most outlandish. A Village hipster, filling in as an editor of a Madison Avenue "Mag for Men," takes off on the furtherest-out trip yet (a blood transfusion from a schizoid Chinese symbolist poet) before going to work on a savage spoof of some of the allegedly suppressed passages in the Manchester assassination book. The result is so post–Lenny Bruceian that it makes *MacBird* seem like a cooing turtledove.

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Dick Gregory is, above all, consistent. Against killing in any form, he is a vegetarian. Against injustice, he is tirelessly militant but insists on remaining nonviolent both as a strategy and as a way of life. His nonviolence, however, as he said a while ago while marching in Milwaukee for open housing, "means I will not hit you or kill you, but I will wear you out." First as a humorist, then as an activist and increasingly as a writer, Gregory has been trying to wear out the contradictions between what America professes and what her majority actually believes. His new book, ***The Shadow that Scares Me*** (Doubleday), a series of "prophetic sermons" written—and delivered—between 1962 and 1966, presents his shrewd observations on the ways of life of both white and black America. The incisive Gregory wit is present, but the basic thrust of the book is a warning—"If America does not solve her social problems in the next five years, the problems will solve America." In terms of practical proposals, Gregory offers little that is new. He advocates that "America must listen honestly to the cries of the ghetto and apply the best available minds to the solution of its problems. Top sociologists, psychiatrists and social scientists are needed rather than blue-ribbon panels to investigate the cause of riots." What makes the book distinctive is the self-portrait it draws of an exceptionally open, courageous and wholly unpretentious man of our time.

•

Using Los Angeles as a model in ***Prelude to Riot*** (Random House), Paul Jacobs describes "the pen without an exit gate" in which the poor of our large cities exist. The institutions that purportedly serve them have actually perpetuated their powerlessness: "The help extended to the poor is grudging, tight-lipped and censorious, for it is generally assumed that they are responsible for their own bad condition and that if they wanted to get out of it badly enough, they could do so. It is also assumed that they are incapable of running their own lives and that therefore they need not be given the same rights as the rest of the society." Jacobs analyzes the Los Angeles Police Department, the Bureau of Public Assistance, public employment services, housing agencies, health and medical services and the school system. There is a chapter dissecting the make-up and inner struggles of the McCone Commission, assigned to examine the causes of the 1965 Watts riots and to suggest ways to prevent further rebellions. As many commentators have observed, the Commission's report represented a failure to understand either reasons or remedies, and Jacobs' account provides a fascinating illustration of chronic myopia in high places. It is unfortunate that parts of this valuable document read like the first draft of a conscientious reporter who has yet to transmute facts and figures into a polished prose that will make the reader feel

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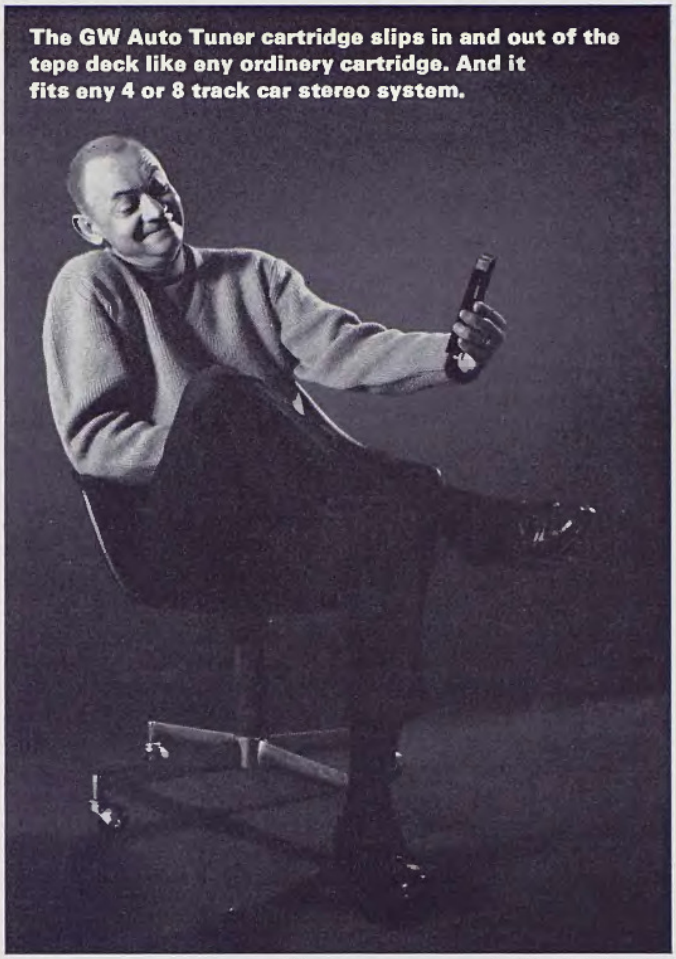

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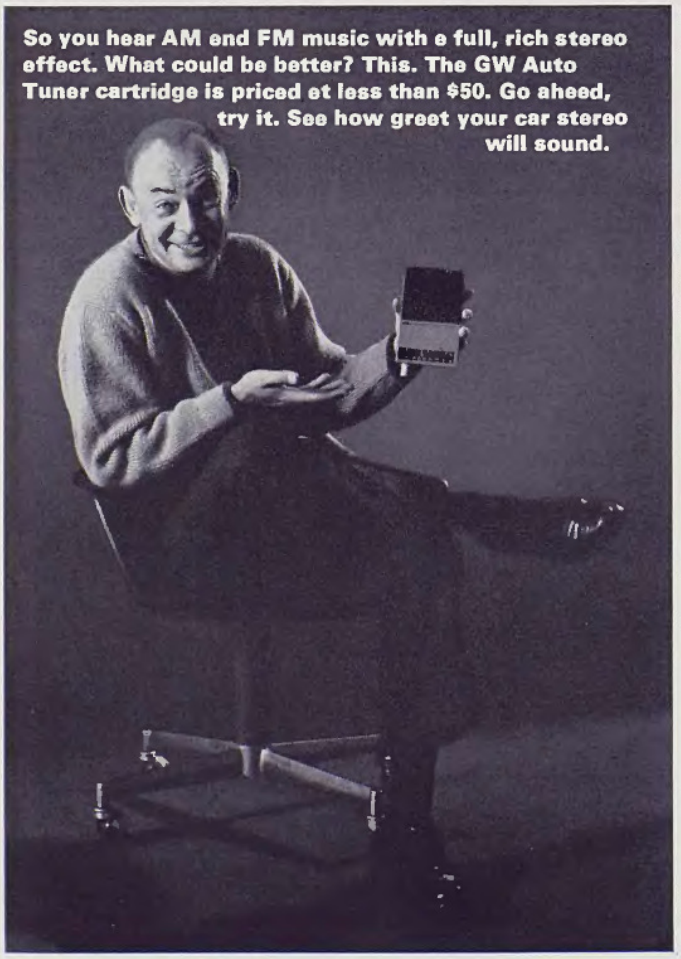

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the *weight* of what is being done to "the other America." In the sections in which Jacobs breaks free of statistics and tells what he has seen and what the poor have told him, his book rubs the reader's sensibilities raw.

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PLAYBOY readers' favorite ghoultender, cartoonist Gahan Wilson, now has a collection of his diabolically delightful drawings under hardcover. ***The Man in the Cannibal Pot*** (Doubleday) will amply reward those who appreciate the highly original, wildly macabre Wilson brand of humor.

DINING-DRINKING

For years, the Vine Street–to–Malibu reaches of Los Angeles boasted three emphatically Italian restaurants where film *colons* went as much to look and be looked at as to wine and dine: Martoni's in Hollywood, La Scala in Beverly Hills and Mateo's in Westwood Village. Every night, these *trattoria*-style hangouts were packed with the greats, near greats and not-so-greats of Tinseltown; but today you'll often find vacant tables in these elegant eateries. The establishment that's taking the bread-stick-and-chianti play away from them is ***Stefanino's,*** at the west end of Sunset Strip, on the dividing line between Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Though armed with a bill of fare that easily equaled the big three's offerings, restaurateur Steve Crane (owner of L. A.'s The Luau, Au Petit Jean and The Scam, as well as nine Kon-Tikis around the country) tried for a year to get this spacious, lushly decorated *marinara* dispensary in the social swim—and in the black—but failed to make as much as a dent in the venerable tripartite monopoly. What he clearly needed was a major-domo who numbered 5000 show-business people among his personal friends and didn't have an enemy or an ill-wisher among them. Crane found his man in 38-year-old Nicky Blair. Following his pal Tony Curtis (then Bernie Schwartz) to Hollywood 15 years ago, Blair (then Nicola Macario) kept busy playing feature roles in films and television shows, plying trades that ranged from carpetlaying and house painting to cooking for—and socializing with—such acquaintances as Curtis, Dean Martin, David Janssen and Marilyn Monroe. When he finally took over Stefanino's the January before last, the S. R. O. rope went up immediately and for good. Stefanino's is *the* place for people who are dying to eat Steak Sinatra (bite-size chunks of prime New York steak sautéed with green peppers and pimento) and to get a good look at Sinatra enjoying same. Hollywood's newest and liveliest *ristorante* is more than a mecca for the movie colony; it's also the best place in town to get home-style Italian provincial cuisine. Among the dishes Nicky recommends—and most regulars regularly relish—are Cannelloni, a delicate egg pasta wrapped around seafood and graced with a subtle wine sauce; Veal Cutlet Valdostana, thin layers of veal, prosciutto and mozzarella covered with batter, sautéed in wine sauce and served with mushroom caps and asparagus hollandaise; Cioppino in casserole, a classically thick, rich Italian fish stew; and the *pièce de résistance*, Breast of Chicken alla Crane: deboned leg and breast of chicken pounded flat, wrapped around a spinach filling, dipped in batter, deep-fried to crisp the outside, then baked and served with a fruity brown sauce, rice and spiced peaches on the side. Plus, of course, a plentiful selection of broilings, fish dishes, pastas, salads, sweets and cheeses, with a most excellent array of wines to wash them down. Nicky's on hand seven nights a week—slim, trim and expansively ingratiating. Tell him your name once and he'll remember it. *You'll* remember the restaurant.

MOVIES

Producer-director Stanley Kramer approaches big issues like a professional masseur. He lays hands on them, all right, but the soothing treatment may soon persuade you that there is no problem at all. ***Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*** uses the theme of interracial marriage as home base for a high-toned tearjerker teaming Katharine Hepburn and the late Spencer Tracy (in his last screen role). And despite the efforts of two such enduring, endearing heavyweights, *Dinner* looks opportunistic, pat and obvious. Wouldn't you know that the Negro brought home by their daughter (Katharine Houghton, Hepburn's real-life niece, who has learned nearly everything auntie knows about smiling through her tears) after a whirlwind courtship in Hawaii *has* to be Sidney Poitier? And wouldn't you know that Sidney is not just a doctor but a world-famous physician whose credentials make Justice Thurgood Marshall sound like a Newark agitator? And wouldn't you know the happy couple won't have to suffer through any painful adjustment to life in a white-dominated society, because they plan to go straight from the altar to darkest Africa, where they will operate a mobile medical school and save millions of lives? One wonders why Tracy, as publisher of a fighting-liberal West Coast newspaper (what else?), should withhold his parental approval for even a moment. Because the idea is timely and the talents are choice, however, no amount of rigging can rob the movie of its sentimental impact. Emotions are stirred, as intended, through a hundred heavily charged fade-outs right up to a red-white-and-blue finish, when Tracy rids himself of residual prejudice in a 20-minute valedictory scene that the Great Society can be proud to call its own.

•

Young rebels with a yen for dropping out and loving in will cherish the impulses that propel a runaway couple through ***Elvira Madigan,*** set in Sweden well before the turn of the century. Though based on a true story, writer-director Bo Widerberg's delicately wrought film transforms fact into a ruefully romantic love idyl. The heroine of the title is a tightrope dancer who abandons career and family for a weak, tenderhearted Army deserter. He leaves a wife, two children and his honor behind. Not surprisingly, the pair's flight from reality comes to a sorry end; yet that is only a factual footnote to Widerberg, who records the way of all flesh with a lyric poet's eye. The star-crossed couple (Pia Degermark and Thommy Berggren) are superb—she, a lissome dream girl for whom any lad might count the world well lost; he, a model of headlong boyish passion. In a realistic morality tale, their behavior could seem plain foolish; but *Elvira Madigan* has the quality of legend, carefully costumed and furnished in period, accompanied by a graceful Mozart piano concerto—and orchestrated, like most love affairs, along classic rather than logical lines. Above all, exquisite color photography catches the film's illusory mood, filtering out the harsh texture of adversity. What we see instead is gossamer tragedy, frail and beautiful.

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To keep ***The Incident*** in motion, two leering psychopaths commandeer a New York subway car bound for Times Square at a wee hour when prudent people are home in bed. Along for the ride are 15 unsuspecting victims wearily winding up a night of seductions, family quarrels, racial antagonisms and homosexual cruising. If the passengers have anything in common, it is the well-publicized urban disposition to remain uninvolved with one's fellow human beings. On that premise, director Larry (*One Potato, Two Potato*) Peerce creates a shocker in which a check list of contemporary fears is conveyed to the screen by direct current, hot and sizzling. As in his previous picture, Peerce shows an unfortunate fondness for labeling issues and fitting his characters precisely into slots. But this evening's message (in a script by Nicholas E. Baehr) has sufficient momentum to keep wailing through the long jungle night, from the swift vignettes that establish each passenger's hang-up to a horrific climax that brings the thugs' reign of terror to a halt. Tony Musante and Martin Sheen, as two feral specimens of life among the lower orders, are the embodiment of senseless violence every city dweller hopes to elude. For their captive audience aboard the IRT, crisis follows

crisis during a trip nearly two hours long. It seems shorter, particularly when Jan Sterling, Beau Bridges, Ruby Dee, Gary Merrill, Ed McMahon and other troupers start squirming as the poor unfortunates who find togetherness jammed right down their throats.

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The Fearless Vampire Killers or Pardon Me, But Your Teeth Are in My Neck is a visual feast signifying little except bad news from director Roman (*Knife in the Water*, *Repulsion*) Polanski—with or without the 20 minutes of footage snipped (mercifully) from the film by producer Martin Ransohoff before its American release, prompting Polanski (wisely but unsuccessfully) to demand the removal of his name from the credits. In this pseudo satire, Polanski attempts a slapstick parody of Hollywood's traditional horror spectacles. He marinates fangs, coffins, blood and garlic in one of those cobwebby Transylvanian castles, where a doltish professor and his side-kick rush to rescue a village beauty from the sinister Count Krolock. Since beauty is represented by that bewitching creature named Sharon Tate (see *The Tate Gallery*, PLAYBOY, March 1967), whose eyes glow with lambent flame, one can understand the boys' desire to bring her back from the castle, but the *Munsters*-style humor of their quest leaves much to be desired. At one point, a swishy vampire joins the chase through Castle Krolock, a first of sorts and perhaps a mincing baby step toward new horizons for the genre. To top his flair for whimsy, Polanski himself plays the professor's lackey in a performance made to measure for a class-C thriller. But the originals were far funnier than his remake, and spookier, too.

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Somewhere on a remote Greek island, a mysterious Western power loses a plane, two crewmen and enough thermonuclear hardware to ignite a major international incident. Soon secret operatives are swarming over the archipelago pretending to scout for a hotel site. Still timely (borrowed from the 1966 headlines, when a U.S. plane dumped four mega-deadly missiles near Palomares, Spain), such an idea sounds reasonably promising for a nightmare comedy. None of the promise is fulfilled, alas, in ***The Day the Fish Came Out***, written, produced and directed by Michael Cacoyannis, who also designed the costumes, thereby deepening his involvement in a movie memorable only for its witlessness. Cacoyannis' costumes deserve particular mention, since they appear to dominate plot and dialog. Even the secret agents go flitting ashore outfitted like security risks from some misbegotten musical—all madly Mod, with suspenders of bright orange or lavender. The plane's missing navigator (Tom Courtenay, heretofore a more-than-capable actor) hides out in the hills, stripped to his jockey

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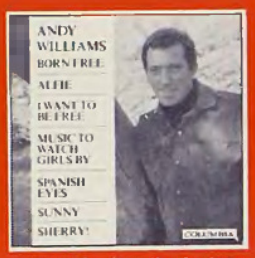

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shorts and grimly wringing them for a few uneasy laughs. Meanwhile, an influx of high-camp tourists brings along Candice Bergen as a swinging archaeologist who digs boys in darling beachwear and gives a wooden performance worthy of a chip off Charlie McCarthy. By the time the fish float belly up in the polluted Aegean, it becomes clear that Cacoyannis wants to *say something*—about the decline of civilization, perhaps. Unhappily, his message is mere froufrou in a film as easy to do without as radioactive waste.

•

Exploiting the Sinatra legend is the straightforward intention of **Tony Rome,** a melodrama that seldom lets its far-fetched fiction slow down its star. Flip side up, Frank plays a roving private eye who hangs his hat on a cabin cruiser moored at Miami Beach, and faithful Sinatramanes should find everything shipshape. The timing is breezy, as suits The Man, and the corpse count rises fast enough to satisfy the most sanguinary viewer. Among the kinkier distractions are mammoth plugs for some of Sinatra's favorite things (among them, the Fontainebleu and Budweiser beer in cans), not to mention a string of Frankly blue gags (a pair of newlyweds honeymooning to exhaustion on the yacht next door and a frantic lady who makes a scene about her stolen pussy). Such matters keep the hero too busy smirking to really swing, even while he extricates himself from a plot that involves killers for hire, hustlers, blackmailers, abortionists, junkies, drug pushers, a Lesbian stripper and other regional fauna. But this slice of low life manages to look good—especially when Jill St. John enters laughing and ready for action only to have an adversary call her a slut. "Now that we've been introduced——" purrs Jill imperturbably. *Tony Rome* also solves a mystery for anyone still wondering whatever became of Sue Lyon. She's alive in Miami Beach—and how.

•

Give a portable camera to Shirley (*The Cool World*) Clarke and the girl goes at a subject as though she'd been handed a crowbar, dislodging rocks from society's lower strata to make us look at the clammy undergrowth. In **Portrait of Jason,** the specimen unearthed is a young Negro homosexual, of bookish mien, who turns his own book of revelations into black comedy during a marathon dark-till-dawn interview. Alone on camera and loving it, Jason Holiday (born Aaron Paine in Trenton, New Jersey) introduces himself with the cheerful admission, "I'm a whore," then lists further credentials as pimp, houseboy, homosexual and thorn in the side of two Bellevue psychiatrists. "They keep harpin' on sex," he complains. "I've been ballin' from Maine to Mexico, and I'm trying to forget about it. . . . I am bona fide freaksville." Maybe. But behind the bravado lurks a human being whose instinct for survival in the white world is fed by an unfailing sense of humor, not to mention "sparkle-plenty pills" and vast quantities of booze. Though this long evening of Holiday camp is wildly funny when Jason describes drag queens he has known or his misadventures as an inept domestic, it becomes ineffably moving when he recalls a bittersweet boyhood in the ghetto or tells about plans for a night-club act he may never get around to. Through a thickening haze of alcohol, as offscreen voices press for more and more detail, *Jason* drifts at moments into bathos and near sadism; yet seldom have the techniques of *cinéma vérité* been used so strikingly to pull the stopper on one man's truth.

•

In the final scene of a whipped-cream trifle entitled **Tender Scoundrel,** Jean-Paul Belmondo limps into the mansion of a wealthy divorcee whose limousine has knocked him down. "Come and stretch out," coaxes the lady. "Do I have to?" demurs Jean-Paul, understandably frazzled by the demands made of him earlier in rumpled beds from Paris to Tahiti. Belmondo embarks on his odyssey with blonde Mylène Demongeot, a banker's mistress who owns a Mustang she cannot learn to back up, though her forward gears mesh neatly. While schussing with the banker's mistress, Belmondo captivates a banker's wife (Geneviève Page), deplores her penchant for bedside brutality and trades her in for a nymphomaniacal baroness (Nadja Tiller) who needs a sex hand willing to earn his passage on a South Sea cruise. In short, Belmondo's travels turn out to be just one damn fling after another, drolly perpetrated by director Jean Becker, who knows that this very French brand of improvisation has to be kept as feathery as a pillow fight. Background music by Michel Legrand pipes in frivolity-as-usual. But it's Belmondo whose agile, effortless comic style conceals the absence of plot until the show is almost over. There is no *farceur* in filmdom better able to make a pratfall look like a cue for passion.

•

Making off with $75,000 worth of jewels takes only a few minutes' time in **Robbery,** but a lively few minutes they are, filled with sharp cuts and a fearsome auto chase through London. And that is only the beginning of the picture. Under director Peter Yates, one good action sequence deserves another in a tidy thriller based loosely on the 1963 highjacking of a British mail train. The way *Robbery* tells the story, the swag is used as a capital investment to cover the recruiting and training of 26 highly skilled bounders (mechanics, electricians, bookkeepers, embezzlers, et al.), who figure their capital gains will be $10,000,000 stashed aboard the Royal Mail bound from Glasgow to London. There is so much to do that the scenario can't dawdle over personal problems—and after a few edgy encounters between the gang's leader (Stanley Baker) and his petulant wife (Joanna Pettet, featured in *The Lady in "Blue"* on page 84 of this issue), it's back to business. You may notice as D day draws nigh that James Booth performs very smoothly as a Scotland Yard man who responds like a seismograph to any sort of rumbling from the underworld. That, combined with some dandy filming in and around the Yard, may explain why the movie contradicts history by having most of the thieves bagged within a day or two. But pay no mind. During the lads' really big moments, right or wrong, you'll be with them—in fine, grainy news-real color.

•

Back in the heyday of Italian neorealism, **The Girl and the General** would have been—and should have been—filmed in gritty black and white by an impoverished post-War director with a flair for squeezing grand ironies onto a small canvas. But affluence has set in and producer Carlo Ponti can afford such luxuries as Virna Lisi, Rod Steiger and wide-screen Metrocolor to spin out the tale of an Austrian general (Steiger) captured in Italy during World War One by an illiterate peasant girl (Virna) and a soldier (Umberto Orsini) who hope to turn him in for a 1000-lira reward. The trio's slowly evolving relationships are obviously meant to yield tragedy, comedy and flashes of quintessential humanity en route to a bitter climax. But Steiger is woefully miscast and Virna just hints at the things she might do if a camera were to look beyond her finely chiseled bones. And the War they are supposedly trapped by seems a long-ago-and-far-away fiction, even while the bombs explode around them. As Virna's boyish comrade in arms, though, Orsini is worth watching—a freckle-faced Italian who combines beginner's luck with exactly the sort of eager young blood the occasion calls for.

•

The generation gap, which has been taking up far too much of everyone's time on stage and screen, is bridged with gags, grit and resonant human comedy in **The Graduate.** Mike Nichols' second movie (the first was *Virginia Woolf*) employs a hotel bedroom as the setting for a temporary truce between disenchanted middle age, represented by an alcoholic matron (Anne Bancroft), and anxiety-ridden youth, represented by an award-winning scholar and former track star (Dustin Hoffman), who is unable to focus, as the sociologists say, on meaningful goals. So he goes to bed with the first lady who asks him, who happens to be the wife of his father's business partner and the mother of the willowy beauty (Katharine Ross) he is going to fall in

love with very shortly. Complications follow, to put it mildly, but the complications that have preceded include the funniest moments of anguish ever filmed to commemorate the decline and fall of a boy's burdensome virginity. Hoffman, a runty recruit from off-Broadway, combines an arsenal of sighs, squeals, nods, curses and semiarticulate protests with the perpetually perplexed expression of a feisty young pup that may never grasp the first principles of paper training. He thrusts a palm onto his lady's bosom, waits, withdraws it and politely remarks, "You're the most attractive of all my parents' friends, Mrs. Robinson." Anne's calculated bitchery gives a hard edge to their scenes together, each a classic example of noncommunication topped by the lad's futile attempts to make a little conversation by asking Mrs. Robinson how *she* got started on sex ("What kind of car was it?"). In the Buck Henry–Calder Willingham script drawn from Charles Webb's novel, sight gags alternate with verbal somersaults to produce a finally conventional reassurance that love conquers all. Nichols might have omitted some of his self-conscious camera antics; but he does achieve one coolly striking alienation effect simply by putting his hero into a $200 wet suit and letting him stand alone at the bottom of a swimming pool, safe from friends, parents and the pressures of Southern California mores. Mostly, the fresh comic spirits assembled here in defense of youth belt out lusty good humor. *The Graduate* stands at the head of its class.

RECORDINGS

Simply Streisand (Columbia) may be Barbra girl's best recording to date. There are almost none of the strident Streisand and upper-register nasalities that have marred her otherwise captivating performances in the past. Her repertoire is almost faultless (but *Stout-Hearted Men*, even taken at ballad tempo, is still banal, unfortunately); it includes *My Funny Valentine, When Sunny Gets Blue, More Than You Know* and *The Boy Next Door.*

•

Bola Sete at the Monterey Jazz Festival (Verve) had to be one of the high points, if this record is any gauge. The Brazil-born, San Francisco–based guitarist, with bassist Sebastian Neto and drummer Paulinho, is dazzling as he does a medley from *Black Orpheus* and a brace of his own tunes, *Soul Samba* and *Flamenco.* Sete-sational.

•

The offerings of three other exemplary guitarists have come our way. Charlie Byrd is represented by ***Solo Flight*** (Riverside) and ***More Brazilian Byrd*** (Columbia). Alone and unamplified on the former,

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Charlie fills the room with sensuous and subtle sounds. The LP draws from the works of Django Reinhardt, Duke Ellington and Rodgers and Hart, among others. Byrd's Brazilian LP finds him backdropped by an orchestra and introducing a new Rio rhythm, the Jequibau. A number of the Latin tone poems are old favorites, but Charlie does get a chance to cook on some lesser-known items. Kenny Burrell, who has come into his own as a solo guitarist only in recent years, is now duly appreciated. ***A Generation Ago Today*** (Verve) has him reprising a passel of the Benny Goodman small-group favorites that featured the legendary Charlie Christian. *Poor Butterfly*, *Rose Room* and *If I Had You* are among the entries and Burrell needn't worry about losing anything by comparison with Christian. He is strictly first rank. ***A Day in the Life*** (A&M) spotlights the wondrous Wes Montgomery with an outsized aggregation. In addition to the title Beatles treat, Wes has a go at their *Eleanor Rigby* and assorted odes ranging from *Willow Weep for Me* to the funky *When a Man Loves a Woman*. A notable triumph.

•

On ***Magical Mystery Tour*** (Capitol), the Beatles eschew further experimentation in favor of consolidating their gains. One side of the LP offers a half-dozen moody, melodic songs from the television film of the same title (the other side is a program of previous Lennon-McCartney hits, such as *Penny Lane* and *Strawberry Fields Forever*). An uncanny blend of sound and sense is sustained throughout, and the group seems even more self-assured than in the past; the high point of the set is the powerfully nihilistic *I Am the Walrus*. A booklet of color photos is included for the quartet's more rabid fans.

•

Happy, happy keyboard sounds pour out of ***Grand Piano*** (Exclusive). Willie "The Lion" Smith and Don Ewell team up for a session of two-fisted piano duets in the classic jazz tradition. Zestful exuberance and a delightful rapport abound as Ewell and the indefatigable Lion cavort through *I've Found a New Baby*, *Some of These Days*, *Keepin' out of Mischief Now*, *Sweet Georgia Brown* and a half dozen equally impressive evergreens.

•

One of today's leading soul songstresses, Aretha Franklin, comes up a winner on ***Take a Look*** (Columbia), an LP whose opening track, the freewheeling *Lee Cross*, is more than worth the price of the recording. Songs such as the title ditty, *Until You Were Gone* and *Blue Holiday* are strictly a bonus.

•

The Don Ellis Orchestra continues to produce some of the most exciting sounds and rhythms in jazz. ***Live in 3 3/4 Time*** (Pacific Jazz), recorded at Shelly's Manne Hole and the Pacific Jazz Festival, conveys the electricity of fresh exploration while avoiding "free-form" anarchy. In addition to a quartet of wild originals, Matt Dennis' tried-and-true *Angel Eyes* is dramatically refurbished, as is Eddie Harris' funky *Freedom Dance*. The Ellis group gives every indication of being where the future big-band sound is at.

•

The New York–based Esterhazy Orchestra under conductor David Blum has proved a splendid vehicle for conveying the ebullient spirit of the Baroque era. In offering ***Georg Philipp Telemann's Suite, The Prostitute*** (Bach Guild), along with several of his concertos for flutes, oboes and trumpets, the orchestra has again risen nobly to the occasion. After more than 200 years, Telemann's lighthearted and limpid works are still full of life.

•

For sheer musical dexterity, in playing and singing, The Doors is the best pop group to appear in eons. Their style, while not especially original, is hard to pigeonhole. ***Strange Days*** (Elektra), their second album, proves that their phenomenal commercial success is justified. Whether turning on the psychedelic sound, as on *Strange Days*, or sustaining a Latin-soul beat, as on *Moonlight Drive*, the group swings powerfully, without sacrificing delicacy or taste and without control-room gimmickry. They really stretch out on their 11-minute opus *When the Music's Over*. Jazzmen take heed: The Doors can *play*.

•

Old meets new and both profit on ***Chuck Berry Live at Fillmore Auditorium*** (Mercury). Backed by the young Steve Miller Band, a fired-up Berry leads the way through a program that embraces swing-era selections such as *Flying Home*, psychedelic blues (*Feelin' It*) and several down-home laments, including *C. C. Rider*. Despite occasional clinkers, the set is a mind-blowing experience—courtesy of Berry's guitar, which is angrier and trickier than ever.

THEATER

It was Eugene O'Neill's wish that ***More Stately Mansions*** be destroyed at his death. Faced with the first American production of the unfinished play, it would be easy to say that his instructions should have been followed. *Mansions* is not complete and, in Jose Quintero's production, is not entirely stageworthy. Nevertheless, the work is a valued possession, an artifact of America's greatest playwright. Sprawling, prolix, it still bears the mark of O'Neill: dramatic encounters, soul-searching soliloquies, penetrating psychological revelations and a grand theme—as much about America in the early 1800s and the wages of business success as it is about interfamilial love and hate. *Mansions* is an essential work for O'Neill fans; the question is whether it should have been offered to the public in its present guise. It is billed simply as a play by Eugene O'Neill, when the truth is that it has been wrenched from a mass of raw O'Neill material by Quintero. Credited only as the director, Quintero is actually a somewhat meddlesome midwife. He has, for example, reinstated a draggy first scene (cut when the play was first produced in Sweden), which serves only to link it with *A Touch of the Poet*—the only play O'Neill completed in his projected nine-play cycle—and to remind one how far superior a work *Poet* is. In spite of the impressive production values (sets that look like American primitive paintings and a high-powered cast), the work remains not a play but an outline. Much of the dialog sounds like shorthand for detail never brushed in. Transition is almost entirely lacking. Simon Harford (Arthur Hill), a Yankee businessman beset by a haughty, possessive mother (Ingrid Bergman) and an earthy, assertive wife (Colleen Dewhurst), swerves suddenly from nice patsy to fiendish manipulator, which is unnerving to both actors and audience. *Mansions* should be accepted for what it is—a beginning. With less pretension, the fragments could have been staged, or even read. The scenes could stand alone, without being forced into the mold of a play. And what scenes! The titanic ladies vie for possession of their man with an intensity not likely to be equaled on Broadway this season. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.

•

An overdoze of put-upon parents and flower children and their mutual failure to communicate is turning Broadway this season into one big-bore hippiedrone. ***Halfway Up the Tree*** is no worse than most of these acid-age Andy Hardy tales; but because it is a spin-off from the prolific pen of Peter Ustinov, one expects if not more, at least funnier food for thought. The author's Blimpish mouthpiece, General Sir Mallalieu Fitzbuttress (Anthony Quayle looking like Konrad Adenauer), comes home to England after four years in Malaya, discovers that in his absence his son has been booted out of Oxford and let his hair grow. He looks like a yak. And his "mistress" is an equally hairy hippie of indeterminate sex. The general's daughter, on the other hand, has taken up promiscuity as a way of life and bears the fruits of her fortunes before her; she is hugely pregnant, knows not the father and cares less. Unfazed, Quayle compliments his brood on their good sense and proceeds to outhip them. Tossing away his shoes, growing a

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Move Over, Lady Chatterley–A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

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Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt–The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War–Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious–and Perfectly Legal–New Ways Around Abortion Laws

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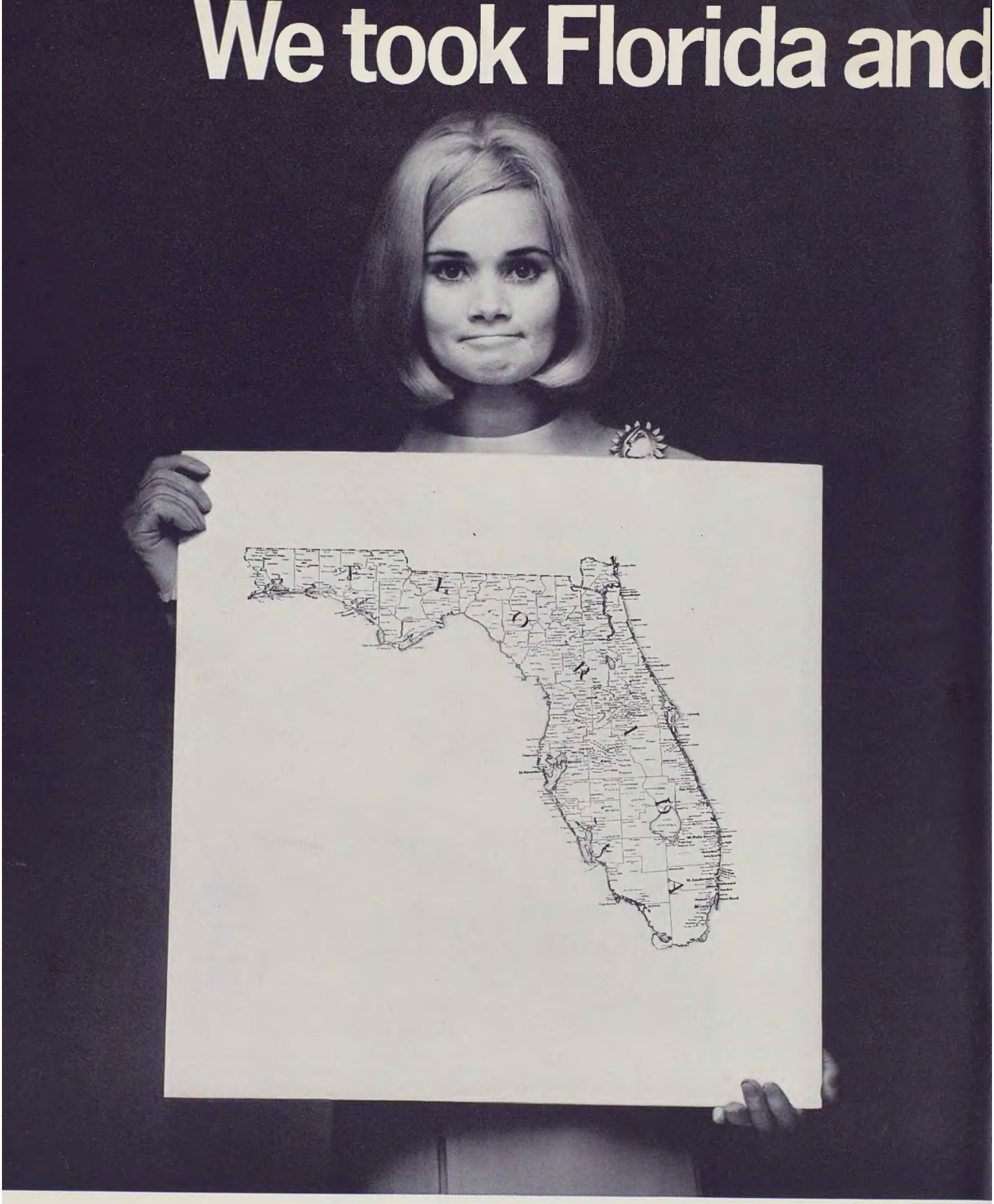

We can't see why you should have to wait until you get to Florida to start enjoying Florida. Or, if you're on your way out of Florida, why you can't enjoy it just a little longer. So, what we've done is to try to bring Florida to you. Right there on the plane.

The seats are now yellow and white striped—kind of like beach chairs. There are tropical sounds: Birds quietly singing away. We give you lots of Florida foods. Like Islamorada stuffed shrimps, Okeechobee hushpuppies, conch fritters, key lime pie. And we give you Florida drinks. Florida fruit punches, Florida flips.

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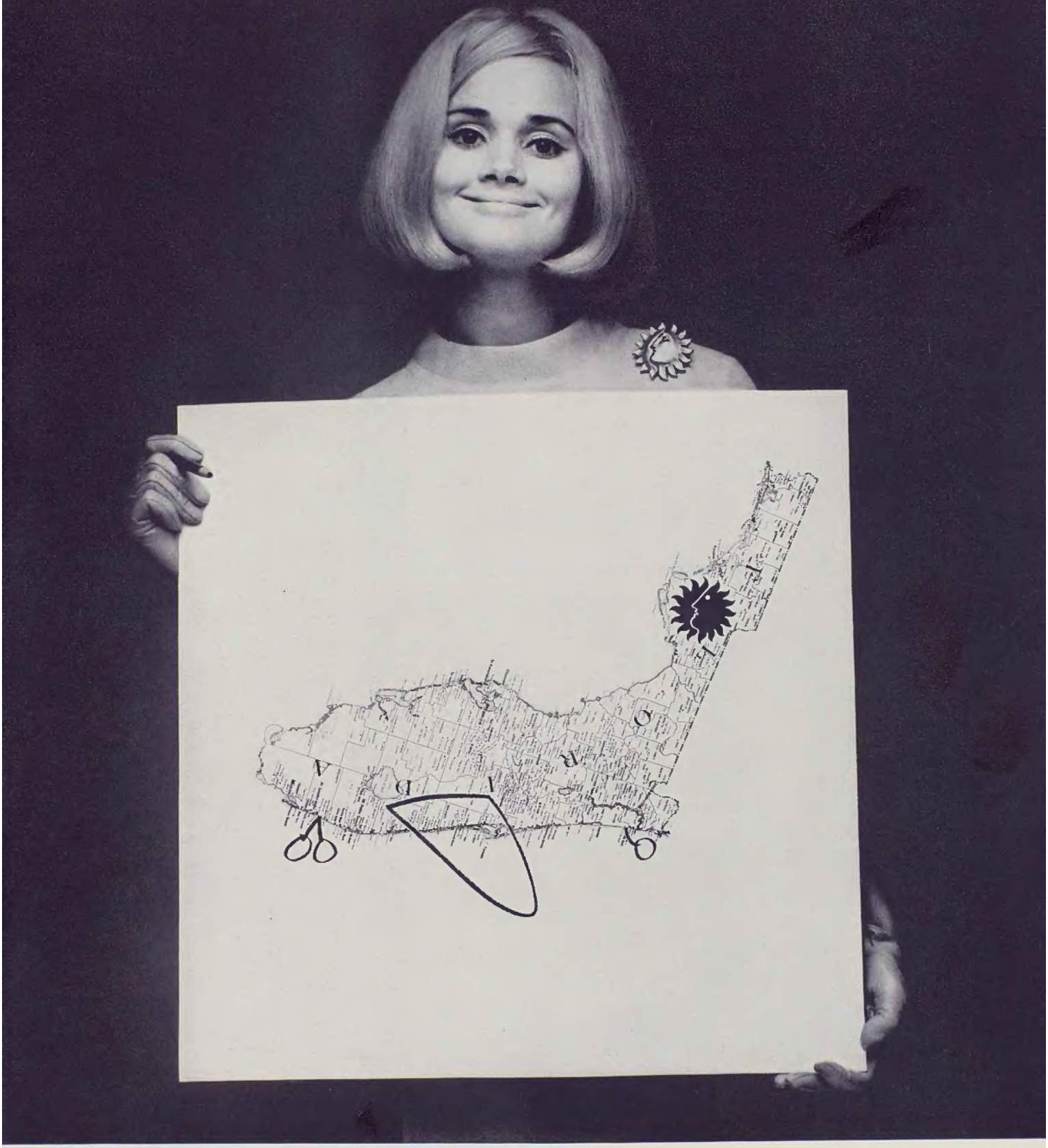
turned it into an airline.



reflector staring you in the face. And, of course, the stewardesses in their bright, new, Florida-colored uniforms. But as nice as these things are, they're only part of the story. The physical part.

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beard, wallowing in dirt and playing his regimental anthem on a guitar, he splits from society and lives in a tree—to his family's astonishment and outrage. There are a few good one-liners (most of them from Quayle), but one sits through a lot of blather waiting for them. Since the author also directed, the blame is easy to distribute. At the Brooks Atkinson, 256 West 47th Street.

•

Edward Albee's new offering, ***Everything in the Garden,*** is freely based on a play by the late English playwright Giles Cooper; but at first glance, it seems more like a collaboration between Albee and Jean Kerr. The scene is suburbia, the characters a married couple with money problems; the grass is green; there is a country club next door and the air is filled with wry ripostes. The Mary-Maryness of this house-and-garden idyl is accentuated by the fact that the leads are played by that archetypal American stage-comedy husband and wife Barry Nelson and Barbara Bel Geddes. "I'm forty-three years old," he moans, "and I don't have a power mower." What she doesn't have is a greenhouse. Alas, they can afford neither. What about a part-time job for her? Enter Mephistopheles in the person of a Park Avenue madam (Beatrice Straight), who offers the matron $200 a trick. It soon becomes clear that this is not just a comedy about a respectful prostitute, a situation comedy to end all situation comedies or even a satire about the sour side of suburbia (although it is all these). What Albee is attempting is a cautionary fable about money. Moral: Anybody will do anything for money—except, of course, those who have too much of it, such as the author's mouthpiece—a rich, sardonic *voyeur de la vie*, the funniest character on stage (Robert Moore, in the evening's best performance). The first act, as Albee explores the guises of greed, is fiendishly funny, full of devastating dialog about status-grabbers and penny pinchers; and the second act begins even funnier, as the money arrives and the husband tries to find out where it came from. Then slowly the comedy curdles. All the housewives are whores and all their husbands—except, for the moment, Nelson—are pimps. Albee is harsh, uncompromising, yet terribly amusing in this wholesale condemnation. The trouble arises not with his attitude but with his execution. He oversimplifies points (such as suburban bigotry) and, finally, to polish off his parable, he sacrifices plausibility. The hero's fall is farfetched, the resolution is contrived and the play, consequently, is gravely flawed. In *Everything in the Garden*, Albee is on to a good theme, but in the end he proves not quite up to it. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

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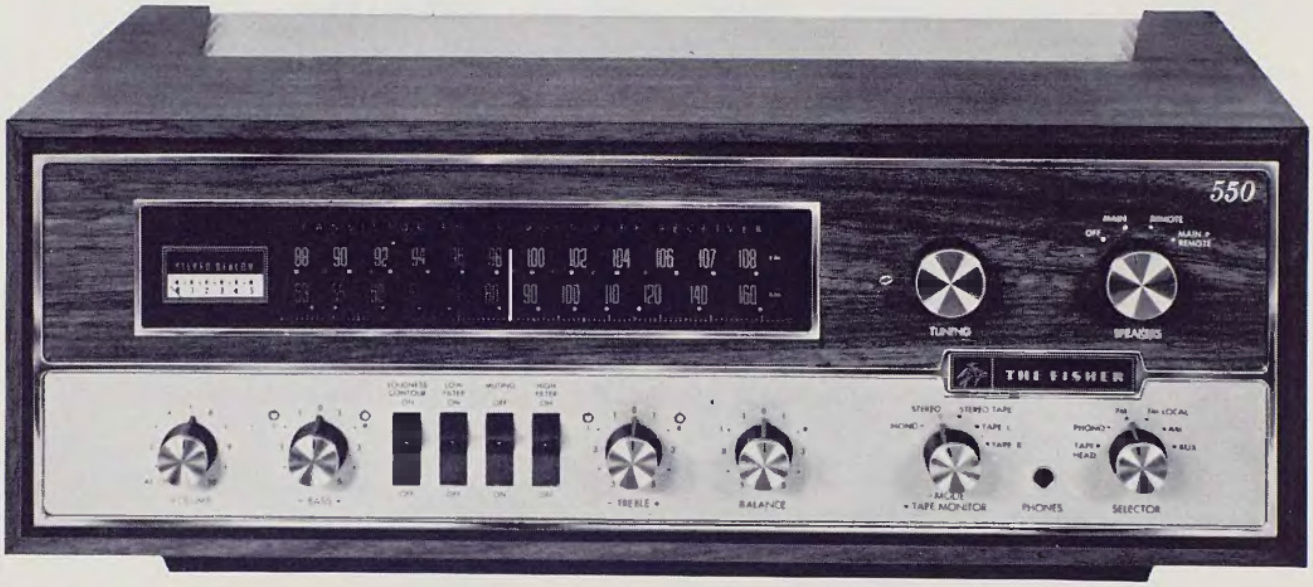

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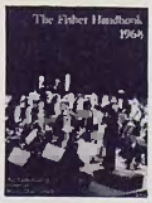

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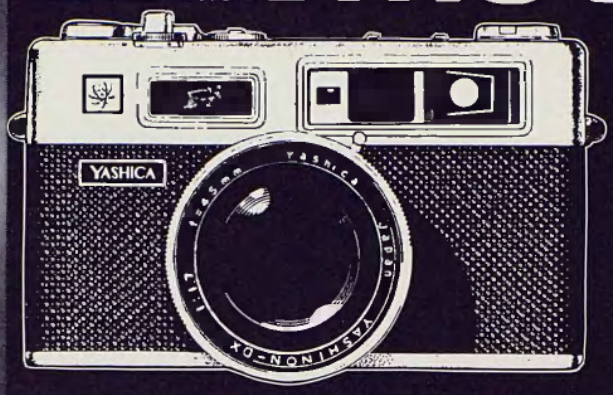

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Can you define some cool terms for me? I hear these words used every day by the hippies at my college and am embarrassed by my ignorance of their meaning. What is a "nickel bag," a "dime bag" and an "oh-zee"?—J. P., Knoxville, Tennessee.

If your local hippies toss these expressions around as casually as you suggest, they're far from hip—and very uncool. A "nickel bag" is five dollars' worth of marijuana, usually measured as enough to fill a shot glass. A "dime bag" is twice as much—ten dollars' worth. The mysterious "oh-zee" is simply the standard abbreviation for "ounce" and refers to that quantity of pot. The next time you hear one of these expressions, just look wise and say, "Cool it—there might be fuzz listening." You'll be regarded as the hippest of the lot.

For three years I carried on a very passionate love affair with a bachelor advertising executive. Gradually, our personality differences became manifest and I finally insisted we break up. He has become determined to change my mind, and he believes in the hard sell. For the past four months he has phoned me several times a day, at my office and at home. He says he is still in love with me and even wants to marry me. He frequently waits for me outside the building in which I work and he writes to me and sends me presents. Is there any way to discourage his attentions yet not hurt his feelings further?—Miss T. B., Rochester, New York.

Don't worry about "hurting" him. As it is, you have been making him miserable for four months. Tell him once, plainly, that you have no love left for him, that you find his relentless pursuit annoying and that you can't bear the thought of pitying him, as you are beginning to do. And let that be the last of your words—not harsh, but final. Unless you make up your mind clearly and act with conviction, you will continue to feed his masochistic needs, which he will continue to interpret as "hope." No one carries on like this for four months without being either sick or encouraged.

My fiancée is a beautiful piece of lass, but she's also a Ph. D., very outspoken and not at all backward about expressing her thoughts, which happen to be pretty far out. This fact doesn't bother me, but it will certainly startle my colleagues when I enter the business world (after achieving my M. B. A. next semester). I am an individualist in every sense of the word: I would never censor anyone's opinions (especially those of someone near and dear); but at the same time, I am concerned about my career. I am sure that in a stuffy environment, this bundle of beauty and brains will get that career into trouble. Do you have any advice?—B. F., Dayton, Ohio.

The key phrase in your letter is "stuffy environment." Avoid it. Look for a job in a small, growing and dynamic company, where most of the executives are young. There you should find less concern with a conformist image and more concern with the job you do. In fact, your associates will probably recognize that your choice of an unconventional mate is inseparable from the self-directedness that makes you a productive person.

I am a puzzle addict, and six months ago a pen pal in another city sent me this one by mail: "This is a logic game called Max and Nora. There is only one rule, but I can't tell you what it is. You have to deduce the rule by asking questions that I can answer with a simple yes or no." Well, he died shortly after we began this game, and I have only four answers to work from. I have not been able to solve this yet, my brain is tied in as many knots as a pretzel and I am ready to give up. Here are my questions and his answers: "Will all your answers be literally truthful?"—Yes. "Are some of your answers going to be false?"—Yes. "Is the rule hinted at in the title Max and Nora?"—Yes. "Is the rule that all of your answers are going to be yes?"—No. Can PLAYBOY discover the secret of the Max and Nora puzzle?—S. M., Greenville, Tennessee.

Easy. This is an old chestnut that gets revived periodically among logic students and puzzle fans. The rule is that the instigator of the game answers the other player's questions not according to their meaning but according to the last letter of the last word of each question. All letters in the first half of the alphabet are "Maxes" and are answered "Yes"; all letters in the second half are "Noras" and are answered "No."

I would like to pursue a career in hotel and restaurant administration. Where can I obtain a list of recommended schools and/or colleges offering courses in this field?—E. E., San Francisco, California.

The Council on Hotel, Restaurant and Institutional Education publishes a "Directory of Hotel and Restaurant Schools" that's available for 25 cents. Write to them at Statler Hall, Ithaca, New York 14850.

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Several years ago, I inherited a large sum of money—enough so that I can live on the interest without working. Because I look young, even for my 27 years, people I meet often ask the old question, "What do you do?" This has always made me uncomfortable and I would like to have a gracious answer but haven't been able to come up with any. Can you help?—L. V., Columbus, Ohio.

More often than not, the question "What do you do?" is not prying for the source of your income but is really asking, "What kind of a person are you?" Our suggestion is to examine your interests and the way you spend your time. Determine what it is you do and what you are most comfortable talking about. When the question comes up, simply state one of your interests and begin to converse on the subject—there is no need to be up tight about your good fortune.

You have always stressed the importance of individuality in *The Playboy Philosophy* and I think you will agree that a well-trimmed beard and hair slightly longer than average can look good on a man. My parents, however, don't agree. I want to grow a small beard and let my hair get a little longer; but being under 21 and living at home, I also want to keep the folks happy. They think that beards are a mark of social outcasts. Is there any way that I can convince them otherwise?—S. D., Evanston, Illinois.

Hand them a five-dollar bill and ask them to take a close look at the picture of Abraham Lincoln.

Although we have been married for a year and a half, my wife and I have not yet worked out a satisfactory sexual relationship; I reach orgasm too soon after insertion—in about two to three minutes. I am depressed by a feeling of inadequacy. Is there any advice you can offer?—P. T., Hempstead, New York.

According to Kinsey, three quarters of American men ejaculate within two minutes of intromission. Since it takes the average woman 20 minutes or more of sustained sex stimulation to achieve a climax, one common solution is extended sex play prior to coitus. There are numerous techniques you can try, and a good sex manual, such as Albert Ellis' "The Art and Science of Love," should help you and your wife select those that suit you best.

Today I bought several pillows to decorate my den and found attached to them ugly, sloppy-looking labels describing the contents of the pillows and saying, DO NOT REMOVE UNDER PENALTY OF THE LAW. I removed them, anyway, but now I'm wondering if I actually have broken some law. Should I hire a lawyer? Should I turn myself in?—J. M., Coronado, California.

No. As a consumer, you are free to remove the label. It is there to protect customers from fraudulent claims by manufacturers and sellers, and applies only to those who sell the articles. The Association of Bedding and Furniture Law Officials changed the wording of the labels last year to make it clear that the purchaser may remove them.

My part-time job that is helping me through college involves delivering prescriptions for a local pharmacy. Today I made a delivery to the apartment of a very attractive divorcée. I dropped the package on the table and when I turned around, she was blocking the kitchen doorway and smiling at me in what I thought was a rather inviting way. She didn't move when I stepped toward the door and we kept looking at each other for what seemed like a very long time. I didn't know how to deal with the situation, so I said and did nothing. Finally, she moved out of my way. This has been bugging me ever since. If it was really a sort of proposition, I would like to have taken advantage of it. But a young man making advances to a strange woman alone in her apartment can get into a lot of trouble. What should I have done, and what should I do if I make another delivery to this pretty divorcée?—M. P., Rochester, Minnesota.

If the opportunity arises again, try a conversational hook—something that will give the lady a chance to gracefully make her intentions clear. If she doesn't respond to your verbal bait, pull in your line and move out smartly. Making a blind pass in these circumstances is, as you suggest, surely fishing for trouble.

Please help me with a simple etiquette problem. When serving steak, where should each individual's steak knife be placed?—L. C., Boise, Idaho.

Right where the regular dinner knife would usually go: to the left of the spoon and one inch to the right of the plate.

Having reached the ripe age of 20, I find myself suffering from terrific feelings of inferiority and worries about my masculinity. I get along pretty well with girls, but I've never had sexual intercourse. My friends, all of whom are about my age, constantly talk about their sexual exploits, which make my back-seat clutchings sound childish and leave me with nothing to say. Is there something wrong with me?—G. B., Davenport, Iowa.

Yes. You're a little too credulous for your own peace of mind. Take your friends' boasting, discount a large proportion and refuse to measure yourself

by the remainder. Each person progresses at his own rate, and further sexual adventures will come your way when you're ready for them.

At the end of next summer, I plan to spend almost a month visiting relatives in San Francisco. I've been told that there are a number of vineyards in the region where visitors are welcome. Do you have any information on this?—S. P., New Haven, Connecticut.

More than 100 California vintners conduct guided tours through their wineries—and many of these are located within driving distance of San Francisco. The Livermore district (east of the city), the Paul Masson and Almaden vineyards (to the south), the Sonoma-Mendocino vineyards and the Napa Valley (north of San Francisco) represent California wine country at its most beautiful. To top off your vintage voyage, head for Lodi, in mid-September, to witness California's bibulous blast of the year: the Grape Festival and National Wine Show.

My wife is a light sleeper and often awakes at night to discover that I have an erection, which she assumes must accompany an erotic dream. I have told her that in the morning I can't remember my dreams and that they might very well have been about her. She says that even if this is true, she is humiliated, because I wouldn't have such dreams if I found her sexually satisfying. This leads to the old Freudian jazz about dreams' representing unfulfilled needs, and I don't know how to answer that. Do you?—T. J., Brooklyn, New York.

The scientific study of dreams has advanced considerably since Freud's day and, among other things, modern research shows that the average male has three to five dreams per night—nearly all of them accompanied by an erection. The frequency of these erections remains relatively constant and is not affected by the content of the dreams nor by the dreamer's sex activity. Like dreaming itself, these erections probably perform some necessary function in the psychic economy—although this function is not yet understood. In any case, they are no reflection on your waking life—nor your wakeful wife.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

FOR TOO MANY YEARS, Spain has been a vacation retreat primarily for Europeans. Of the nation's more than 18,000,000 visitors during 1967, fewer than 900,000 were from the U. S. But the times, they are a-changing: Spain's sparkling and sophisticated cities of Madrid and Barcelona, plus her Mediterranean beaches—the Continent's best—promise to attract more Americans this year than ever before.

Spain's capital has become one of the world's most cosmopolitan cities within the past ten years, and not the least evidence of Madrid's new internationalism is its array of great hotels. The Ritz is still one of Europe's finest, but it now has competition from, among others, the Velazquez, the Plaza, the Luz Palace and the Suecia.

If you arrive in town on a Sunday, purchase tickets immediately for the bullfight. The action doesn't start until nearly six o'clock, which will allow you ample time to acquaint yourself with Madrid during the afternoon. Lunch is still the biggest meal of the day, and for traditional Spanish dining, pause for a regal repast at such restaurants as El Púlpito, Hogar Gallego, Sobrino de Botín or Casa Paco. Following luncheon, stroll through the Campo del Moro or the Casa de Campo—where the girls are. If you meet up with a companionable *señorita*, let her take you on an afternoon tour of the town's *tascas*—small bars that serve hot hors d'oeuvres washed down with beer and wine. Among the city's best are the Toscana, Mesón de San Javier and Mesón del Segoviano.

After the bullfights, you'll want to sit down to dinner around ten. If you're looking for romantic atmosphere as well as culinary expertise, two of the most select spots are La Puerta de Moros (located in an ancient palace) and the Hotel Fénix. For a more sporting proposition, head for the Frontón Recoletos restaurant, attached to the city's leading pelota (*jai alai*) court, where you can wager—and win—enough to pay the dinner tab for you and yours.

Madrid's night life doesn't really start to move until after midnight. The city's most flamboyant flamenco revues are staged nightly at the Corral de la Morería, Torres Bermejas and Los Canasteros. For lavish floorshows, you'll want to reserve a table at Pasapoga (Madrid's leading night club), La Galera, Casablanca or the Senorial. To cap off your evening on the town, drop into one of the city's wilder *discothèques*—Stone's, or the Royal Box, located in the Hotel Rex.

From Madrid, an hour's jet hop northeast will take you to Barcelona, the second-largest Spanish-speaking port in the world—after Buenos Aires—and perhaps even more urbanely international in flavor. A supremely clothes-conscious cosmopolis, Barcelona boasts more than its share of Mod-ists, and Balenciaga rates among the world's most fashionable *hauts couturiers*. Barcelona's men are almost as sartorially attuned: They rarely stroll the streets without tie and jacket.

Walking, in fact, is definitely the way to explore Barcelona. And the street to see first is the Ramblas, a tree-bordered series of boulevards lined with stall concessions offering songbirds and flowers in almost equal numbers. Another of your destinations should be the museum dedicated exclusively to the works of Picasso; the artist spent much of his youth in Barcelona.

Barcelona, like Madrid, is endowed with a Lucullan assortment of first-class restaurants: Los Caracoles, an elegant establishment whose clientele has included Salvador Dali and Christian Dior, dispenses a succulent *paella* you can't afford to pass up. And for Basque delicacies, stop in at Guria, which, as a final fillip to a memorable meal, prepares the best dessert soufflés in the city. Make it to Chantecler for French food, El Gran Dragón for Oriental cuisine and Tres Coronas for Swedish specialties.

If you find yourself flying solo after dinner, head for one of the dozen big *discothèques* in town. Comely single swingers will be found cavorting dervishly at such dance palaces as the Dolce Vita, Fuji-Yama and Whisky à Go-go. And afterward, catch the late show at the Jamboree Jazz Club, where such eminences as Woody Herman, Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington often headline.

Forty miles northeast of Barcelona begins the Costa Brava, a rugged 90-mile stretch of Mediterranean beach-resort towns. And just 30 miles south lies the Costa Dorada, presently undergoing major hotel and restaurant construction. Spain's two other famed Mediterranean strands, the Costa Blanca (which runs south from Valencia for 100 miles) and the Costa del Sol (extending all the way from Almería to Gibraltar), are equally pleasure-packed priorities for the visitor. In all, Spain offers more than 800 miles of sun-drenched beaches; for a more detailed report on her unsurpassed seacoast, see *Brava Costas!* in the May 1966 PLAYBOY.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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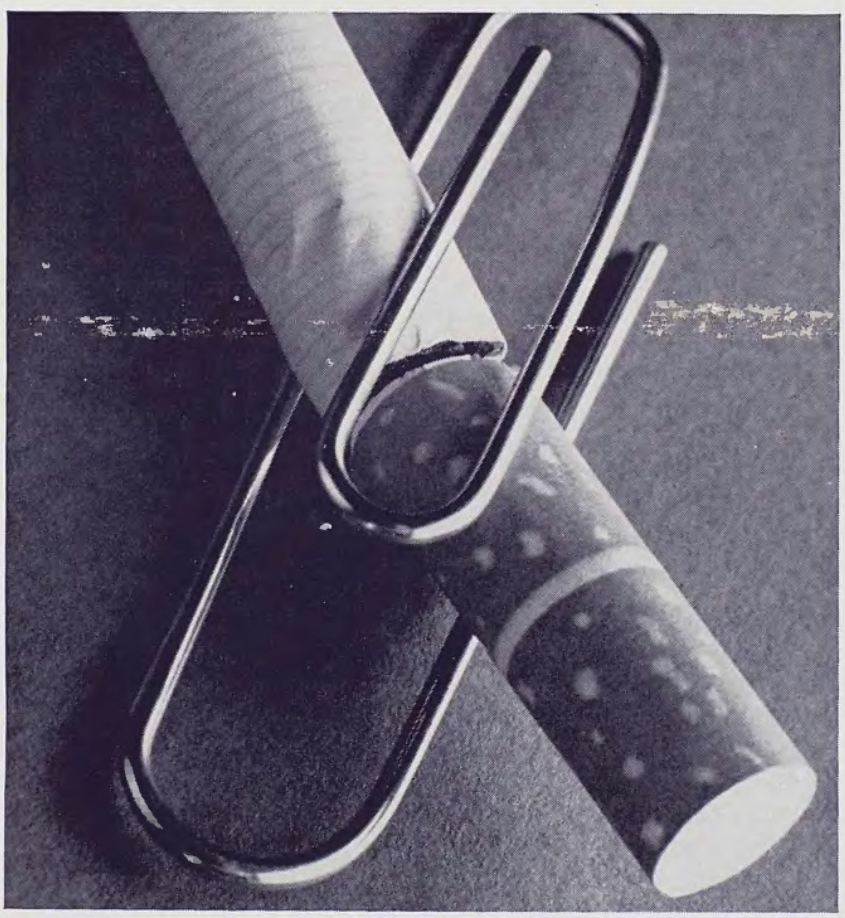

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

LITTLE BROTHER

Arthur Seldon's letter concerning the crusade against Little Brother, the first anatomically accurate baby doll to be introduced on the American market, was a real shocker (*The Playboy Forum*, December). I am stunned by the extent of sexual insanity in this country, as revealed by this campaign. Our local newspapers reported that two Ohio women have written to President Johnson demanding that the doll be banned. If these women were really concerned about obscenity, they should have objected to what American bombers are doing to live children in Vietnam. It is as if we live in a madhouse, where the inmates have gotten control.

If these women find an imitation penis on a doll so terrible, what do they think of real penises on real baby boys?

Mrs. J. McGraw
Cincinnati, Ohio

An article in *The New York Times Magazine* gives an amusing account of some of the reactions to Little Brother, the "anatomically correct" male doll imported from France. One of the most quotable statements from the article is the following, made by several protesting Ohio housewives: "Toys are, should be and must remain objects of play. Sex organs are not."

David Lewis
Hartford, Connecticut

THE SEX GAP

The discussion in *The Playboy Forum* of human sexuality is a valuable exchange of ideas and information. Unfortunately, the same enlightenment does not prevail in modern medical education. As a medical student at the largest Big Ten university school of medicine, I find that in the four years leading to the M. D. degree, there are no courses or portions of courses devoted to human sexuality. Only recently has the medical student or the practicing physician even had access to such information (i.e., Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Response*). Oddly enough, the area of human sexuality has been neglected probably because of the physician's anxiety, embarrassment and downright inability to discuss problems involving sex. The public should be made aware of the large "sex gap" in medical education.

(Name withheld by request)
Indianapolis, Indiana

PRURIENT PICASSO

The June and September *Playboy Forum* letters about TV's naked invisible man certainly drive home the point that obscenity is in the eye of the beholder. Along similar lines, I have conceived a wonderful fantasy in regard to the controversy over Chicago's gigantic new Picasso sculpture: Suppose old Pablo (who is known to have a wry sense of humor) announced that the abstract work of art is actually an erotic depiction with some such title as *Camel Committing Sodomy with Harem Girl, Homosexual Daisy Chain* or *White Protestant American Mother Engaged in Adultery with Titanic Negro Hippie*. Imagine the furor: outraged citizens demanding that Mayor Daley dynamite the piece immediately; parents forbidding their children ever to look at it; hordes of teenagers gathering around the sculpture to snicker and smirk; and teachers being suspended for taking classes to view it as a work of art.

Bruce Wackowski
Gary, Indiana

DENMARK AND AMERICA

Denmark is presently considering a proposal to abolish all restrictions on the publication and sale of books. This suggestion was made to parliament by the minister of justice, K. Axel Nielsen, after a legal commission came to the conclusion that it is impossible to find a definition of the unpublishable that the courts can enforce without bringing themselves into public contempt.

This seems to me the only sane approach to censorship. Why doesn't an American legislator introduce a similar bill in Congress? This is supposed to be a free country: Why must we always be trailing years behind the northern-European nations?

Arnold Fleeman
New York, New York

The United States has had such legislation since 1791, when the Bill of Rights officially went into effect. The First Amendment to the Constitution commands that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press. . . ." Unfortunately, the Supreme Court has never been able to muster a majority who could agree that the law means what it says. In this connection, Justice Hugo Black has commented:

I understand that it is rather old-fashioned and shows a slight naïveté

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to say that "no law" means no law. It is one of the most amazing things about the ingeniousness of the times that strong arguments are made, which almost convince me, that it is very foolish of me to think "no law" means no law. . . .

Then I move on to the words "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." It says Congress shall make no law doing that. What it means—according to a current philosophy that I do not share—is that Congress shall be able to make just such a law, unless we judges object too strongly. One of the statements of the philosophy is that if it shocks us too much, then they cannot do it. But when I get down to the really basic reason why I believe that "no law" means no law, I presume it could come to this—that I took an obligation to support and defend the Constitution as I understand it. And being a rather backward country fellow, I understand it to mean what the words say. Gesticulations apart, I know of no way in the world to communicate ideas except by words. And, if I were to talk at great length on the subject, I would still be saying—although I understand that some people say that I just say it and do not believe it—that I believe when our founding fathers, with their wisdom and patriotism, wrote this amendment, they knew what they were talking about. They knew what history was behind them and they wanted to ordain in this country that Congress, elected by the people, should not tell the people what religion they should have or what they should believe or say or publish, and that is about it. It says "no law," and that is what I believe it means.

ENFORCING MORALITY

During my early years as a minister of the Gospel, I added my voice to the lusty lungs of those who cried: "Down with alcohol!"—a slogan accepted all too literally by those we were trying to subdue. But the days of Prohibition demonstrated the ineffectiveness of trying to legislate morals. Nevertheless, the mayor of my community is currently attempting to ban a particularly offensive local periodical, and there continues to be a general hue and cry against such things as salacious literature, contraceptives and firecrackers.

In dealing with controversial pursuits and activities, we must adopt and follow policies more logical and consistent than those of the past. Although legislation and jurisprudence regulate the disposition of property and the protection of life, they have no bearing whatsoever on the way people think or on the moral and ethical standards that motivate their

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SEX AND AIR POLLUTION

MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY—*Air pollution is a threat to sex powers, says Dr. Frank Rosen, an expert on allergy. He reported that tests conducted in California showed that the capacity of animals for sexual activity diminished after they were exposed to auto fumes. "As far as I know," he said, "research has not been carried over to human beings, but the possibility of the adverse effect is certainly there."*

BRITISH ABORTION REFORM

LONDON—*A bill making abortions available for a variety of medical and social reasons will go into effect this April. Abortions in the United Kingdom will be legal if any two doctors agree that one of these conditions exists: threat to the mother's life; threat to her physical or mental health; likelihood that the child, if born, would be seriously handicapped, mentally or physically; danger of physical or mental injury to the mother's presently existing children. This last ground permits doctors to take into account such broad factors as overcrowding in the mother's home, inadequate housing or strain on the mother; and it makes the British law much more liberal than any that have been passed in the United States.*

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR THE UNWED

MADISON, WISCONSIN—*A bill to allow the sale of contraceptives to unmarried persons is being considered by the Wisconsin State Legislature. Mrs. Warren P. Knowles, the Roman Catholic wife of the state's governor, publicly declared her support of the bill on the ground that the present law is "archaic and discriminates against the poor." Under the existing law, all birth-control devices are listed as "indecent articles" and advertising them or prescribing or selling them to an unmarried person is a misdemeanor. (A distressing personal experience related to this type of legislation is told in "Birth-Control Crusader" in this month's "Playboy Forum.")*

HATE THY NEIGHBOR

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—*What effect does churchgoing have on prejudice? According to a study by Harvard psychologists Gordon W. Allport and J. Michael Roos, reported in the* Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*: (a) Churchgoers as a group are more intolerant than nonchurchgoers; (b) those who attend church mostly for reasons of social conformity are even more intolerant than other churchgoers; (c) the most intolerant group of all are those who are "indiscriminately proreligious"—that is, their reasons for keeping holy the Lord's day are so muddled that they cannot even be explained as conformity. However, (d) those whose religion is based on intrinsic personal conviction are extremely unprejudiced and have less bigotry than other churchgoers and nonchurchgoers combined.*

PLAYBOY AND SEX EDUCATION

WICHITA, KANSAS—*Addressing a convention of educators, most of whom agreed that their primary problems with children dealt in some way with sex, Dr. Hugh Riordan, a Wichita psychiatrist, commented that "*PLAYBOY *magazine is making one of the few concerted efforts at providing sex education." A panel at the convention stressed that sex education must go beyond the biological aspects of sex and bring into focus its effect on the whole person.*

VICE, NO; CRIME, YES

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN—*"In numbers arrested, the roundup was the most successful ever conducted by Grand Rapids police," was the poker-faced comment of* The Grand Rapids Press *on a recent vice-squad dragnet. While policewomen glossily impersonated prostitutes, detectives lurked nearby to arrest any male who attempted to solicit the ladies, and 22 men were busted in a single night. At the same time, according to the* Press *account, a real prostitute picked the pocket of a visiting businessman and got away with $260.*

DOXY DRAGNET

NEW YORK—*A criminal-court judge denounced as "a disgrace" a police-department dragnet that apprehended over 2500 suspected prostitutes. The girls had been arrested on charges of disorderly conduct and loitering.* The New York Times *observed that the usual method of arresting prostitutes in New York has been to send plainclothesmen out to be solicited by the women. Last August, however, the police department decided this approach was inefficient and instead sent out uniformed policemen to arrest suspected prostitutes for disorderly conduct. When the charges were dismissed for lack of evidence, the department kept its dragnet going by switching the charge to loitering. Judge Amos S. Basel of the criminal court dismissed loitering charges against 41 of the women in a decision that is expected to terminate the crackdown.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT ON TRIAL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The battle against capital punishment is shifting from the legislative to the judicial area, according to a story in the* Christian Science Monitor. *The U. S. Supreme Court may soon be asked to decide on the constitutionality*

of the death penalty. In Massachusetts, attorney Ronald J. Chisholm has taken the case of a death-row client, John Kerrigan, into Federal court, claiming that capital punishment is unconstitutional because it is directly forbidden by the Eighth Amendment (which prohibits "cruel and unusual punishments"). In five other states, lawyers immediately appealed to the courts to halt all scheduled executions until the constitutional issue of the Kerrigan case has been decided; and in 13 additional states, such appeals are beginning. Meanwhile, California, Florida and Utah have temporarily halted all executions until the courts can consolidate the appeals of all affected death-row inmates into one case. Hitherto, foes of the death penalty have concentrated largely on changing the laws through state legislatures and in nearly a century of heated agitation, have succeeded in having capital punishment abolished in fewer than one third of the states of the Union. At present, there are more than 400 prisoners throughout the United States awaiting execution.

LIFE TERM FOR HOMOSEXUAL

OTTAWA, ONTARIO—*The Supreme Court of Canada has upheld the conviction of Everett Klippert, a 40-year-old man who faces possible life imprisonment for a homosexual act. Although two psychiatrists testified that the accused had harmed no one and was unlikely to be dangerous in the future, he was sentenced to "indefinite detention" as a habitual sex offender. It was his fourth conviction for "gross indecency," each conviction, like the present one, having been for a private act with a consenting adult.*

FILM-RATING REAPPRAISAL

NEW YORK—*Giving moral marks to movies, a practice of the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, has itself received a C (condemned) rating both from film makers and from an N. C. O. M. P. official. According to* The New York Times, *five films that earned N. C. O. M. P.'s C rating were nonetheless released by their producers between November 1966 and October 1967, including Antonioni's box-office and critical success "Blow-Up." Meanwhile, N. C. O. M. P. consultant Father Gene D. Phillips wrote in* America *magazine that the rating system, which has proved unsatisfactory, may be replaced with capsule reviews, letting the individual judge for himself the movie's moral worth. But a careful statement by the Office's executive director, Father Patrick Sullivan, published in* Variety, *amounted to: "No comment just now."*

SEX IN THE SWEDISH CINEMA

STOCKHOLM—*The Swedish Film Censorship Board has passed for public display a film in which actors have sexual intercourse before the camera. According to the London* Observer, *the board of censors' advisory committee declared "I Am Inquisitive" to be "a film of artistic unity with a political and moral commitment unusual in the Swedish cinema." The Censorship Board warned that the decision was not to be taken as a precedent and ruled that the film may be shown only to people above 15 years of age.*

PRISON LOVE-INS

ÖSTERSUND, SWEDEN—*"Love rooms" will be experimentally set up in Swedish prisons for weekend use by inmates and their wives or their fiancées, penal officials have announced. The program will be made permanent if it proves helpful in rehabilitating lawbreakers.*

FEDS PONDER POT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*A proposal to remove marijuana from the Federal list of narcotic drugs is being considered at Cabinet level. According to a position paper privately circulated within the Department of Health, Education and Welfare: "Though a public outcry would, without doubt, result from a proposal to consider legalizing marijuana, we ought not to allow ourselves to be so intimidated that we refuse to re-examine the case against the weed. So far as an objective analysis of the problem is possible, to that degree one can only conclude that the case offered against marijuana does not hold good."*

Meanwhile, Dr. James Goddard, chief of the Food and Drug Administration (a division of HEW), who recently stated that marijuana is no more dangerous than alcohol, has raised a Congressional windstorm. Some Congressmen called for his resignation, while Representative Widnall of New Jersey compared him with "hippies, draft-card burners and the great unwashed." However, John Finlator, director of the FDA Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, declared in a speech that nobody has ever proved marijuana detrimental to health and added that, in his opinion, people should not be punished for using it.

Informed observers see these developments within the Department of Health, Education and Welfare as the beginning of a move to shift marijuana control from the Federal Narcotics Bureau to the Food and Drug Administration. This would not necessarily legalize the sale of marijuana, but it could mean lighter Federal penalties or no penalties at all for possession.

"Forum Newsfront" is a monthly review of issues and events pertaining to subjects discussed in "The Playboy Philosophy" and "Forum." Readers are invited to send information about newsworthy events in their own communities to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

actions. Surely this is an area where only the influence of education and religion is applicable.

We have attempted over the years and continue at present to outlaw practically everything controversial, legislating strongly, albeit stupidly, against each new danger to society as it appears. LSD and the other hallucinatory drugs are the most recent additions to the interdiction list. Just as we have, out of necessity, legalized the use of alcohol under Government control, let us now, by reason of logic, consistency and common sense, also legalize heroin, LSD, marijuana, gambling, prostitution and abortion—all under Government control.

Where possible, the state should collect taxes on these practices, allocating the money for an educational program that would scientifically and objectively inform the public of the dangerous and harmful effects some of these practices can have on human beings. This, I submit, would be more meaningful, relevant and realistic than forever saying "Thou shalt not!"

The Rev. Allan Dixon
Vancouver Heights United Church
Burnaby, British Columbia

A. M. A. ON MARIJUANA

I have always thought of the American Medical Association as a reactionary medical Mafia with a Neanderthal ideology. It was with great surprise, therefore, that I read the A. M. A.'s recent statement on marijuana, pointing out that pot is not addictive and does not cause lasting mental or physical changes. Three cheers for the doctors who drafted this declaration. They are far in advance of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, which is still peddling science-fiction and horror stories about grass, refusing to admit any of the known medical facts.

Jeff Jensen
Tijuana, Mexico

Although the letter from George Peters, who helps people return from bad psychedelic trips ("LSD Rescue Line," *The Playboy Forum*, November), may have shocked a lot of readers, it came as no surprise to me. I find it not at all shocking that the American Medical Association has opposed Mr. Peters' efforts, nor is it startling to hear that the local narcotics squad harassed and intimidated him. The A. M. A. long ago abdicated its function of treating drug addicts as medical rather than as criminal problems; it left the matter in the hands of the Federal and local law-enforcement agencies, who have no interest in relieving human suffering but are concerned only with punishing "sinners." I say this

as former director of the joint American Bar Association / American Medical Association Committee on Narcotic Drugs.

Morris Ploscowe
Attorney at Law
New York, New York

MODERN WITCH TRIALS

Thank you for publishing my letter on "Pot Entrapment" in the November *Playboy Forum*. Although some readers may think my sentence (10 to 15 years for selling marijuana) is an unusually severe one, I have met men in prison with even more unreasonable sentences; for example, a 19-year-old serving two to three years for selling one ounce of marijuana and a 22-year-old serving a term of 18 to 25 years for selling packets of heroin (he was an addict himself and became a seller to support his habit). Another drug addict, with two prior convictions for possession of heroin, is now serving ten years to life for making a sale. And yet another convict is in for three to five years for possession of one single marijuana cigarette.

(Name withheld by request)
New Jersey State Prison Farm
Rahway, New Jersey

THE GRASS AND THE FUZZ

I have never violated any American law against the use or possession of marijuana, having no desire for martyrdom; but I had some experience with the hemp plant while living in the Near East, where it is widely available. As a result, I know, as do millions of Americans, that marijuana does not live up to its evil reputation. I found that it was not at all as the Federal Narcotics Bureau, the police and the sensation-seeking press had "advertised." The experience was mild, pleasurable and beautiful; at no time did I forget who or where I was and at all times I retained perfect control over my body. And there was no hangover—no queasy stomach or splitting headache, no woolly tongue or burning eyes.

Although it is wrong for people to violate bad laws, they have the right and the duty to change them. A democratic government should prove scientifically that an agent is dangerous before passing laws against its use or possession. In the case of marijuana, there is no such evidence. Let's get that silly statute repealed.

R. Doss
Flushing, New York

DETRIMENTAL DROPOUTS

Many magazines, including PLAYBOY, have given much coverage to the hippie movement. I feel that this movement is detrimental to our society—but not for the reasons usually given.

The ideas for sweeping social, political and economic reforms, on which the hippie movement is based, are the only salvation for our society. However, the danger lies in the failure of the hippies to take constructive action based on these ideas. After having appropriated them, they have simply dropped out of society, leaving it to flounder. They isolate themselves in an acid-love haze with other individuals who feel as they do. If, instead, the hippies would finish their educations, they could become constructive members of our society, advancing to influential positions that would allow them to bring about reforms. They could form a fifth column that would, in time, initiate reforms beyond their wildest dreams.

Hefner's dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs could have resulted in his publishing something like *The East Village Other*, reaching only those who already agreed with him. Instead, he made a revolutionary breakthrough within the American magazine industry. Thus far, it seems unlikely that the hippies will ever accomplish as much.

Sam Semoff
Kingman, Arizona

STUDENT ACTIVISTS

I would like to express my opinion of today's kids. Every newspaper or magazine I pick up tells about students who are demonstrating against the draft or the Vietnam war or who are fighting their school administrations over some absurd "freedom." These young people show more concern for civil rights than they do for getting an education. I'm a college student myself and, in my opinion, these organizers and demonstrators are the dregs of collegiate society. They attract publicity because of their weird, unwashed, banana-smoking behavior, while good, clean-cut kids are ignored. Bluntly, I get sick at the sight of such nuts.

Activists should not be accepted as spokesmen for American college youth. They are unintelligent, as is proved by their irrational behavior. They are obviously psychologically unstable. Coming from underprivileged ethnic groups, they are born with chips on their shoulders and, in most cases, their resentment is intensified because they grow up in unstable homes and are in rebellion against parental values as well as against society as a whole. They go to college not to learn but to make trouble and to take out their frustrations (the result of poor academic performance) by demonstrating against the administration.

I think there should be more publicity for the clean-cut kids who do their job—getting an education to prepare themselves for success in life—without trying to attract notoriety. The activists are merely misfits and do not represent the best of our generation.

George B. Allen
Des Moines, Iowa

A number of recently published psychological and sociological studies contradict your impressions. In a monograph prepared for the U. S. Office of Education, Dr. Joseph Katz of Stanford University points out that student activists (defined as organizers of demonstrations and protests over various educational and social issues) should not be confused with the fully alienated (emotionally cut off from society) students and nonstudents popularly known as hippies—a confusion you appear to make with your reference to "weird, unwashed, banana-smoking behavior."

According to a study by Dr. Kenneth Keniston of Yale University, student activists are far from the "dregs of collegiate society": "The higher the student's grade average, the more outstanding his academic achievements, the more likely is it that he will become involved in any given political demonstration."

Dr. Katz found that activist students as a whole are more intelligent and psychologically more stable than nonactivists. Dr. Keniston agreed, asserting that "activists are not drawn from disadvantaged, status-anxious, underprivileged or uneducated groups: On the contrary, they are selectively recruited from among those young Americans who have had the most socially fortunate upbringing." Nor are they in conflict with their parents, as you maintain. The studies cited by Dr. Katz found close emotional and intellectual ties between activists and their parents, which "put into question the 'conflict-between-generations' theory that has been advanced as one explanation of the activist protest."

Finally, activists are not maladjusted in the academic environment nor, normally, in trouble scholastically. Besides discovering a positive correlation between activism and high grades and other outstanding academic achievements, Dr. Keniston found that activists do not drop out of college as frequently as do nonactivists; they go on to graduate school in greater numbers and tend to express no greater degree of dissatisfaction with their education than do nonactivists.

Dr. Keniston writes that activists have a strong emotional impact on their fellow students: "Student dissenters of all types arouse deep and ambivalent feelings in nondissenting students and adults—envy, resentment, admiration, repulsion, nostalgia and guilt."

Does the shoe fit?

CHRISTIANITY ON THE ROCKS

I was a Lutheran minister; I have left the ministry, convinced that Church Christianity is a sinking ship. My opinion is exactly that of Dr. Karl Heim, who says in his book *Christian Faith and Natural Science*:

> We are living in a time when in all civilized countries the tide of secularism is slowly but continually rising and the proportion of people still attached to any kind of church

even in the Anglo-Saxon countries is steadily diminishing. Amid this rising flood of secularism there floats the ark of the Church. The Church is like a ship on whose deck festivities are still kept up and glorious music is heard, while deep below the water line a leak has been sprung and masses of water are pouring in, so that the vessel is settling hourly lower, though the pumps are manned day and night.

The Church, indeed, has hit the rocks —natural science—and suffered a grave puncture. Dr. Heim should press his analogy further. He fails to mention, for instance, that the crew (the clergy) is well aware of the leak below; he does not specifically inquire as to why they are still down there pumping bilge when they should perhaps better be on deck notifying the passengers (the laity) to prepare to man the lifeboats. The answer to the question must be found: Do we abandon ship? If so, does this mean that Christianity is lost—or just the superstructure?

I have joined the ranks of those who are lowering the lifeboats and pushing off. Christianity will be revealed once again in our day as a force full of power in the streets, the ghettos, the coffeehouses—where it belongs, anyway.

Arthur M. Hale
Racine, Wisconsin

SEX AS A SPECTATOR SPORT

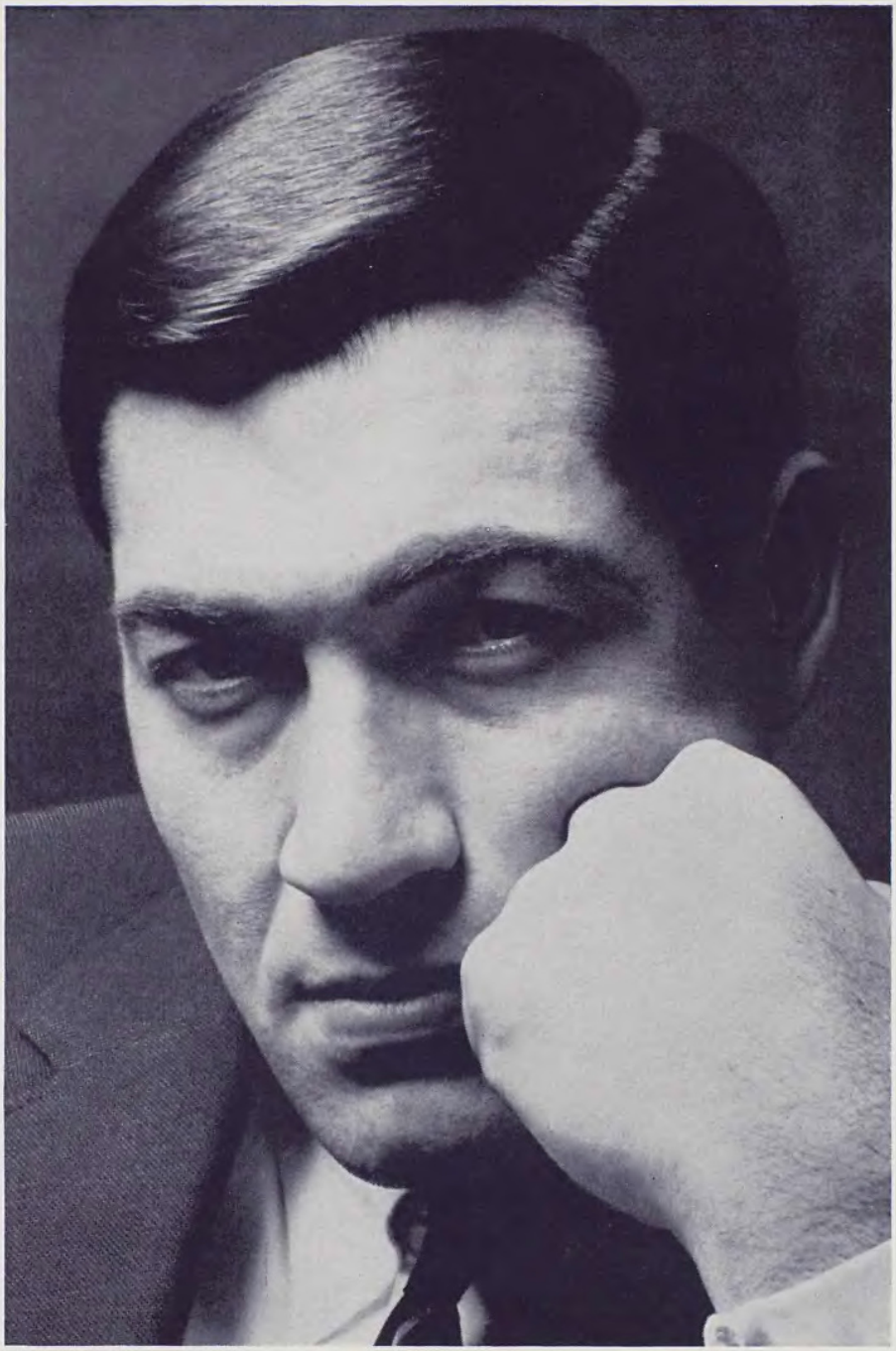
In the June 1967 *Playboy Panel* on *Religion and the New Morality*, Rabbi Rubenstein stated that watching films of sexual intercourse is "immature." He justified this puritanical prejudice with the rationalization that watching and not participating isn't healthy. Let me remind him that billions of dollars are spent every year sponsoring sporting events on television for a voyeuristic audience of millions that watches but does not participate. Since the act of watching is the same whether the spectacle is sport or sex, the real objection must be not to the looking but to what is being looked at. Anyone who thinks it is healthy to be stirred by a sadomasochistic boxing or wrestling match or by a Freudian game in which phallic bats are swung at symbolic balls, but unhealthy to be stirred by a normal act of love, has a strong anti-erotic bias, whether or not he consciously realizes it.

M. R. Bestry
Baltimore, Maryland

DEHUMANIZED NUDITY

The Playboy Philosophy has raised some important issues in a responsible way and, although I do not find myself always in agreement with his solutions, Hefner reports well the issues that need to be called to public attention.

I do feel, however, that there is something almost dehumanizing about the approach to sex evident in regular



Rudy LaRusso, forward with the San Francisco Warriors, uses Dep for Men.

Rudy La Russo has his hair styled. What's this? No one's laughing?

Six-foot-seven Rudy is one of the toughest players in the N.B.A. But six months a year he's also a stockbroker. And, baby, in that game it's neatness, not toughness that counts. Here's how Rudy's hair stylist can help. Instead of cutting the hair dry, he shampoos it first, then cuts it wet...shaping it to blend with Rudy's face. Then he applies Dep for Men, a greaseless grooming gel made especially for hair styling, and combs Rudy's hair into place. Before Rudy leaves, the stylist also throws him a parting shot of Dep for Men Spray...so the style won't blow away. Rudy uses Dep for Men at home, too. To hold the line between stylings. There isn't a head in America that wouldn't look better styled. Why not try it now. And try Dep for Men, too!

PLAYBOY features. Women seem to be put down, despite the pleas to the contrary in the editorial pages. (Paying the Playmate of the Month a generous bounty seems to me merely a convenient way of soothing the conscience.)

All in all, though, I have to commend your magazine. I feel it is doing a far more responsible job in raising important issues than we do in the church.

The Rev. J. Benton White
Campus Director
The Wesley Foundation
San Jose State College
San Jose, California

Thank you for the commendation. However, your statement that our approach to sex is "dehumanizing" and that we "put down" women is not proved if the only evidence you can offer is our Playmate of the Month. Both in print and in person, our attitude toward Playmates is appreciative and considerate. Is it the appearance of a girl's body, albeit in a tasteful photo, that dehumanizes her? Did Goya's nude painting of the Duchess of Alba dehumanize her—or glorify her? Did ancient Greek statues of nude gods and goddesses dehumanize the divinities —or humanize them? If you feel that any exposure of the human body is a put-down, we must suggest the reverse: The feeling that the human body must be covered at all times is a dehumanization and a putting down of humanity.

BIBLICAL VIEW

On Irv Kupcinet's TV show recently, Hefner was confronted with the familiar charge that *The Playboy Philosophy* presents a "recreational view of sex." It delighted me to hear Hefner's simple answer that sex, after all, is quite a bit of fun. This is a fact that I always emphasize in premarital counseling. PLAYBOY is quite right in stating that the church, during its puritanical period, robbed us blind of this precious grace, which ought to be the freest and happiest form of communication between husband and wife. Many people have a weak response to sex and very little fun; others have fun but no deep happiness; only a small number experience true joy. And yet this joy can be, and should be, a force that touches and enlightens the whole spectrum of being. This is the authentic Biblical view of what sex is meant to be and what purpose it is intended to serve.

The Rev. Glenn B. Ogden
First Presbyterian Church
Highland, Indiana

THE DIVORCE LAWYER'S CASE

Frank Bemus' comments in the August *Playboy Forum* on the role of lawyers in American divorces are not only unfair but, in regard to the state bar of Georgia, also inaccurate.

Mr. Bemus suggests that a lawyer may select a judge who is a friend of his to hear a divorce case. For a judge to let friendship influence a decision is a violation of his oath of office; and a lawyer's attempting to use such influence is just cause for disbarment. Furthermore, it is untrue that lawyers can select judges, especially in Georgia's metropolitan areas, where there are several judges for each circuit. The assignment of cases to different judges is in the hands of the presiding judge.

Another inaccuracy is Mr. Bemus' contention that no effort is made to settle divorce cases out of court. My experience and that of fellow members of the Georgia State Bar Association indicates that a very small percentage of divorce cases filed ever reach a jury. The usual course is for an agreement to be negotiated with the assistance of attorneys, after a preliminary hearing in which urgent matters of support, alimony and custody are settled on a temporary basis. In my 14 years of law practice, I have tried only one divorce case before a jury. My other divorce cases were all settled out of court by agreement or were uncontested. In every case, the court was realistic in its awards, not unduly partial to the wife.

Mr. Bemus' fictitious lawyer says, "All I ask is one third of the settlement." The State Bar of Georgia has provided a schedule of fees as a guide to lawyers in assessing their charges. In their Canon of Ethics, which is patterned after the Canon of Ethics of the American Bar Association, the Rules and Regulations of the State Bar of Georgia assert that "a client's ability to pay cannot justify a charge in excess of the value of the service." A member of the state bar violating these rules may be subject to censure or disbarment.

By suggesting that marital disputes be "taken as far away from lawyers and courts as possible" and placed in the hands of "family arbitration centers," Mr. Bemus recommends that laymen handle complex legal problems—and perhaps unwittingly deny couples the rights afforded them by law. Mr. Bemus damns a system that protects people and prevents chaos.

T. M. Allen, Jr.
Attorney at Law
Decatur, Georgia

DIFFICULT WEDDINGS, EASY DIVORCES

I have known many individuals who, on the basis of a short acquaintance, bought a marriage license, waited the required few days and then got married, only to discover that they had been too hasty. Once married, however, they not only found it brutally expensive to get a divorce but they also found that it took months, sometimes years, before the unfortunate contract could be canceled. Why haven't our lawmakers considered making it harder to get married and easier to get divorced? It seems to me that if they did, thousands of hasty marriages would be prevented and the need for stringent divorce laws would be largely eliminated.

Ernestine D. Kelly
New York, New York

SEXUAL FREEDOM AND MARRIAGE

Although I advocate sexual freedom for the unmarried, I think marriage requires the acceptance of certain limitations. Therefore, I disagree with the London housewife who found a safety valve in extramarital relations to which her husband consented (*The Playboy Forum*, November). I doubt that any self-respecting male could calmly contemplate his wife's engaging in sexual intimacies with another man and, knowing what she had done, serenely welcome her back to the marriage bed. It's against human nature; the man who could do it has problems. Perhaps such a husband's willingness to let his wife stray is indicative of a feeling of apathy toward her that drives her to seek adventure elsewhere.

Whatever the cause, if the marriage relationship has declined to the point where the partners condone extramarital affairs for each other, the hypocrisy should be ended and the marriage contract dissolved. Then the two could pursue affairs with the sexual freedom appropriate to the unmarried.

(Name withheld by request)
State College, Pennsylvania

ADULTERY FLAP

Everyone in my barracks was dismayed and appalled by the letter from the Detroit housewife who rented her body in order to make mortgage payments on her house (*The Playboy Forum*, October). To most guys here, marriage is something special. We're not condemning prostitution, but we don't think it should be mixed with marriage. Being in our 20s, we're tired of receiving the blame for the so-called decline of American morals, when members of the older generation behave like this.

Robert A. Helber
Hill AFB, Utah

An extramarital experience with one of my husband's friends has tremendously increased my enjoyment of marital love and sex. I don't feel that I have done anything immoral, regardless of what society preaches; sometimes it takes an experience like this to open the door to sexual fulfillment in marriage.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

The Detroit couple must have great plans for their kids. Once they find the right customers, the whole family will be on Easy Street.

Charles W. Munch
Smithtown, New York

Suited for the slopes, matching ski sweaters in pure virgin worsted wool. Playboy Rabbit interwoven in white on cardinal red, white on black or black on white. Playboys S, M, L, XL, WA101, $22 ppd. Playmates S, M, L, WA201, $20 ppd.

When it's time out, refresh with Playboy-designed mugs. Each in black with Femlin. 22-oz. beer mug, MM319, $5; 10-oz. coffee mug, MM320, $2.50. Both ppd.

The sporting life

Come on, join the great life. When ordering, please specify code no., quantity, color. Send check or money order to: Playboy Products, The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

On and off the green, play it cool in his and her shirts. Comfortable cotton and dacron 2-ply knit in black, white, red, navy, light blue or burgundy. Playboys S, M, L, XL, WA100; Playmates S, M, L, WA200; both $6 ppd.

Nippy weather, great sweater. His alone (if she doesn't see it first), finest flat double knit zephyr wool in navy, wine, gold or forest green. Comes with matching turtleneck dickey and subtly stitched Rabbit. S, M, L, XL, WA105, $30 ppd.

Par the course with the Playboy Putter. Perfectly balanced, nonslip custom grip, steel shaft, solid-brass head. Complete with leather cover, MM321, $22 ppd.

Teammates for sure in matching machine-washable cotton warm-up shirts. Rabbit in white on black or black on chili, bright gold, emerald and white. S, M, L, XL sizes. Short sleeve, WA106, $4.50; long sleeve, WA107, $5. Both ppd.

The woman who tries to heighten her sexual enjoyment through extramarital relations needs some educating in proper love for her husband. Love and fidelity go together; they give sex a pleasure that the senses alone cannot impart.

Mrs. Janey Loveland
Newbury Park, California

MENAGE A TROIS

Although your *Forum* letters about unusual marital arrangements may have shocked some people, you are to be congratulated for publishing this material. It is time for America to realize that one particular form of sexual life is not suitable or desirable for all people. The following is another example of what the ignorant regard as "oddities." A friend of mine, who is a very distinguished American artist but who would not want his name published in this connection, has lived for over 40 years with a wife and a mistress in the same household. The whole family—he had one child by each—is very happy and loving; nobody has suffered from their Old Testament sexual pattern. In fact, this practice is well-known throughout Europe.

(Name withheld by request)
Rome, Italy

BLESS THE WORKING GIRL

Until I read Betty Gabriel's letter in the September *Playboy Forum*, I had thought I was the only woman in the world who believed that professional prostitutes provided a useful sexual release for married men. Every state in the Union should allow prostitution, provided it is adequately regulated. If my husband chose to cheat on me, I'd hope that he would go to a brothel rather than get seriously involved with another woman.

Mrs. M. M. Woosley
Reno, Nevada

Betty Gabriel suggested in the September *Playboy Forum* that prostitution can actually help a marriage survive. Perhaps, then, it should be made legal, but only if the client had a note from his wife, girlfriend or mother.

Robert E. Walters
Bennington, Vermont

THE OTHER WOMAN

A woman who deceitfully becomes sexually involved with a married man is as much a criminal as is a thief. I'm a registered nurse and I see the results: the wife who slashes her wrists when she discovers her husband's betrayal; the child who is emotionally disturbed due to divorce; the other woman herself, who is brought to the hospital because the wife shot her.

Objections to premarital sex are mostly nonsense, but the results of adultery are usually so dreadful that I can't see how any sane person could possibly defend it.

S. Collins
Los Angeles, California

GOD-GIVEN SEX

I am convinced, from my own experience, that premarital sex is a positive good. I grew up placing "nice" girls on pedestals, belittling myself and fearing women and sex. This made my life in the Air Force miserable. I became even more distressed when I was stationed in England, because I was told that English girls were unusually liberal and that if I could not live a sexually active life in England, there was something wrong with me. This only terrified me more; I froze whenever I met a girl. My chaplain said that once I got married, I would be all right. His advice did not help very much, for I couldn't envision presenting my anxieties to my bride on our wedding night. My psychiatrist agreed with me, but offered no solution. I was left with my fears and self-doubts.

Fortunately, I soon met an English girl who realized how deeply troubled I was. Gently, understandingly and lovingly, she seduced me. Except for my conversion to Christianity, the moment when I realized she was also satisfied was the most wonderful experience in my life. She proved my manhood to me and I loved her for it. We began a long and beautiful affair without guilt, shame or remorse.

For me, sex before marriage was a necessity. I cannot find in my conscience that either she or I sinned. I believe the Lord brought us together and approved our actions. I shall be grateful all my life to her and to Him.

(Name withheld by request)
APO New York, New York

HOMOSEXUAL MARRIAGE

The anonymous homosexual was right in denouncing the popular stereotype of the "promiscuous faggot" (*The Playboy Forum*, December). Although consciously homosexual since 18, I have had only four affairs with men and I am now 22. The first two affairs were impetuous and disappointing, the third was a situation where we only *thought* we were in love and the fourth finds me "engaged" to a man whom I have known for some time. Upon my discharge from the Army, we plan to live as "spouses."

We love and respect each other fully, having been acquainted long enough to be sure of ourselves. Our sex life is complete and quite private. Unable to have a sanctified marriage contract, we feel that we will be married in the eyes of God, for we love each other as much as any heterosexual couple. Our only regrets will be the lack of a formal ceremony, the inability to have children and the fact that—at least in the foreseeable future—we may not live together; but marriages have survived under similar limitations.

(Name withheld by request)
APO San Francisco, California

LIFELONG BONDAGE

Last year I was arrested in Los Angeles on suspicion of being a morals offender (a policeman in plain clothes accused me of making advances to him in a public rest room). I pleaded not guilty, but the court took the cop's word over mine and sentenced me to a $100 fine or 20 days in prison, then suspended the sentence.

However, because I was found guilty of what is obviously a trivial offense, I must register as long as I am a resident of California, which could be the rest of my life, as a known sex offender, under Section 290 of the California Penal Code. If a registered sex offender fails to report a change of address within ten days, he can be picked up, given an examination as a sexual psychopath and placed in a state hospital for an indefinite period, until he is declared "rehabilitated." The identification division of the Fresno police department told me that they dislike this whole business, since they spend ten percent of their time registering men and their changes of address. In order to register, I have to be photographed, fingerprinted, processed and given a police file number just like any criminal.

Perhaps something can be done to get this law repealed and end the lifelong bondage under which I and hundreds of others live.

(Name withheld by request)
Fresno, California

DAYTON DOLDRUMS

The vice squad of Dayton, Ohio, has been doing a marvelous job of ridding our town of scandalous activities—that is, rounding up homosexuals. Meanwhile, the Dayton newspapers have been covering their pages with the names, addresses and occupations of those caught in the raids, thereby wrecking the victims' homes, families and careers. And now, if the cops and the newspapers are finished getting their kicks, we in Dayton strongly hope they will become serious in their efforts to free our city of such real and vicious crimes as assault and murder.

Murray Canton
Dayton, Ohio

GUARDING THE GUARDIANS

PLAYBOY is to be commended for publishing Kenneth Rexroth's excellent article *The Fuzz* (July 1967). The problem of protecting us from our protectors is as old as civilization, a fact demonstrated by the ironic Roman who asked, "*Quis custodiet custodies?*" (Who shall guard the guardians?). In these days of racial

and social unrest, this very cynical question needs a very practical answer.

For instance, in Chicago, the American Civil Liberties Union has had problems in its attempt to reopen two recent cases in which Negro youths were fatally shot by policemen. The officers in both cases were exonerated by the coroner's jury; however, in both cases, eyewitnesses sharply contradicted the policemen's versions of the facts. In the first tragedy, the police said that 17-year-old Ronnie McDowell was attacking the officer with a knife; but the witnesses said that there was no knife and that the boy was actually facing a brick wall with raised hands when he was shot. (The bullet wound was, in fact, in the back of his head.) In the second instance, 16-year-old Freddie Hudson was shot in the back of the head while running away from a policeman. This was a matter of mistaken identity; the terrible fact is that eyewitnesses insist that they told the policeman he was chasing the wrong boy; yet he fired the fatal shot anyway. I need hardly comment on how the families of these boys and the Negro community feel about these cases.

While we would hesitate to declare what the truth is in either of these incidents, we do charge that the investigations have not been as thorough as would normally be expected in a homicide case. There is a stark contrast between these investigations and those resulting from a citizen's killing a policeman.

Jay A. Miller
Executive Director, Illinois Division
American Civil Liberties Union
Chicago, Illinois

"BURN, AMERICA, BURN"

When a Negro from the ghetto yells, "Burn this shitty city to the ground," it's considered treason, insurrection and a grave social problem requiring Army intervention. For over 100 years, white men were lynching and burning Negroes, dynamiting Negro churches and raping Negro women; but these acts of violence were considered only slightly bothersome—certainly not serious enough for the Federal Government to take effective action against them.

Only a fool or a liar would say that the recent city insurrections have set back the cause of civil rights. As a white man, let me tell you—this cause couldn't be set back any further. None of the jawing or lawing of the past ten years has improved the lot of the average Negro—the Negro knows it, even if L. B. J. doesn't. Nothing but the worst kind of all-out rioting will have any effect on this fascist democracy we call the Great Society—every Negro knows it, even if Congress doesn't. If the Negro is humble, long-suffering and responsible, he will receive praise; but no action will be taken to improve his lot or that of his pitiful rat-gnawed children. The Negro will get nothing that he does not take by force and violence.

The Rev. P. E. Roll
Massillon, Ohio

NO ABORTION LAWS AT ALL

Dr. Nathan H. Rappaport, who wrote that there should be no abortion laws at all (*The Playboy Forum*, November), has an ally where he would least expect to find one—in the Catholic Church. The Reverend Robert Drinan, dean of the Boston College School of Law, recently stated that having "no abortion laws" might be less objectionable than having "liberal" abortion laws. Speaking at the International Conference on Abortion last September, Father Drinan said:

> Public authorities today are generally unable or unwilling to carry out the enforcement of existing anti-abortion laws. When the common convictions or the consensus that originally supported a law of a penal nature have eroded, it is sometimes wise for the law to withdraw its sanctions rather than have the majesty of the law brought into disrepute by open disobedience and unpunished defiance.

Father Drinan further pointed out that having no abortion laws at all is more compatible with Catholic teaching than is the present "liberalized" abortion package urged by the American Law Institute and being considered by many state legislatures. His argument is that the ALI position recommends:

> For the first time in American jurisprudence, that the law single out certain types of individuals whose lives can be taken not because of any offense they may have committed but only because their existence is inconvenient to others. . . .
>
> Abortion on request—or an absence of law with respect to abortion—has at least the merit of not involving the law and society in the business of selecting those persons whose lives may be legally terminated. A system of permitting abortion on request has the undeniable virtue of neutralizing the law so that, while the law does not forbid abortion, it does not on the other hand sanction it. . . .

In this connection, Father Drinan cites Father John Courtney Murray, who has written that:

> The aspirations of law are minimal —law speaks to establish and maintain only that minimum of actualized morality that is necessary for the healthy functioning of the social order. . . . Therefore the law, mindful of its nature, is required to be tolerant of many evils that morality condemns.

"No abortion laws at all" probably is more compatible with Catholic all-or-nothing logic than "liberalized abortion laws" and when the hierarchy of the Church finally realizes that the present anti-abortion laws cannot be preserved, they may be forced to come around to Father Drinan's position. May that day be soon.

Mrs. James Murphy
Seattle, Washington

CRASS ABORTION OUTLOOK

Your editorial reply to the letter writer in the August *Playboy Forum* ("Abortion: A Case History") is typical of the crassness of PLAYBOY's outlook. Apparently, you fail to see that moral evil does exist; consequently, you cannot appreciate the girl's sincere repentance, which you reduce to a matter of bad handling of the affair. Unlike PLAYBOY, the girl realizes that homicide does not magically cease to be homicide simply because it is performed safely in clean and pleasant surroundings with all the attendants smiling. By attributing her feeling of guilt not to a perception of the truth of the situation but to the mere external circumstances of the abortion, you deny the possibility of man's perceiving a law and a duty within him and degrade him to a creature whose only obligation is to his own comfort and convenience. The depth of ethical and human insensitivity this shows is appalling.

Allen W. Thrasher
Cambridge, Massachusetts

You claim that it was right and proper for the girl to feel guilty because she did an evil thing. We appreciate the sincerity of her feelings and the intensity of her suffering, but we find that the cause of this anguish lies in her mistaken belief that she did something wrong—a belief reinforced by her parents' harsh attitude and by the clandestine and unhygienic circumstances of the operation. As for her guilt's springing from "a perception of the truth of the situation," this is impossible, because the truth is that abortion is not homicide. In fact, not one state in the Union classifies abortion as homicide; and Protestants and Jews—even those who oppose abortion—do not regard it as such. Even the Catholic Church did not until 1869 officially begin teaching that abortion prior to quickening (movement of the fetus, which usually occurs during the third month of pregnancy) is murder. In any debate on this subject, therefore, the burden of proof is on those who hold the historically eccentric position that a human embryo is a human being (which is tantamount to stating that an egg is a chicken). Like most of those who hold to this belief, you assert it as a fact known to everybody and make no attempt to argue its

correctness. Lacking such a demonstration of the undemonstratable, your own letter seems to us "appalling" in its wish to sustain the guilt feelings of a confused young girl whose greatest need is compassion and reassurance.

ABORTION CASE HISTORY

The August *Playboy Forum* letter entitled "Abortion: A Case History" prompts me to describe my own unusual experience. I, too, became pregnant while still too young to consider marriage. Furthermore, I did not love the boy. Fortunately, my parents reacted with understanding, not with fury. They left the decision of whether or not to have an abortion up to me and, when I decided to terminate my pregnancy, they arranged the abortion for me.

I left school early one afternoon and went with my mother to a doctor's office in the downtown section of our city, where I was operated on under sanitary conditions, attended by a doctor and three nurses. The pain was not severe; I left the office an hour later under my own power. I suffered no subsequent ill effects other than cramps, which lasted one day. I soon returned to school and continued to live a normal teenager's life, with a clear conscience and a deeper respect for my parents.

My abortion was not a mistake. I was exceptionally lucky in two respects: that I have such wonderful parents and that they were able to find a reliable doctor who would perform the operation. However, the principal point I want to make is that abortion doesn't have to lead to tragedy, as it did for your August letter writer. The outcome of such a situation depends on the people involved.

(Name withheld by request)
Seattle, Washington

ABORTION AND CONTRACEPTION

The present abortion controversy in this country will inevitably die down as the practice of contraception becomes more widespread, simply because there will be less need for abortion. However, it may take as much as a century before contraception becomes universal, given the backwardness of some of the American people. During this transitional period, there will be a great need for abortion. Even after everyone has learned to use birth control scrupulously, there will be occasional problems that can be solved only by abortion.

Nevertheless, anyone who wants to see an easing of the unwanted-child problem should work toward the universal availability of contraceptive education and contraceptive devices. Birth-control materials should be available to anyone who is old enough to conceive, regardless of marital status; and the educational process should begin in the earliest years. Young children should be taught that man has the power to determine when and under what circumstances to have children. Students at the eighth-grade level should have a thorough knowledge of birth-control techniques.

At present, many doctors are responsible for unwanted pregnancies among the unmarried, because they refuse to give contraceptives and contraceptive information to their patients. Unmarried women who go to the trouble and embarrassment—in this puritanical society—of soliciting contraceptive devices are highly responsible persons and deserve commendations and cooperation from their doctors, not moral lectures and refusal.

Brian G. Gilmartin
Department of Sociology
State University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

"MORNING-AFTER" PILL

A few months ago, I read a newspaper article about a "morning-after" birth-control pill that was discussed by two Yale researchers at the International Planned Parenthood Federation conference in Chile. As I understand it, this pill could be taken after intercourse and would prevent pregnancy. Since reading about it, I have heard rumors that this pill is available in the U. S.—that is, the medicine itself is not a new discovery but is a standard prescription that is just beginning to give evidence of this interesting side effect. Can you shed any light on this matter?

Nancy Spellman
Los Angeles, California

The rumors are correct. Several possible "morning-after" drugs—all estrogens—were discussed at the Planned Parenthood conference. One of them—the one currently deemed preferable—is Stilbestrol, which is in general use for the treatment of uterine disorders. According to the Yale researchers' paper, 25 milligrams of Stilbestrol, taken once a day for four or five days immediately after intercourse, will prevent implantation of a fertilized ovum.

BIRTH-CONTROL CRUSADER

As I write this letter, I face a ten-year prison sentence for the crimes of publicly exhibiting a birth-control pill and dispensing three kits of contraceptive foam.

Four years ago, I was a well-paid clinical director of one of this country's largest manufacturers of contraceptives. In a hospital, I happened to see a 29-year-old mother die with a wire coat hanger embedded in her uterus. She came from a background of poverty and knew nothing about birth control, was pregnant with her ninth child and had attempted a self-induced abortion. This incident prompted me to teach contraception to the poor after my working hours and to start an organization called Parents' Aid Society. My employer objected to my activities and fired me from my job. I then converted a mobile van into a clinic, which enabled me to drive into the most poverty-stricken areas of New York City, where I dispensed birth-control aid and information. In the spring of 1965, I was arrested for violating New York's birth-control law, which prohibited these activities. Before I went on trial, the publicity concerning my crusade helped initiate a successful campaign to repeal New York's law. The charges against me were then dropped. Subsequently, I served on an advisory council to the New York Senate-Assembly Committee on Health for the 1966 legislative session.

My second battle with birth-control laws took place in 1966 in New Jersey. The welfare director of Monmouth County proposed that unwed mothers on public welfare would be prosecuted for the crime of fornication. [*See "The Playboy Forum," January 1967.*] I campaigned against this proposal and helped prevent its going into effect. I then took my van into New Jersey and notified the police that I would be dispensing birth-control information. A minister's wife agreed to help me test the law and, after showing her a diaphragm, I was arrested for "indecent exposure of a contraceptive device," convicted and fined $100. Refusing to pay the fine, I went to jail, began a hunger strike and suffered a heart attack. In November 1967, the New Jersey Supreme Court overturned my conviction but refused to find the law unconstitutional.

In the spring of 1967, I received a letter signed by 700 students and faculty members of Boston University, asking me to test the Massachusetts birth-control law. This law specifies that contraceptives may be obtained only by prescription and may be prescribed only for married persons. This means that an unmarried woman on welfare cannot get any contraceptive aid, regardless of how many children she already has, and it also means that a prescription is required even for such birth-control devices as condoms and contraceptive foams; these are sold over the counter in most of the U. S.

On April 6, 1967, I spoke on overpopulation and methods of birth control to about 2000 people at Boston University's Hayden Hall. It was well known that I intended to challenge the birth-control law; consequently, policemen were stationed in the hall. At the conclusion of my talk, I was arrested for exhibiting a birth-control pill and for giving kits of contraceptive foam to three coeds. I was convicted on both counts and now face up to five years' imprisonment for each.

My primary concern in violating the law was not to establish the right of a layman to provide birth-control aid but to challenge the ban on birth-control

(continued on page 174)

Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 91-E ©1968, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS FEBRUARY 1968

"WE NEVER CLOSE" LONDON PLAYBOY CLUB NOW SWINGS 24 HOURS, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK!

Dining and Gaming Facilities Now Serve Members Around the Clock

LONDON (Special)—Playboy Club members and their guests have responded enthusiastically to the new operating policy of the London Club—"We never close!" The general attitude seems to be summed up in the words of one member who said, "This is just what London needed—a place you can go to at any hour any day and know that you will find it swinging."

Even if you're not the kind of night owl who is apt to want to entertain himself and friends at 5 or 6 in the morning you will still find that The Playboy Club offers you more entertainment under one roof than anywhere else in London.

Applications for Charter Membership in the London Playboy Club are being accepted right now. Apply for membership today and save £8.8.0 during your first year and £5.5.0 each year thereafter.

A complete range of Playboy-styled entertainment makes it possible for you to spend an entire evening on the town without ever leaving the Club.

You can dance to exciting beat groups in the Living Room Discothèque, where you can also help yourself to a delicious hot meal of beef à la Playboy, fried chicken and the finest barbecued spareribs in Europe—*all* for only 10s.

Bunnies serve king-size drinks in the Living Room where you may enjoy a meal at the same price as a drink. The *discothèque* features live groups and the latest records.

Enjoy epicurean cuisine impeccably served by velvet-clad butlers and Bunnies in the VIP Room and visit the Playroom Cabaret showroom presenting acts chosen from the largest talent roster in the world, where you can dine on Playboy's hearty steak dinner at the same price as a drink.

In the Penthouse Casino, occupying the entire top floor of the Club, members and their guests try their luck at blackjack, American dice, roulette and punto banco.

On the ground floor of the Club members relax in the Playmate Bar and enjoy a delicious meal at breakfast, lunch or dinner from the Playmate Grill. Here, too, the swinging atmosphere continues at the gaming tables throughout all hours of the day and night, seven days a week. Of course, drink service stops after regular licencing hours but the informal atmosphere, the delicious food and the fun and games that give The Playboy Club the air of a sparkling private party continue without stop.

Open the door to the Playboy world of excitement. By mailing the coupon today you save £8.8.0 during the first year of membership and £5.5.0 each year thereafter. Full credit privileges are available to those who qualify, enabling them to sign for all purchases at the London Club. For credit privileges just tick the appropriate box. Act now, while special Charter Membership is still available.

APPLY NOW AND SAVE—CHARTER ROSTER LIMITED

Reserve your place on Charter Rolls (Initiation £3.3.0, Annual Subscription £5.5.0) which assures a substantial saving over Regular Membership Fees (Initiation £6.6.0, Annual Subscription £10.10.0).

Applicants from the Continent may enclose Initiation Fee in equivalent funds of their own country in cheque, money order or currency.

The Playboy Club reserves the right to close the charter roster without prior notice.

The roulette wheel spins 24 hours a day, seven days a week at the London Playboy Club. Games include roulette, blackjack, dice and punto banco.

Visiting London? Stay At Forty-Five Park Lane, Atop The Playboy Club

LONDON (Special)—Luxurious suites located above the London Club, with their own entrance, lobby and lift, are available to Playboy visitors on a daily, weekly or monthly basis. Handsomely furnished in contemporary decor, each has its own TV, bath and kitchenette-bar.

Daily maid and linens, 24-hour switchboard and porter services are included. Arrangements can be made for car-hire, theatre tickets, travel arrangements, secretarial service, sightseeing tours, valet and laundry.

Rates for studio singles are 5 gns. daily, 30 gns. weekly and 120 gns. monthly. For reservations and information on studio twins, deluxe suites and penthouse apartments, address Reception Manager, 45 Park Lane, London, W. 1, England, Telex 262187 or phone MAYfair 6001.

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CLIP AND MAIL THIS APPLICATION TODAY

TO: Membership Secretary
THE PLAYBOY CLUB, 45 Park Lane, London W.1, England

Here is my application for membership in The Playboy Club. I enclose £3.3.0 being the Initiation Fee for charter members. I understand that the Annual Subscription for charter members will be £5.5.0, payable upon notification of acceptance.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

ADDRESS

PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION

SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT

☐ I wish to have credit privileges enabling me to sign all my purchases at the London Club. No extra charge for this service. 291-E

{Often it's the little things that make life pleasant. One of our passengers taught us something useful.}

THIS IS ALEX HUGENTOBLER, BUSINESSMAN FROM WIL, CANTON OF ST. GALL, SWITZERLAND. ON HIS 7TH SWISSAIR ATLANTIC FLIGHT. (THIS YEAR, WE MEAN.)

He always sleeps. (Or mostly.) And never talks. (Or hardly ever.) And still he gave us plainly to understand one thing. (While he was asleep.)

This: That there will be more and more people like him. (No comment.) Who see no excitement in flying anymore. (Agreed.) Who want to be left alone. (We leave' em.) Who just want one thing between business meetings: sleep, sleep, and more sleep. (It's all theirs.)

We tried out the sleep goggles Mr. Hugentobler puts on for such occasions. And Mr. Hugentobler is dead right: they make your sleep deeper, more relaxing, more refreshing.

So then we thought, if more and more people don't think flying is an experience anymore, but rather an interval that lets you relax and sleep in the care of a good airline, then there'll be more and more people who want sleep goggles.

Ought we to hand you a list of all the addresses where you can buy these goggles?

For instance in

- East Orange, N.J., the Norman Dine Sleep Center, 33 Halsted Street
- Rome, Dafne, Via Bissolati 30
- Tokyo, Mitsukoshi Departement Store Muromachi Nihonbashi Chuo-Ku
- Stockholm, NK Nordiska Kompaniet, Hamngatan 18-20

and so forth.

But as we went on with our list, we found we could never include all the shops, so we were just complicating things for you instead of making life easier. It would be a lot more sensible to have the goggles on board the plane. Perhaps with a little Swissair signet. (Memento of a peaceful Swissair flight.) And we could offer them for sale at a nominal price. To everyone like Mr. Hugentobler, who thinks flying is for sleeping.

Only one thing, how many Hugentoblers do you suppose there are in the world? (We'd like to get a rough idea so that we can bargain with the manufacturer for a quantity discount.)

Dear Swissair: ☐ *I'm a Hugentobler.* ☐ *I'm no Hugentobler.*

Name: .....

Street: .....

City: ..... *Country:* .....

Check the box of your choice and send the coupon to the Manager Inflight Service Division OB Swissair, Box 929, 8021 Zurich, Switzerland

SWISSAIR

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JIM BROWN

a candid conversation with the football superstar turned actor and civil rights activist

Among professional-football fullbacks, Jim Brown remains the legendary standard by which all others are measured. At six feet, two, and 230 pounds, Brown was the most powerful and elusive running back ever to play the game. With a massive neck, steely arms and thighs thicker than most men's waists, he could drag tacklers with him as he ran, send them flying with a straight-arm, sidestep them with his misdirective footwork and outdistance them with his flashing speed. During nine seasons with the Cleveland Browns, this gut strength and incredible agility—combined with a juggernaut determination to win—netted him 15 N.F.L. records that most sportswriters agree won't be topped easily or soon. Before a budding alternate career as a movie actor and militant involvement in the race struggle provoked his abrupt resignation from pro ball in 1966, Brown had crashed his way to a record lifetime total of 126 touchdowns and led the league in yards gained for eight of his nine seasons, piling up a whopping 12,312 yards in the process—also an all-time record.

Because repeated and jarring contact with bone-crushing opposing linemen is one of the position's occupational hazards, injuries have sidelined every other notable running back in pro-football history. But Brown's superb physical condition and playing ability made him a unique exception to that rule—despite many a lineman's rapacious attempts to put him on the bench, if not in the hospital; and he gave them plenty of opportunity to try, by carrying the ball in roughly 60 percent of all offensive plays. An adept ball carrier off the field, too, he led the 1962 revolt of Cleveland players that successfully brought about the ouster of their brilliant but inflexible head coach, Paul Brown. The following year, as if to vindicate the uprising, Jim Brown became football's sole runner to pass the mile mark in a single season—a feat veteran sportswriter Myron Cope called "perhaps the most incredible sports statistic of our time."

Brown's phenomenal prowess led the editor of Sport *magazine to label him the "Babe Ruth of football," who "sits alone, indestructible, superhuman." It also gave him the additional—and more tangible—honor of taking home the biggest pay check in pro ball, an estimated $65,000 a year. But the crown didn't rest easily on Brown's head. Despite lavish kudos from the press and considerable nationwide attention, his natural reserve remained undented; to the public and most teammates alike, he remained icily aloof. The first rumblings of his eventual abdication came as early as 1964, with the publication of his autobiography, "Off My Chest." In it, Brown demonstrated that his hard-driving, no-nonsense brand of football was a graphic metaphor for his life style: He appraised various football personalities with a brutal candor that left many bruised and angry; and he revealed an attitude of racial militance—further explored here—that added a facet of passionate social commitment to his already complex image. Unwillingly and briefly, Brown adopted yet another persona in 1965. In the period of a few months, two girls accused him of molesting them. One refused to press charges, but the other took her case to court. After Brown was acquitted, she tried again with a paternity suit—and lost that, too.*

Not surprisingly, today's controversial Jim Brown is the product of a diverse and paradoxical background. Born on an island off the Georgia coast, he spent his first years in the care of a great-grandmother. At the age of seven, he moved north to Long Island to live with his divorced mother, a domestic worker. Always big and strong for his age, Brown applied his talents more in the street than in school and soon fought his way to "war lord" status in the Gaylords, a teenage gang. If local officials hadn't quickly recognized his rare athletic abilities, the Jim Brown story might have been another "Rebel Without a Cause"; but they turned him on to sports, and by

"Am I an advocate of black violence? If a white man hits me, I'm going to try to hit him twice—harder—because I want him to do a lot of thinking before he ever hits me again."

"One time I remember a Philadelphia Eagles defense man jammed his hand up under my face mask; I felt him clawing for my eyes, so I got my teeth in that hand. Man, I tried to eat it up!"

"Negroes are finally beginning to play roles that other Negroes, watching, will feel proud of and identify with, instead of being crushed by some Uncle Tom on the screen making a fool of himself."

Brown's senior year, athletic events at Manhasset High School were drawing overflow crowds who came to see him in action—in football, basketball, baseball, track and lacrosse. Shattering records in nearly every sport he tried, Brown was graduated with full-scholarship bids from 42 colleges. Ironically, he selected Syracuse, where Brown claims he wasn't really wanted—for reasons that had more to do with race than with football. Still on the fifth-string team after his freshman season, he crashed the varsity ranks as a sophomore, went on to become a Syracuse legend—and began to be called the greatest all-round athlete since Jim Thorpe. Then, turning pro with the Cleveland Browns, he set—even in his rookie year—new professional records.

During the off seasons, Brown began to dabble in the myriad pursuits that finally lured him away from football. He tackled show business, first as host of a modest daily radio show in Cleveland, then as a Negro cavalry trooper in "Rio Conchos," a movie Western. He broke into the business world by traveling and interning as a marketing executive for the Pepsi-Cola company. And in a move coinciding with occasional outings as a commentator on closed-circuit theater telecasts of boxing matches, he allied himself with Main Bout, Inc., a sports-promotion agency. Main Bout eventually handled the fights of the controversial and racially militant Muhammad (Cassius Clay) Ali, and Brown's association with the firm gave further flower to his own growing image as a hard-line racial activist: Some of his colleagues at Main Bout were Black Muslims. Brown disclaimed membership in the sect but said that he felt its views voiced the true feelings of most Negroes.

Amid the national controversy in 1966 that saw a Muhammad Ali fight blocked out of arenas across the country, Brown quietly signed to play a role in his second motion picture, "The Dirty Dozen," to be filmed in England that summer. He planned to return in time for fall football practice; but in England, heavy rains kept delaying the filming. Soon the Cleveland Browns were at practice—without their star fullback. Pressed by sportswriters, team owner Art Modell announced a daily fine until Brown returned; but Brown finally flanked the penalty with the bombshell announcement that he was quitting the game. Fans refused to believe it, thinking he would join up again once the film was finished. Though Brown did come back to Cleveland after completing the movie, it was only to reaffirm his retirement and announce that he intended to spend his time helping his race—by heading the National Negro Industrial and Economic Union, an organization he had founded. More motion-picture offers were in the works as well, he added. Jim Brown was done with football for good—but not with the limelight.

In the following months, he enlisted nearly 100 famous Negro sports figures to help him with his fledgling N.N.I.E.U. and opened offices in several cities across the country. When "The Dirty Dozen" opened and Negroes in unprecedented numbers flocked to see him—aptly cast as a racially militant soldier—it became clear that Brown's burgeoning screen fame showed every promise of rivaling his legend on the gridiron. At this point in his new career, we sent Alex Haley to interview the many-sided athlete-actor. "When I met him in Cleveland," reports Haley about the first of their many encounters, stretching over several weeks, "I soon discovered that his life now is probably more strenuous than when he was playing football. Between movies, he hustles through a 16-hour day that includes time at home, in his N.N.I.E.U. office, at public appearances and on the golf course—where he chafes if his scores reach the upper 70s. To keep up the pace, he burns a tremendous amount of fuel: I saw him consume two pounds of barbecued ribs as an appetizer while a four-pound T-bone broiled. Dessert was a quart of ice cream topped by a can of peaches.

"Brown tried to concentrate on my questions, but his Cleveland schedule—and his characteristic initial wariness—made it impossible. We agreed to meet again later in California, where he would be filming his third picture, the $8,000,000 Cinerama production 'Ice Station Zebra,' in which he co-stars with Rock Hudson. During our meetings in his dressing room, he proved appreciably warmer and more candid. Returning from camera calls, he relaxed as easily as he once did upon leaving the field after a game. Dropping his well-known mask of impassivity, he became amiable and animated, especially when he was talking about football. When racial matters came up, however, he turned dead serious and often punctuated his pungent remarks with a baleful glare and a meaty forefinger jabbed in my direction.

"Despite the long shooting days, Brown rarely went out at night, choosing instead to stay in his room and study his script. On weekends, though, he roamed, visiting friends like Lee Marvin and Bill Cosby, going into Los Angeles ghetto areas to talk to the kids there and putting in as much time as possible at his Los Angeles N.N.I.E.U. office. One day we got to the office and found a small crowd there being regaled by Muhammad Ali. Ali playfully made a lightning feint as Brown entered; in mock seriousness, Brown—who had once turned down an offer of $150,000 to become a fighter—invited him out back. Muttering dire warnings, Ali followed Brown outside, where they touched fingertips and whirled into a flashing, furious, open-handed bout. Head down, Brown would probe for an opening, while Ali danced, dodged and swatted back. Then they stopped as suddenly as they had begun, both sweat-soaked and laughing. In spite of the schoolyard levity they maintained throughout, I couldn't help feeling they were testing each other, secretly wondering what might happen in a ring."

The interview ended when Brown left for San Diego to do scenes parachuting from a plane to rendezvous with an atomic submarine for his role in "Ice Station Zebra." He would fly next to Bombay to film "The Year of the Cricket." Beyond that lay a three-year contract with MGM that involved several more motion pictures. In one of them, "Dark of the Sun," which premieres next month, Brown co-stars with Rod Taylor as a black mercenary involved in the Congolese uprising. No other athlete in history had ever managed such a successful transition to show business. We began by asking him about it.

PLAYBOY: What's your reaction to Lee Marvin's observation about your performance in *The Dirty Dozen*: "Well, Brown's a better actor than Sir Laurence Olivier would be as a member of the Cleveland Browns"?

BROWN: That's great! I never heard that one before. Lee's wild! I love him! But about what he said: Look, my parts so far haven't really demanded too much of me as an actor; I know that and I'm not trying to rush myself. What I feel I'm not ready for, I stay away from. At this point I'm relying upon my presence; I'm concentrating on acting *natural*; and I'm soaking up every technique I can handle from the pros. I think everyone I work with can see that I'm trying to apply myself, and they go out of their way to teach me new things. So you might call it on-the-job training. Of course, I've always tried to be good at anything I get involved in. That's another way of saying that eventually I hope to be regarded as a good professional actor—I mean by other actors. They're the best critics.

PLAYBOY: As a longtime pro in another field, how did you feel about being the rookie of the cast in *The Dirty Dozen*?

BROWN: I felt that was to my advantage. Everybody knew I had everything to learn, and they knocked themselves out helping me; so I probably learned faster than most rookies in films. The role I played helped me, too. I was Robert Jefferson, a college-trained soldier condemned to death for murdering a white racist who had brutally assaulted me. I strongly identified with Jefferson. I could feel and understand why he did what he did. I just made myself Robert Jefferson in my mind. And Bob Aldrich, the direc-

tor, gave me every break he could. He rarely talked with me, but when he saw me getting up tight, he would say things that were constructive and calming. Even so, the pressure would build in me —you know, the doubts about whether I was really good enough to be there with them. But when Kenny Hyman, our producer, brought me a script for another movie, offering me a part, that was a sign of approval that meant a lot.

PLAYBOY: While the picture was being made, a rumor circulated that you weren't getting along with several members of the cast. Was there any truth to that?

BROWN: None. I got on with that cast as well as I ever have with any group in my whole life. Went out socially with most of them; never any arguments at all. That story must have been manufactured by press agents. I'm beginning to find out that press agents are an occupational hazard in this business—their imaginations. This particular story got started in Leonard Lyons' column, that Lee Marvin and I left a party at Sidney Lumet's and that we had a bloody fight to the finish outside. It was completely fabricated! In fact, Lee and I had a beautiful relationship.

PLAYBOY: Marvin has said there is an acting void that you can fill, especially among Negroes: "He's seemingly more believable to the average Negro than guys like Poitier." And director Robert Aldrich has said, "There isn't another Negro actor around quite like Brown. Poitier, Belafonte or Ossie Davis aren't Brown's style." Do you think they're right?

BROWN: I don't know; maybe I *am* shaping a new movie personality. I'm just being myself; that's all I know how to do. I'm sure not taking anything away from any of those you named—and others like James Earl Jones. But there's a crying need for more Negro actors, because for so long, ever since the silent screen, in fact, the whole world has been exposed to Negroes in stereotype roles. Have you ever been to any Negro theater with a movie going, with a Negro in it? Well, you can just *feel* the tension of that audience, pulling for this guy to do something good, something that will give them a little pride. That's why I feel so good that Negroes are finally starting to play roles that other Negroes, watching, will feel proud of, and respond to, and identify with, and feel *real* about, instead of being crushed by some Uncle Tom on the screen making a fool of himself. You're not going to find any of us playing Uncle Toms anymore. In my first picture, *Rio Conchos*, I played a cowboy who fought not only Indians but white guys, too. And I played a realistic Negro in *The Dirty Dozen*. And in this picture I'm shooting now, *Ice Station Zebra*, I play a Marine captain on an atomic submarine. It's not a part written for a Negro, or for any race in particular; it's a part with no racial overtones whatever. That's why I can say, before this picture is even released, that a lot of Negroes are going to come to see it.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the part?

BROWN: Robert O'Brien, MGM's president, was very happy with my *Dirty Dozen* performance and he discovered that unprecedented Negro audiences were attending. He said, "Hell, this is beautiful all around!" He called me about five one morning and said if there was a part I could play in *Ice Station Zebra*, he'd have me in Hollywood the next day. A white actor had been tentatively slated for this part, but he wasn't signed, because he was still negotiating for something else; and the next day I was in wardrobe. In fact, they went over the whole script to be certain that no racial overtones would occur because a black man was in the role. I dug the part not only for that reason but because, again, I could personally identify. Marine Captain Anders is my kind of officer—a *man*, self-sufficient as hell, bad, up tight, ready to do a hell of a job. He doesn't care who likes him or who doesn't, so he doesn't try to be liked. He's a terrific soldier, very tough on his men, but fair, and anything he asks them to do, he can do better.

PLAYBOY: Have you gained any more confidence in yourself as an actor since *Dirty Dozen*?

BROWN: I think so. It's just like football: I had to get that first play under my belt before I'd stop trembling. I still get keyed up, but I keep it under control. And when I'm called to go before the cameras, like I used to do before a game, I just cut off my emotions and go act out whatever the script calls for me to do. The only difference is that in football, we didn't have a specific script; the other side wouldn't have followed it, anyway.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to quit football so abruptly at the height of your career? Was it the movie offers?

BROWN: Look—I loved playing football. It did a lot for me; it changed my life. Otherwise, I could have been some kind of gangster today; I led a gang when I was a kid, you know. But, taking a realistic look at my life and my ambitions, at the things I wanted to achieve, it was time for a change, see? I find this new career just as satisfying, and even more rewarding financially, and something I can keep at far longer than I could have lasted in football. Besides that, my other activities are benefited, especially working to increase Negro participation in the country's economic life. That's very important to me. Sure, sometimes when the weather's crisp outside and I'm watching a game on television, it's hard not to be out there with the ball. But still, leaving the game when I did is probably as lucky as anything that ever happened to me. Of course, I had some concerns about giving up football's certainties for the movies' *un*certainties. But the hard fact is that I feel I quit just in time. I got out still in my prime and without any injuries. I got out before I ever had to do like I've seen so many guys—sitting hunched over on the bench, all scarred and banged up, watching some hot young kid out there in their place; and, worse than that, just wondering if they'd slowed down so badly they'd never be called to go into the game anymore. You see, I believe a man grows up. He discovers there are other worlds. Basically, I'm a guy who has to progress or I feel I'm stagnating—I don't mean just materially, but as a person. My interests have expanded in various areas—in racial relations, my various investments and, of course, my new movie career, but most of all in my sense of responsibility to my people. For the rest of my life I am committed to taking part in the black struggle that's going on in this country.

PLAYBOY: Another of the factors involved in your decision to retire, according to reports, was a contractual dispute with Browns owner Art Modell. Four years before, he had supported you in yet another dispute—against Cleveland coach Paul Brown. Acceding to an ultimatum from you and several other players, Modell finally fired Brown at the end of the 1962 season. Why did you insist on his dismissal?

BROWN: Well, first of all, it wasn't any *vendetta*, at least no personal kind of thing against Brown. At one stage in his career, Paul Brown was a genius; he set new trends in the game. But the man's ego was such that when other coaches openly stole his ideas, and added new twists, Paul Brown simply could not, or would not, change and adapt to the new styles of playing. And we players increasingly saw this. Our professional lives, our careers, were involved. We happened not to be the brainless automatons he wanted his players to act like. So we did what we had to do—in what we saw as the best interests of the players, the owner and the fans. And later events proved us right. That's really all there was to it.

PLAYBOY: What were some of the adjustments you felt Paul Brown should have made but didn't?

BROWN: Well, the major thing, we felt, was that Paul immensely favored a ground game, with intricately devised through-the-line plays. And in passing, he liked only short passes. That's just two major areas where his refusal to change cost us games we could have won. The game had accelerated very fast, see, until any coach not utilizing long passes or frequent touchdown-run

threats was bound to become obsolete. Paul would only very rarely approve our trying the long-bomb pass, which other teams used often. And I was the Browns' main runner. Man, I *loved* to run—especially on those outside sweeps; that was my major touchdown potential. But Paul refused to give me enough wide-running sweep plays. When we saw ourselves continually losing when we *knew* we could have won, it just took heart out of us. We lost that burning desire to win that a team has to have if it's *going* to win. How do you think we felt coming off a field beaten, and all of us there in the locker room knowing that the tremendous power we represented simply wasn't being used to its capacity? I don't like to knock the man, but truth is truth, that's all. If he had just been willing to compromise, to adjust only a little, he could have remained the top coach in pro ball. Anyway, some other players and I finally told Art Modell that unless the coaching methods changed, we'd either insist on being traded or quit. Well, any owner of a team is first and foremost a businessman. That next January—this was 1963—Art announced that Blanton Collier was replacing Paul Brown as head coach. We went into the new season a thinking, working team again. I had my best year and we took second place in the Eastern Conference. Then, in 1964, we won the league championship.

PLAYBOY: And you won the Hickok belt as the year's best professional athlete. In your entire pro career, you accumulated 126 touchdowns among your 15 all-time N. F. L. records. Do you think anyone ever will equal or better those records?

BROWN: I think every record I've ever made will get wiped out, ultimately. Once people declared that my Syracuse records would never be broken; then Ernie Davis—the late Ernie Davis—broke all but three of them; and then Floyd Little broke all but one of Ernie's records. Records are made to be broken. You remember the four-minute mile? The ten-second dash? The seven-foot high jump? Always, you're going to have young guys coming along and improving. That's great, the way it needs to be, because that's progress, that's advancement. My personal records were never that important to me, anyway. As a matter of fact, I almost hated to break a record when I was playing, because I always felt I was becoming more and more a statistic in people's minds than a human being. But I never dwell on what I did; it's history now. I have a lot of pleasant memories of a game that was a good part of my life.

PLAYBOY: Among the records you set, none seems likely to last longer than the 12,312 yards you gained in nine pro seasons—a large proportion of which you amassed in the spectacular sweep runs you made famous. Was the sweep your favorite play?

BROWN: Well, like I said, I loved those long sweeps—but any play that gained yardage was a good play as far as I was concerned. Most plays, you understand, aren't for long runs; they're just after a crucial few yards, maybe one yard, maybe even *inches*, for a first down. That's your power plays, which can be just as important as some flashy run. But you say I made the sweep runs famous; that's very flattering, but the fact is that I never would have been able to make them without a lot of company—without guys like John Wooten and Gene Hickerson, the Browns' guards, to clear a path for me. Once they did, once I was through the hole and into the other team's secondary, that's when I was on my own. Then I had a man-to-man situation going—me against them; that's when I'd go into my bag of stuff. They're in trouble now—I'm in their territory; 55 things are happening at once; I'm moving, evaluating their possible moves, trying to outthink and outmaneuver them, using my speed, quickness and balance. I've always had very good balance. I'm ready to use a straight-arm, high knee-action or shoulder-dipping. There's the full or half straight-arm, or just the forearm, then the shoulder. In the leg maneuvers, I'd "limber-leg," offering one leg, then jerking it away when somebody grabbed. Or high-stepping would keep a pair of tacklers from getting both legs at once. In that secondary, it was just a step-by-step thing, using brainwork and instinct; but sometimes it got down to just out-and-out strength and brute force.

PLAYBOY: The great linebacker Sam Huff was once asked how to stop you. He said: "All you can do is grab hold, hang on and wait for help." Detroit's tackle Alex Karras was even more graphic about it: "Give each guy in the line an ax." Why did they have so much trouble tackling you?

BROWN: I'm the one that had trouble getting past *them*. You just don't run over guys like them; I had to try and fake them some way, like maybe drop a shoulder and struggle to get by. Some guys, of course, if they were small enough, I'd just run over them. When we hit, I'd dip a shoulder, hitting his pads, and cross either with a straight-arm to the helmet or a clubbing forearm.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of that forearm, Matt Hazeltine of the Forty Niners has said: "Brown really shivers you. I wonder how many KOs he would have scored when there were no face masks." Did opposing players ever try to retaliate for all the clubbings you dealt out on the field?

BROWN: Oh, sure. If you're a successful, aggressive back, a scoring danger, roughings are a routine part of the game. But it still got pretty hairy sometimes. The biggest thing I resented was guys going after my face—fingers under my mask, after my eyes. That's the only thing that ever brought me close to turning chicken. I would get up, not dizzy, but I still couldn't get my eyes clear. You know how you blink and your eyes still won't clear? One time I remember, a Philadelphia Eagles defense man jammed his hand up under my face mask; I felt him clawing for my eyes and I got my teeth in that hand. Man, I tried to eat it up! I'll bet it hasn't run under any more masks since then. Later, there was a protest about my biting him. I said, "Look, I can't bite anybody *through* a mask, can I? Any hand under there was under there for some purpose, right?" There was no fine.

PLAYBOY: On two occasions, you became involved in fights on the field. What made you blow your usual cool?

BROWN: Well, once was when the Giants' Tom Scott and I punched it out that time in Cleveland Stadium; the reason, again, was my eyes. In a Giant game two weeks before, I'd been hit and gouged in the eye seven or eight times, until I was half blinded for the next couple of weeks. I went to the eye doctor and got drops and stuff, and I made up my mind that if anybody ever again came deliberately close to my eyes, I would retaliate in spades. So when I felt Scott's fingers grabbing for me, I just swung on him and we had that little scuffle. It really wasn't much of a fight, but we both were put out of the game. The only other time I swung on anybody was with Joe Robb of the Cardinals. He hit me twice. I didn't mind being hit; that's part of the game—but he hit me for no reason, no reason at all, and that I *did* mind. So I hit him back. But generally, I felt that my best retaliation on some guy was to run over him on the next play and make him look bad. That could hurt him worse than a punch. Most things didn't upset me too much, though. It's natural for the players to get emotional and fired up in a game. In fact, sometimes funny things happened.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

BROWN: Well, like sometimes guys would get all excited and call somebody a name. Once in 1963, we were playing a preseason exhibition game against the Pittsburgh Steelers. On a third-down play, I fell pretty heavily on Lou Michaels, who's now with Baltimore. He was real mad about it, and when I got up, I was moving off and I heard him holler, "Why don't you go back to the *Mafia*, Brown?" I stopped and hollered back, "Mafia? You're mixed up, you dumb chump!" Lou was all flustered for something to say, and he finally stuttered,

"I mean the *niggers*!" Man, it was so funny, it cracked me up!

PLAYBOY: In the course of your entire football career, despite all the fights and roughings, you were never sidelined by a major injury. Most sportswriters consider this almost miraculous. Did you really manage to avoid getting hurt or did you just avoid showing it?

BROWN: A little bit of both—plus a lot of pure luck. It's true that I was never hurt badly enough to miss a game, but I did get a lot of what you might call small injuries at different times—cuts, bruises, sprains, and so forth. That's part of the game. Look at my hands; see those scars? I still can't shake hands with much grip; can't even get an ordinary grip on a doorknob. I got hit on a nerve once. And though most people never knew it, during the 1962 season I played all the way through with a badly sprained right wrist. It was tough for me to shift the ball from hand to hand in open field, as I liked to do when running. Of all the blows I got, though, there's one I'll never forget. It was either 1958 or 1959, against the Giants. I had to hit the line, just one yard, for a touchdown. The Giants did a lot of submarining; and whenever I met submarining lines, if the gain was vital, I'd try leaping over their line—which can get you hurt. Well, we *had* to have this touchdown, so I went up to the line, expecting to jump, but then I saw just this little sliver of daylight and I decided to go against all my principles of caution and just drop my head and take a chance of getting a hell of a headache and go through somebody's stomach. Well, I stuck my head in there, and *Vrooom!* It was like I'd been caught in a vise between their tackle and end; then a Mack truck crashed against my helmet. Sam Huff! I had made the touchdown, all right—but, man! Bells ringing, afraid somebody was going to have to help me up and all that. I finally got myself up, slow, the way I always did. But it was like, *Jesus!* I was addled, you know? Nobody's used to blows like that. I played it cool, though, walking off like I was all right, because I didn't want anybody to know. But I guess the worst one-game injury was later that same year, also against the Giants. I drove into a charging line and in the pile-up, I got kicked in the head. My memory was knocked out; I stayed in the game, but I couldn't remember anything—even having come into the stadium to play the game. Our quarterback, Milt Plum, explained my assignments in the huddle and I carried the ball by instinct. That was in the first half; but even in the second half, I was still dreamy. Nobody knew it, though, but my teammates. Every tackle, whether I'd just had a brush block or I'd really been clobbered—like this time—I

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always reacted the same way. I got up slowly and I went back to the huddle slowly, without expression. It kept people from knowing if I was hurt, because I never acted any different, see? Even if my head was ringing, I could make that slow rise and walk. That's the main reason I had that no-hurt reputation.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your physical condition have anything to do with it? Dr. W. Montague Cobb, a Howard University anatomist, has said, "Jim Brown's bone structure must resemble forged vanadium steel—the hinging of ankles, knees, elbows; the 'crawl' of muscles, the dynamism of effort easily tapped are all in immediate evidence."

BROWN: He's looking at the wrong part of my anatomy. I've always made it a practice to use my *head* before I use my body. I looked upon playing football like a businessman might: The game was my business; my body and my mind were my assets, and injuries were liabilities. The *first* basic was to be in absolutely top-notch physical condition—even more than any coach would ask you to be in. I always tried to train harder than anybody else. I even developed my own set of extra calisthenics, things I could do in a hotel room if I had to. And over the years, I made for myself a careful study of what things usually cause injuries and, as much as I could, I avoided doing those things. For example, you'll see backs constantly jumping into the air, over a line; they think it looks so dramatic. Well, it *can* work—in fact, I did it myself, as I mentioned earlier, whenever I felt there was no other alternative—but sooner or later, somebody's bound to catch you up there in mid-air and break you in half. Another invitation to disaster is to use your head as a battering ram. If you do, pretty soon you're going to get it unhinged, like I did with Sam Huff. You'll also see some backs trying those fancy crossover step maneuvers—the left-leg-over-the-right-leg bit; I used to do that kind of thing at Syracuse; I was a regular fancy Dan. By pro-ball time, though—playing against guys who outweighed me by 60 or 70 pounds—I had learned better. I learned that if I was going to make it with the pros, I was going to have to develop something extra, something more than sheer muscle and flashy footwork. I was going to have to *outthink* the opposition. I would say that I credit 80 percent of the success I enjoyed to the fact that I played a *mental* game. The purely physical part—keeping in condition, running, passing, stuff like that—I'd credit with no more than 20 percent. It's just common sense: Physically, many guys in pro football are more than my equals—big, strong, fast son of a guns. But some simply don't get as much out of themselves as others. Why? Their mental game doesn't match their physical capacity. My game pivoted on having planned ahead of time every move I intended to make on the field. The nine years I was in pro ball, I never quit trying to make my mind an encyclopedia of every possible detail—about my teammates, about players on other teams, about the plays we used, about plays I knew *they* used and about both our and other teams' collective and individual tendencies.

I know you've heard that I was supposed to have a reputation for being distant, aloof and hard to get along with, especially in football seasons, most especially close to gametime. Well, maybe I was. Maybe I was rude to people and had very little to say to anybody. The reason is that I was focused mentally on that coming game. I was concentrating, visualizing things that I knew could happen and what I would do if it went this way or that way. I knew I had it working right when I started seeing plays in my mind almost like I was watching television. I'd see my own line in front of me, the guards, the halfbacks, the quarterback, and then the other team over there—especially big Roger Brown and Alex Karras, two of the best tackles in football. Both of them are quick, agile, smart, fast and big, and they like to hit *hard*. Notice I don't just say they hit hard, but they *like* to hit hard—that's mental; that's positive thinking, see? I'd walk around in the locker room, seeing Roger Brown in my mind—for some reason, not his face or hands or shoulders, but those thighs of his. Massive thighs, like some huge frog. I always envision Roger hopping up in the air, jumping over blocks—all 300 pounds of him. And Alex Karras—in pro football, he's just a little cat, just 250 pounds, but he's built like a stump, with a boxer's sneering mouth. I hear him growling; he actually growls when he's charging. Positive thinking again, see? Anyway, I'd be watching them mentally across the line and sizing up the moves they might make against me. I'd see plays running and things happening—see myself starting a run and having to make spur-of-the-moment changes of strategy and direction. Every play I ever ran, I had already run a thousand in my mind. Right now, I can see a sweep run. I'm starting—my first three steps are very fast. Then I'm drifting, to let my guard in front of me get into position. There he is; now others are throwing their blocks; my guard is blocking their halfback to the outside. Now I accelerate and I shoot through the gap. That outside linebacker is my greatest danger now. I can see the order in which the tacklers are going to come. I'm looking for that end first, or maybe that outside linebacker, since no one could get to him right away. I see myself making all kinds of instantaneous adjustments, step by step, through their secondary—and then into the clear and all the way for a TD. Do you see what I mean? You get a jump on the game when you visualize beforehand not only the regular plays you run but also the hundred and one other things that might happen unexpectedly. So when you're in the actual game, whatever happens, you've already seen it in your mind and plotted your countermoves—instantly and instinctively.

PLAYBOY: You've been talking only about plays on which you were the ball carrier. One of the few things for which you were criticized as a ballplayer was your alleged refusal to block for your teammates when someone else was carrying the ball. How do you——

BROWN: Who said that about me?

PLAYBOY: Washington Redskins coach Otto Graham, among others. He has also said that the Browns would have been a better team without you.

BROWN: Well, I never saw that quote, but I'll assume it's true, because Otto has made a lot of other comments disparaging my playing ability. I think maybe it's time I reveal something I haven't before that might cast a light on his real reason. See, Otto and I had always been good friends, and we were playing in a pro-am golf tournament at Beechmont Country Club in Cleveland, when Otto had a bad break. He drove a ball off the second tee and hit a man in the nose. Maybe two years later, this guy decided to sue Otto. I was busy practicing for a game when Otto's attorney came on the field asking me a lot of questions about the event. I told him I remembered the man was about 25 or 30 yards away when the golf ball hit him, and I didn't really remember too many other details. Evidently, the lawyer reported to Otto that I didn't wish to be cooperative. Well, shortly after that, I read the sports headline that Otto Graham said I couldn't or wouldn't block and the Browns would maybe do better without me. I've always refused to fire back at him, feeling that he said it in the mistaken belief that I didn't want to testify in his behalf.

PLAYBOY: But many others—coaches, players and fans alike—have made the same charge about you.

BROWN: Look, in the Browns' system, I simply wasn't cast to do blocking; our offense was geared for me to run. I think I had only five or six blocking assignments in our whole repertoire of plays. I'd have been the league's best blocker if the Browns had another guy doing the major running. But there are many, many great blockers in pro football and relatively few very good runners. If I had started blocking like the best guard

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out there and doing less running, we'd probably have won considerably less and my salary would have gone down by around $25,000. In fact, since the team depended on me running, I could even have lost my position. I always tried to satisfy the coach I worked for, and running was what they always asked of me —even in college. I always took Glen Kelly's point of view: He said he wouldn't hitch a race horse to a milk truck.

PLAYBOY: Throughout your first year at Syracuse, the coaches didn't even want you as a starting player on the freshman team, let alone as its star fullback. Until your sophomore season was well under way, in fact, you were relegated to the fourth or fifth string on the varsity team. Why?

BROWN: I was black, that's why. You see, before I went to Syracuse, a Negro named Avatus Stone had been a great ballplayer there—a quarterback, a great punter. They wanted him to play end, but he refused and finally left and went to Canada. But the *real* rub was that Stone had been very popular among white coeds—which made him very *unpopular* with white males. So when I arrived, the only black man on the team, the coaches had nothing to say to me except, "Don't be like Avatus Stone!" My whole freshman year, I heard so many sermons about what I should be like, I got so many hang-ups, that my attitude became as bad as theirs. In practice, I was snubbed and ignored until I got to where I'd just sprawl out on my back during drills and nobody said a word to me. I was as sullen as they were, and the freshman season ended and the sophomore season began with me on the fifth string. But I hustled like mad when sophomore training season opened; and when the games began, they had moved me up to second string. I got in a few games, but nothing spectacular happened until, finally, in the fourth game, against Illinois, we had a lot of injuries on the team and I started. We got badly beaten, but I carried 13 times, averaging five yards, and the fans caught that. When I was on the bench, they started hollering, "We want Brown! Brown! Brown!" Man, that made me feel ten feet tall! Then came my really big break—against Cornell. We lost 14 to 6, but I made a long touchdown run, over 50 yards, as I remember; and altogether I gained about 150 yards. Then, in the next game, against Colgate, I made two touchdowns. That did it; overnight, the fans made me a campus celebrity and, man, did I love it! In my junior year, I opened thinking I had it made and Pittsburgh bottled me up for 28 yards in 12 carries and the coaches demoted me to second team. That made me so mad I saw fire; and in the next practice scrimmage, I left first-string tacklers lying out all over the field and ran four touchdowns in five plays. After that, they left me on the first string. That's how I got accepted, you know? I mean accepted as Jim Brown, not Avatus Stone. And I'm saying nothing against Stone, because he's a beautiful cat. I'm just saying my personality was my own and I didn't happen to feel that white coeds had any monopoly on desirability for me. Anyway, once the coaches made up their minds, they were men enough to realize they had been wrong and they became fair in dealing with me, and then I gave them all I had. I think maybe having to fight my way up the way I did taught *me* more about being a man, too.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to contend with race prejudice in pro ball as well?

BROWN: Of course! *Every* Negro in this country, I don't care *who* he is, is affected by racial prejudice in some of its various forms. Athletes probably enjoy as much freedom as any black men in this country—but they're by no means exempt from discrimination. The relationship with white players *is* much better now; they respect whoever can help them win that championship bonus check. And the fan reaction is greatly improved, because so many Negroes are starring and there are now even black team captains. The problems arise *off* the playing field—and I'd say that the major problem area is related, in some way, to white women. It's a major factor why black and white players don't socialize, because sooner or later they are going to be in some situation involving women. The black athlete who is desirable to white women is going to run into all kinds of trouble. If he gets anywhere around white men with her, fellow athletes or not, pretty soon that black man is going to get reminded that he is not free, that he's still black in white men's eyes, star on the field or not. It's one of the reasons black athletes no longer particularly try to socialize with, or even get along with, white teammates. When the game is over, the whites go their way and the blacks go theirs, with very few exceptions.

PLAYBOY: According to the Cleveland press, that separatism didn't apply to white women, at least in your case.

BROWN: I see I've got to remind you I'm married—married to a *black* woman. I think I'm no different from the vast majority of black men: I'm not dying to have a white woman. Stokely Carmichael uses a good statement in this area when that subject comes up. He says, "The white woman can be *made*! OK, we've got that settled—so let's go on to something important!" When I was in college, I dated both black and white coeds. It didn't matter to me. I've never seen any difference in white or black women. It's a question of individual characteristics, personality, habits and tastes. All that mattered to me was *pretty* girls. I always went after the finest-looking, the real *foxes*! I have a nickname, "Hawk," which comes from having very good eyesight. Visually, I appreciate anything that I consider beautiful—if it's a car, if it's a suit, a painting, a woman or what have you. And the woman I appreciate most is my wife, Sue, who seems to be happy and very much in love with me. I have never denied her and I have never denied those three big babies we have at home in Cleveland. So I'm sure that I'm doing no big damage by looking.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of babies, you were once the defendant in a paternity suit filed by an 18-year-old Cleveland girl. Though you were subsequently exonerated, it didn't exactly enhance your public image. What were the details of the case?

BROWN: Actually, I was sued for assault and battery. Then the same party sued me for paternity. I figured, hell, I'm strong enough to fight it out publicly, and that's what I did. I sat a week in that hot courtroom, missing a number of important commitments. It never would have gone to court if I had been guilty; I would have dealt with it the way a man *should* deal with a thing of that nature. Anybody who doubts that doesn't know me.

PLAYBOY: Quite apart from paternity suits, it's fairly common knowledge that you've long been the target of demonstrative admiration by many female football fans. Is it just coincidence that most of them happen to be white?

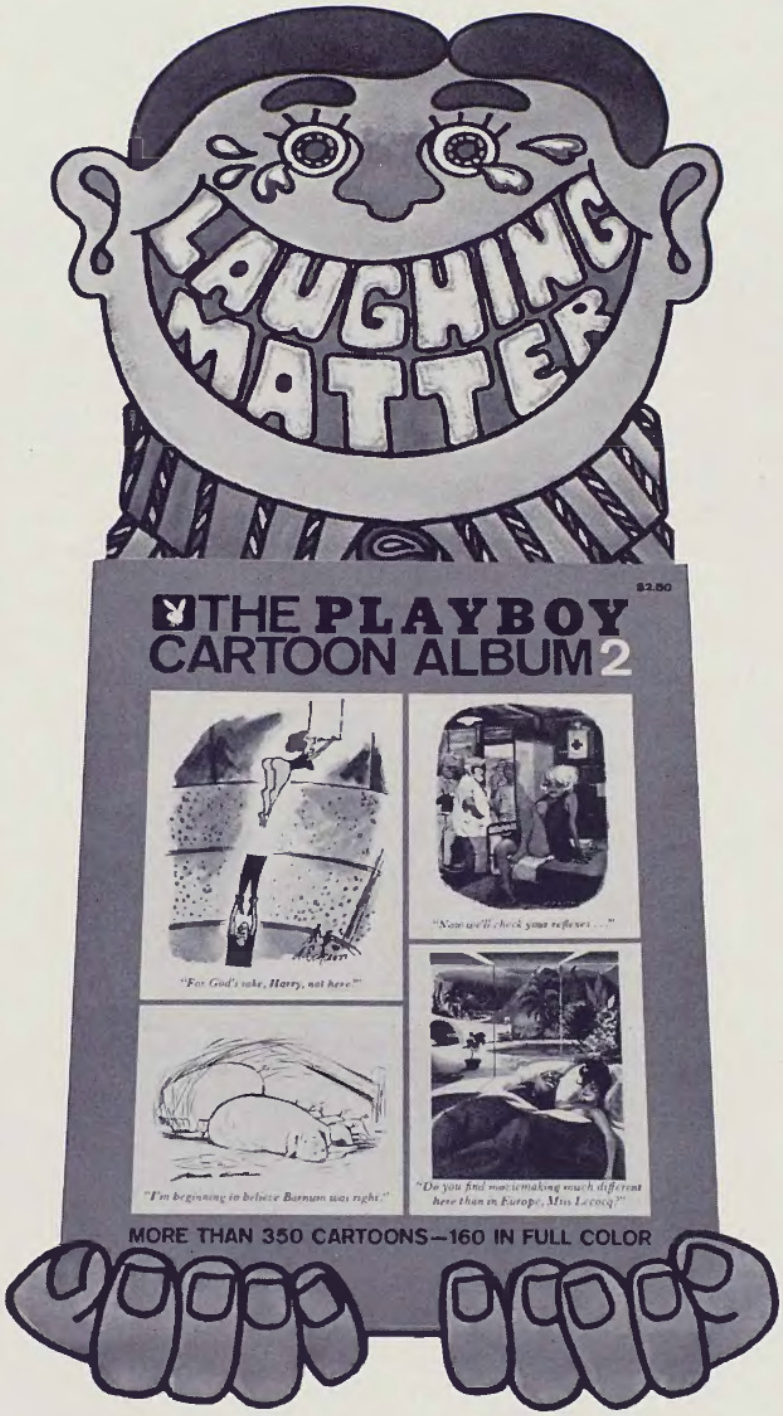
BROWN: You're just tipping around the edges of the big question at the bottom of the mind of every white man in this country: "What about you blacks and white women?" Right? Well, OK, let's talk straight about that. I'll tell you the very first thing that always knocks me out about that question. Why is there always the implication that the white woman is just mesmerized, just helpless, if she's with a black man? Everybody knows the smart, hip, 20th Century white woman is in complete control of herself and does exactly what she damn well wants to do and nothing else. So what's the reason the white man has her pictured in his mind as hypnotized and helpless with a black man? The other thing that bugs me about that question is the assumption by the average white man that any black man he sees with any white woman has got to be sleeping with her. To me, that instant assumption tells me a lot more about that white man than it does about the black man—or the white woman. Let's assume he's right that a lot of white women are either openly or secretly attracted to black

men. It happens to be true—but let's ask ourselves why. Well, the answer is that the white man himself has *made* his woman this attracted to us.

PLAYBOY: How?

BROWN: For generations, he has painted the black man as such an animal that it's not only natural but inevitable that the white woman's mind occupies itself with this big, exciting *taboo*. And, yeah, a lot of them do more than *think* about it; they decide to find out. And when they do, they find that the black man isn't the gorilla the white man has painted; that he may be as much of a gentleman as any man she has known and may even pay her more respect than her own kind. You can't blame her for responding—and you can't blame him for responding to *her*, because he's the same man who for 300 years couldn't open his mouth or he would *die*, while he saw the white man having sex as he pleased with the black woman. Let me tell you something interesting to do. Every time you see a Negro from now on, just take note of his complexion. See how few are jet black and reflect how *all* the Africans brought over here were jet black. It might help you to do some thinking about who genetically changed the color of a whole *race* of people, diluted them from black Africans not into black *Americans* but into *Negroes*; even the word is a white man's creation, a stigma, a kind of proper form for "nigger." Historically, there's been about a thousand times more sex between white men and black women than between black men and white women—and a thousand times more black man–white woman sex goes on in white men's *minds* than ever does in fact. And I'm not in the least criticizing where it *is* fact. I believe that whatever any two consenting adults—black or white—do in their own privacy, without causing harm to any other party, is entirely their own business. The white man may consider it *his* business; in fact, most do; but I don't feel that it's *mine*!

I know, and I accept, that certain exposures to white women will likely encourage and develop friendships. I use the expression "friendships" because I don't want to be guilty of doing the same thing that I accuse people of doing to me—just see me *talking* with some white woman and instantly they assume, "There goes sex." I can't tell you how many times that has made me sick in this country. I can't remember once when someone wasn't waiting to see me outside the stadium after a game—different friends, some of them from college days, some of them white women. Half the time, their husbands and children would be standing off to one side and they would run up and hug me. It was a very warm thing between the



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two of us; after all, we hadn't seen each other in years—at least it *should* have been warm. But I can't remember one single time when, before I got through the crowd, I didn't catch some white faces giving me that frowned-up, dirty look that was saying, "Him and white women again!" Something beautiful and completely platonic disrupted by somebody who didn't even *know* us. Hell, it didn't even have to be a *grown* white woman! I've known it to happen with little girls! The autograph crowd is around, say, everybody excited and happy—and all of a sudden there's this little girl, under ten, say, whose parent tells her, "Go tell Jim Brown hello." OK, I bend over and the little girl, with instinctive affection, starts to reach up to hug my neck and kiss my cheek. You know? But I've been that route before. I anticipate the impulsive intent of a sweet, innocent little child—and I have to maneuver somehow to prevent her acting natural. Because too many times before, see, I had straightened up from a child's embrace and caught the disapproving white facial expressions. Finally, I began to feel that I'd just rather not see my old friends in that kind of situation. Which meant that *I* was becoming prejudiced. Many a time since then, I have walked on through a crowd, not speaking to anybody, and it helped to build my "mean and evil" reputation. But this kind of bitter experience isn't unique with me, or even with black athletes; it happens to every black man and woman in America.

PLAYBOY: Though you've certainly experienced many of the injustices familiar to all Negroes, isn't it also true that you enjoy, as a celebrity, certain privileges that are denied to the average Negro?

BROWN: Well, I do have some of what you might call "back-door advantages." Numerous doors and opportunities have opened for me personally, for the individual me. I've got a few dollars in the bank, and a home, and my family eats and dresses well and I drive a good car. When I consider that my forbears were slaves, I know I'm lucky to be where I am and have what I do. But, to me, these are always a reminder of the fact that the same doors are not open for *all* black people. Although I appreciate the advantages for selfish reasons, this constant awareness of inequity makes them mean less to me. And there's something else a lot of people don't realize—that the more successful a black person is, the harder it is for him to live with the things that still go with being black. Let me give you an example, just one of the common examples. You've earned the money to buy yourself a better home in a better residential area, and you haven't even signed the papers before the word leaks out and white people start *running* before they'd live near you. The poor, ignorant type? No! Your better-class white people. The people who in another setting would smile to see their kids rushing you for autographs. How is one supposed to feel about that? I never will forget being bluntly refused an apartment in Cleveland soon after I moved there. The landlady looked me in the face and said, "We only take whites." I wound up buying the home we have now, in a nice, modest, predominantly Negro neighborhood. At the other place, I hadn't been eager to live around white people; I had just wanted a place near the field where the Browns practiced, which would be more convenient for me. It wasn't integration I was after; I just was bitter about being *segregated*, you understand?

PLAYBOY: Have you encountered any other kind of overt discrimination since you became well known?

BROWN: Are you kidding? I don't even like to think about it. But I'll give you just one example. There was nothing really uncommon about the incident itself in the average Negro's experience, particularly in the South. But it had me choked up and bitter for a long time after it happened. It was in 1957 and I was in Army training down in Alabama. Three buddies of mine and I were in my convertible, with the top down, driving to Tuskegee. We had just gone through this little town, enjoying ourselves, when all of a sudden this police car roared up behind and barreled past us, cut us off and stopped; and, baby, I'm looking at this cop getting out with a drawn gun. "Get out, niggers!" We got out. "What are you making dust all over white people for?" Just about then, another car pulled up and stopped and another white guy got out. The cop was saying, "You hear me, nigger?" Well, my emotions were such that I hardly trusted myself to speak. "I don't know what a nigger is!" I said. Then he jammed the pistol right in my stomach. "Nigger, don't you know how to talk to white folks?" One of the guys with me said, "He's not from down here; he's from up North." The cop said, "Nigger, I don't care where you're from. I'll blow you apart! Where did you get this car, anyway?" I said, "It was given to me." He said, "*Given* to you! Who gave you a *car*?" I said, "It was given to me at school." "*What* school?" I said, "Syracuse University." Just about then, the other white man came over closer and he said, "That's right. I recognize this boy. He plays football up there." That was my reprieve. The cop took the gun out of my belly and said, "I'm going to let you go, but you better drive slow and you better learn how to act down here, nigger!" So we got back in the car and drove on. I don't know why I even told you that; it's not good to dredge that stuff up in your mind again. But you see, you don't forget a thing like that, not if somebody handed you every trophy in football and 15 Academy Awards. That's why a black man, if he's got any sense at all, will never get swept away with special treatment if he happens to be famous, because he knows that the minute he isn't where somebody *recognizes* who he is, then he's just another *nigger*. That's what the Negro struggle is all about; that's why we black people have to keep fighting for freedom in this country. We demand only to live—and let live—like any ordinary American. We don't want to have to be somebody *special* to be treated with respect. I can't understand why white people find it so hard to understand that.

PLAYBOY: If you feel as strongly as you say about winning equal rights for Negroes, why didn't you ever join the Negro celebrities who participated with Dr. King in such nonviolent demonstrations as the Selma march?

BROWN: I felt I could do more by giving my time to my own organization—the National Negro Industrial and Economic Union—than by flying to Alabama and marching three days, another celebrity in the pack, almost a picnic atmosphere, and then flying back home a so-called hero because I'd been so "brave." I'm not knocking those who did; I'm just saying I felt differently about it. That kind of demonstration served its purpose well; but it finally outlived its usefulness.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

BROWN: I'd compare Dr. King's methods with Paul Brown's brand of football. Like King, Brown was a genius in his time, but he refused to change and finally he became outdated. I think the sit-ins, walk-ins, wade-ins, pray-ins and all those other -ins advanced the movement tremendously by awakening the nation's conscience—making millions of white people aware of and sympathetic to the wrongs suffered by black people. When the white population was at that point, I think the movement's direction should have been altered toward economic programing for Negro self-help, with white assistance. Think what could have been accomplished if the nation's black leaders, at that time, had actively mobilized the good will of all the millions of white people who were willing, even anxious, to help the Negro help himself. We could have had millions, white and black, working toward that goal, with tremendous results. That was what I felt and what I tried to do, in forming my National Negro Industrial and Economic Union. But no one listened—not in the movement and not in Washington. What happened, instead, was that the marching

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went on and on, getting more and more militant, until a lot of white people began to resent it—and to feel threatened. Whenever any human being feels threatened—it doesn't matter if he's right or wrong—he starts reacting defensively, negatively. We lost the white sympathy and support we'd fought so hard to win: Badly needed new civil rights legislation began to die on the vine; existing laws were loopholed, modified or ignored; poverty funds dried up. On the threshold of real progress, the door simply closed in our faces. The inevitable consequences of that frustration set fire to Watts, Detroit, Newark and two dozen other cities.

PLAYBOY: Police authorities in several cities have claimed that the riots were fomented not by frustration but by "Communist agitators." Do you think there's any truth to that charge?

BROWN: If by "fomented" they mean planned, like some kind of revolutionary battle strategy, they just don't understand the explosive state of every ghetto in this country. The average ghetto Negro is so pent up and fed up with white lies, hostility, hypocrisy and neglect that riots don't *need* planning. All they need is a spark to set them off, and the cops usually provide that without any help from the Communists. Once a riot gets started, of course, the Communists, along with a lot of others, will be out there fanning the flames. Communist money and people are working in every ghetto, especially the major ones. It's no big secret that the Communists' main objective in this country is to attract a large following of Negroes. You'll hear black kids standing around on corners talking defiantly about "feudalism" and "capitalism" and "man's exploitation of man" and all that stuff; they don't even know what the words mean, but it sounds hip to them, you know? If there's anything the vast majority of Negroes in this country have proved, however, it's that they aren't Communist-inclined. They don't *need* Communist indoctrination to tell them that they're second-class citizens, and they don't need Communist help to become *first*-class citizens. They can—and will—do it on their own, no matter what it costs. Black people are demonstrating that they're willing to die for total freedom. There's not going to be any turning back now. It's going to be either total freedom or the concentration camps I hear they're getting ready for us. If there's anything the black man has learned thoroughly in his history in this country, it's that begging, appeasing, urging and imploring has gotten him nowhere. He just kept on getting slapped around, and only when he started to slap back did he begin to get any kind of respect.

PLAYBOY: Are you an advocate of Negro violence?

BROWN: Don't talk to me about *Negro* violence. The greatest violence this country has ever known has been on behalf of the various vested interests of white people, demanding whatever they were convinced were their rights. You could start with the American Revolution. Then the Indian wars—outright criminal violence, depicted in the history books and on television as heroic! Then the Civil War, in which the black man wasn't really the true issue; he was nothing but the excuse. And on down the line to the labor movement. Heads got split open, people shot down, property destroyed all over the country. If you want to talk about race riots, the Irish, not black people, fought the bloodiest riot ever seen in America; in the late 1800s, they went looting and burning and killing down Lexington Avenue, which was then the richest, most fashionable part of New York City. There's no point in dragging this out forever, if you see my point.

PLAYBOY: You've strayed from our original question: Are you an advocate of black violence?

BROWN: I am a 100-percent advocate that if a man slaps you, you should slap him back. I know that if a man hits me, I'm going to try to hit him twice—harder—because I want him to do a lot of thinking before he ever hits me again. I am an advocate of freedom for everybody, freedom that isn't something handed out at one group's discretion and taken away if someone makes that group angry. The law is the law; that's what I believe, and I believe right is right. We're all supposed to abide by this country's so-called laws—not only the laws against civil disorder but the laws *for* civil *rights*. There's a very simply stated way to eliminate the race problem: Just enforce the same laws and the same standards for everybody, black and white alike. That's the only thing the black people are after. Am I personally an advocate of black violence? I'm an advocate of *stopping* black violence before it *starts*—by facing the facts, by curing the *reasons* black people engage in violence. I've gotten frantic calls from high places when riots were in progress, begging me to "do something," and my reaction has been, "Later for you! When I was trying to tell what our N.N.I.E.U. could do to *prevent* riots, you didn't want to listen. Well, now you've waited too late!" Whatever I think, or any other black personality thinks, isn't going to make any difference once riots get started.

PLAYBOY: Can they be stopped, or do you think they'll escalate, as some predict, into a race war?

BROWN: If nothing is done to *prevent* riots—and I don't mean with more tanks—race war is a very real and immediate probability. Too many black people who have been kept methodically at the bottom of the ladder for centuries don't really care what happens. They figure, what have they got to lose? The building up of police forces, the various thinly veiled threats, like concentration camps, have no deterrent effect whatever. All it does is make the blacks madder, and that will send them out in the streets quicker than anything else. As of right now, only a very small percentage of Negroes have actually rioted, or even have thought about physically participating in rioting. But the number grows with every threat. And there's one thing in particular that I'd think about a long, long time if I were any city's police chief or mayor or a state governor—and that's the curfews that get slapped down whenever there's trouble. After the Watts trouble, which involved only a few of the Negroes in Los Angeles, suddenly a "riot area" curfew was declared that went far beyond the locale of the rioting—all the way to the borders of the total black community in Los Angeles, excepting only the handful of so-called upper-middle-class blacks who happened to be living in so-called integrated high-income areas. With that single act, hundreds of thousands of Negroes—be they criminals, hoodlums, preachers, doctors, lawyers, nurses, schoolteachers, firemen, policemen or politicians—discovered that it made no difference, that what really was being put down was *black people*! Nobody caught in that curfew net ever will think the same again. It was very obvious to them what was being said.

PLAYBOY: You said the riots may escalate if nothing is done to prevent them. What do you think *can* be done?

BROWN: First of all, these mayors' and governors' offices have got to drop this implied revenge attitude I was talking about—building up police forces and beefing up the National Guard. That's just working toward the concentration camps. There's got to be, somehow, some truly sincere understanding achieved between Negro leaders and the concerned state and city administrations. And by Negro leaders, I don't mean the Martin Luther Kings and the Whitney Youngs; I mean the people who have followings in the ghettos. They've got to be listened to, and worked with, and given respect, and urged to help with programing where money and other aid will actually filter down to the lowest level of the ghetto, where you find the people most prone to riot—those who are most bitter and alienated and frustrated and suspicious. So much has been done *to* them, it's a pins-and-needles job to make

them believe anybody actually will do anything *for* them. But if the city governments are willing to listen to and work with these *real* Negro leaders, I think there is a tremendous chance of quieting racial disorders. I say this because I head up an organization—the N.N.I.E.U.—that offers, free, some of the greatest black talent in this country, most of it never used before. I can call upon 50 or 60 of the top black athletes in this country to run summer programs and work directly in communities with these young kids. But when I can't get the Vice-President's committee to fund such a summer program, I think something is radically wrong.

PLAYBOY: Considering the mood of Congress in the wake of the riots, isn't it unrealistic to expect the Federal Government to allocate funds for a program implemented by ghetto gang leaders who many whites feel were instrumental in starting the riots?

BROWN: It was unrealistic, it seems to me, to expect that the people sealed up in these ghettos would remain quiet in them forever. If you're trying to stop riots, I call *any* man qualified, street hoodlum or not, if he controls the people who riot. I know what I'm talking about; I've seen what can happen with these people. You've got to persuade the black men who are respected in their area to go in and crack the door, crack the ice. I've been able to do this myself a few times in a few places. The ghetto people know I'm straight, that I speak up and stand up and I wouldn't betray them. I've gone into ghettos and talked with the toughest cats. I've told them, "Now, look, I think you know I'm my own man. Now, here's what seems to me a hell of a program, but it needs your help to get wide community support behind it." In most cases, these guys will give 100-percent support. Give the toughest cats a certain respect, because *they* have respect from the people you're trying to reach with help, and they'll work with you. Sure, they're hostile and suspicious, but they'll talk sincerely with you if they figure you're *with* them. You find their greatest disappointment and bitterness come from promises, promises that proved later to be some political sham or that just weren't followed up. Whatever program there is has to be followed up, day to day. And the best people to monitor that is these tough guys: Give them jobs doing it. All they want is decent salaries; they have to eat, to live, just like anyone else. But I find that city administrations don't like this idea. They're still after political points. They want to dictate the terms, and the ghetto people resent anybody bringing them any program with white strings, so naturally it gets nowhere. And that's why we're likely to have more black uprisings, which lead to more white "revenge" talk and threats, and the vicious cycle continues. I hope that black freedom can be won peaceably. That's my *hope*. But things I keep seeing make me skeptical. Historically, great battles for freedom have seldom been won peaceably.

PLAYBOY: Have you read the polls that show that a large majority of Negroes think the whites would lose in a race war?

BROWN: Yes, I have. That's emotionalism. Because, without a doubt, black people couldn't win any mass encounter. How could they? Outnumbered ten to one? With a handful of guns, some homemade Molotov cocktails, sticks, rocks and switchblades? Against the white man's jets, tanks, chemical warfare and H-bombs? That's just plain silly. I think anybody who doesn't realize this simply isn't being a realist. But this is just one of many facts of life about which black people, especially the extremists, aren't being realistic.

PLAYBOY: You were affiliated, as an official of Main Bout, with the Black Muslims who ran the organization. Do you feel that the Muslims' extremist philosophy of separatism is realistic?

BROWN: No, I don't. Like many, many Negroes—maybe 90 percent of us privately—I agree with much of what they say, but I don't personally accept their separatist philosophy, and I'm not a member. My business relationship in Main Bout with Herbert Muhammad and John Ali was a very pleasant and compatible one, however, and I respect the organization for instilling black people with pride in their race and for teaching black people to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps and take care of their own. I also respect the Muslims' right to practice their own religion—a right legally recognized by the Government, if not by the white press, which I feel has grossly misrepresented them. The main reason they're so disliked by whites is that so much of what they say about the black condition is the truth, and white America doesn't like to hear the truth about its own bigotry and oppression.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the same way about such black-power firebrands as Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown?

BROWN: I feel there is a need for them. Unfortunately, the average white seems to need a good scare from the Carmichaels and Rap Browns before he'll listen to less dramatic requests. Speaking for myself, I think it's too easy to just go out and threaten Whitey. What is that doing to help black people? At the same time, I've been turned down by so many Administration officials, seeking money and support for our self-help program—and not just turned down but suspected of being "subversive"—that I've been tempted to take the easy way, too, and start hollering against Whitey myself. As long as Administrations refuse to sponsor programs that give black people constructive alternatives to violence, I can't really blame these guys for their extremism. I think they symbolize a lot of those their age who are sick of passive resistance, who are really fighting for freedom—young Negroes with great pride in themselves and their race. They are not trying to be assimilated; but they believe there should be, and must be, equality. Like them or not, they are what the white man is going to have to deal with more and more. They're brash and fearless and they're going to fight in any and every way they feel necessary to be respected and to win their freedom in this country. Where I disagree with guys like Stokely and Rap is that it was a mistake for them to get identified with merely defining and defending black power. It has deflected their energies from effective programing into sloganeering.

PLAYBOY: How would *you* define black power?

BROWN: First and foremost, I'd define it as a creation of the white press. From the moment Stokely Carmichael used the expression in a speech two years ago—though he quickly explained that he meant it in the sense of political and economic power—the press, and millions of white people, instantly interpreted those two words as an ominous threat of black mass uprising. It says more to me about the interpreters than about the two words. To me it says white fear, white guilt seeking a justification, a target. It was whites, not blacks, who turned it into a hate thing and used it to label exponents of black power as advocates of racial violence.

PLAYBOY: Would you call yourself an exponent of black power?

BROWN: I'm for black power the same way I'm for Irish power, Jewish power, labor power, doctor power, farmer power, Catholic power, Protestant power. I'm for all the special vested-interest groups' using their economic and political strength to demand that others pay them respect and grant them equality. Only I call it *green* power. That's my idea of what needs to become the black people's special interest. I want to see black people pooling their monies, their skills, their brains and their political power to better themselves, to participate more fully in the mainstream of American life. And that requires white support. The black people simply don't have the money to support the programs needed to train them in what they can do for themselves.

PLAYBOY: When you say you need white

financial support to help Negroes help themselves, does that mean you share the deepening cynicism of such militant Negro groups as CORE and SNCC about the direct personal involvement of white volunteers, however sincere and committed, in the civil rights movement?

BROWN: Speaking for my own organization, the one I've founded—which is the only one I can really speak for—we know that there are many, many sincere and truly committed white people, and one of our major efforts is to get more and more of them to help us. But we no longer want or need the same kind of help they've offered in the past: We don't want them to march with us anymore, because marches are a thing of the past; and we don't want them to work with us in the ghetto anymore. We want their moral and financial support—as long as there are no strings attached to either—but we want them to work with their own kind and leave us alone to work with ours.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BROWN: Simply because the people in the ghetto just don't trust whites, no matter how sincere or well intentioned they are; hell, they don't even trust the average so-called accepted black leaders—which is to say, the black leaders approved of by the white establishment. The suspicions and hostilities, born of 300 years of white bigotry and betrayal, run too deep. But that's where we can use all the help we can get from concerned whites: in uprooting racial prejudice where it originates—in the hearts of *other* whites.

What it comes down to is: Who can work best where? For the same reason a white man would last about five minutes preaching brotherhood on a Harlem street corner, black people can't run around in white communities trying to change white attitudes; they'd get arrested for "disturbing the peace." Sincere white people have got to go to work upstairs, downstairs, next door, down the block—talking, teaching, reasoning, organizing, whittling away at white prejudice wherever they find it; and they'll find it everywhere. Our job, the job of sincere and committed blacks such as the athletes in my N.N.I.E.U.—who may be the only kind of guys the toughest street cats will accept and listen to—is to work inside the ghetto to eliminate the *effects* of racial prejudice and discrimination by helping black people acquire the green power they need to make life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness a tangible reality rather than an empty catch phrase.

PLAYBOY: How did you evolve this strategy of liberation through economic self-help?

BROWN: Well, when I was with the Cleveland Browns, as you know, for some time I had a summer-season job with Pepsi-Cola. I had access to much of their internal operational program, and they had me do a lot of traveling to various places, as a representative. In the process, I began to get a pretty good understanding, better than any I had before, of how economics is the very foundation of this country. When I say white people have got to face some hard truths, I also believe that black people have got to face some hard truths; and the most basic of these truths is that, for all the crimes committed against him, the black man in America still has not begun properly to take advantage of even the limited opportunities that he *has* had. We have become a consuming people and we have produced almost nothing. Therefore, automatically, what few dollars we make don't circulate among us, to help *us*; they go into other pockets instead. We've wasted too much time hollering and complaining that we don't have this, we can't do that, and so forth—all because of Whitey. We've squandered energies that should have been spent focusing upon what we *could* have and *could* do with what we *do* have! As a race, we suffer from a terrible mistrust not only of the white man but of each other. That's why we've never really been able to get together, why we haven't had more cooperative business ventures. For another thing, we're just not economically oriented by nature; we're too impulsive, impractical, unpragmatic and emotional about money. It's the sad truth that we continue to drink the best imported Scotch, to wear the finest shoes, to drive the biggest Cadillacs, and we don't own one single distillery, shoe factory or Cadillac agency—at least not to my knowledge we don't. Right now, for instance, there are thousands of jobs going begging that industries are offering to black youth. The message in that fact for black people, I think, is loud and clear: Get off the streets and into the schoolrooms and the colleges and the libraries.

Now, in saying all this, by no means am I letting the white man off the hook. He has sinned; he has held the black man down for centuries. I'm just saying that the black man, in hard fact, hasn't done enough to help himself. We've used our being a minority as a crutch. We're said to be ten percent of the population; but the Jews are only about three percent, fewer than 6,000,000, and they came here with far less than black people now have in resources and they met all kinds of prejudices. But they worked together; they used their brains and the law and money and business acumen, and by now you can't find any ethnic group in America commanding more respect. *Commanding* it! Do you know that once Jews weren't wanted in Miami? So they bought it. Same with the Catskills. I rarely give a speech today without suggesting the Jews as a model of what black people need to do with themselves economically.

Anyway, this was the trend of the private thinking I had been doing for a long time—about how the black people could truly become a part of American society and share in its good things. Well, the Pepsi-Cola experience gave me the insights and the know-how I needed to put that thinking into action—by getting others who feel as I do to help me form an organization to help black people help themselves economically. The first thing I needed was a staff to whom black people would listen, from whom they would take advice and guidance. And I knew of one ideal group—black athletes. It may sound immodest, but it's a fact that we tend to be heroes among black people, especially black youth. Something that's haunted me for years is that look I have seen so many times in some of those black teenagers' eyes looking at me up close: For just an instant, that animal hipness and suspicion leaves the face and you see a look in the eyes that seems to say, "For God's sake, for just a minute, will *somebody* care?" It gets to me, because *I* was that kid once, see? So it's one of those "There but for the grace of God" things with me—and it's the same for all the other athletes I know. So among my own teammates, and wherever we played, I filtered the idea around. And that's where I got my first major encouragement. They just snapped it up! It was funny, man! On the field, cats were trying to run over each other, break each other in half; then the evening after the game, we're all huddled together excitedly discussing this new project. Guys like John Wooten and Walter Beach of the Browns, Bernie Casey of the Atlanta Falcons, Brady Keys of the Pittsburgh Steelers, Bobby Mitchell of the Redskins, Leroy Kelly, Bill Russell, Curtis McClinton, Timmy Brown, lots of others. We mapped out an organization that would sell memberships to anybody and everybody for from $2 to $100, to raise money to finance good ideas for small black businesses, because so many good black ideas can't obtain financing. And we decided to make use of black professional people—these "middle-class Negroes" we hear so much talk about—to draw them in with us, to lend their talents to young Negroes in all the various ways they could. And we decided to use the image value of black athletes in personal-contact programs with black youth, especially in the ghettos.

We all put in some of our own money to get it started. I personally donated

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more than $50,000. Then we hired a secretary and rented an office in the ghetto area of Cleveland, where people wouldn't feel uncomfortable coming to see us. Well, we've been almost two years now working, researching, recruiting, opening another office in Los Angeles and operating limited programs in four other cities. With more financing, I think we have the potential of being one of the most meaningful and effective programs anywhere in this country.

PLAYBOY: How many Negro athletes are involved now?

BROWN: About 100, at least, from stars to rookies, from old-timers like me down to young kids like Lew Alcindor. He works for us like a Trojan in his off time. Quite a few *white* athletes have come in with us, too, as investors in black business ideas. And you wouldn't *believe* some of the *non*athletes who have volunteered to come and work with us for nothing but subsistence! People like Spencer Jourdain, a Harvard graduate, who quit a great job at Corning Glass to work full time for us, just for subsidy, because he's so committed to our idea.

PLAYBOY: With so little city, state or Federal support, financial or otherwise, how much have you been able to achieve?

BROWN: Well, aside from a couple dozen new black businesses now in operation, I think we could rightly claim some major credit for the fact that last year, Cleveland didn't prove to be the nation's number-one riot area, as had been predicted by the so-called experts. We got together with the city administration and with the Greater Cleveland Foundation and persuaded them to cooperate, through the N. N. I. E. U., with those who were truly in control of the ghetto—the kind of people who really control every ghetto, people your average sociologists couldn't even *talk* to, because they don't know their language, even. The really tough cats, you know? The kind who are the most dangerous people in any society. Like this young man called Ahmad, who has a very sizable following and influence in Cleveland's ghetto. We got together with him and we got him to agree to serve on a committee to discuss ghetto needs, to offer plans, and we saw in Ahmad a very changed attitude—because suddenly this guy was given some *respect*, see? Now *he* works to do constructive things for the area. We were also able to get the Greater Cleveland Foundation to fund a youth center for us. One of the first things we did was establish courses in black history, business administration, economics and many other such self-help subjects. We offer entertainment, too—dancing, theater, talent night; the kids love it. And we've developed a job-procurement program. We involved everybody we could get our hands on, with special emphasis on redirecting into constructive channels the energy of special groups who were capable of starting trouble. One young fellow, who had been viewed generally as a prime troublemaker, we were able to turn into a crackerjack director of our youth center; we have six Cleveland Browns athletes doing volunteer work *under* him. We're headed into the 1968 summer now. The popularity of our youth center has so overflowed it that we're asking the Greater Cleveland Foundation to fund five more of them for us. I truly think that if we can expand, we're capable of conducting special programs simultaneously in at least six major cities. We want to open formal offices also in Washington, New York, Boston and Chicago. Given more city-administration aid and cooperation, I know we can prove what we can do. If anybody else wants to help us, or just find out more about us, would you be good enough to print that our N. N. I. E. U. headquarters address is 105–15 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44106?

PLAYBOY: Gladly. On another front, how do you feel about the election of your former N. N. I. E. U. legal counsel, Carl Stokes, as mayor of Cleveland—and about the victories of several other Negro candidates for high city office throughout the country?

BROWN: Cleveland—and the country—will benefit. Carl won not because of—or despite—his being a Negro, but because he's a take-over guy who's going to produce a positive, dynamic administration for black and white alike. As for other Negro mayors and city officials in the North, like Hatcher in Gary, it simply had to happen, because otherwise, with the big Northern cities becoming more and more Negro-populated as white people rush to the suburbs, we wouldn't have representative city government. But the most heartening sign to me is the fact that Negroes are competing with—and winning against—white candidates on the basis of personal qualifications rather than skin color, and winning with white support.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be much more optimistic about the racial situation than you were a few years ago—and much less cynical about the prospects of white cooperation. Why?

BROWN: The only change is that once I dealt with the negative aspects; now I deal with what I see as positives. I'm working now trying to do something about what ails us black people. Now I have an organization. I have responsibilities toward the people who believe in me. We've talked, talked, talked about discrimination for years. Now I'm trying to help get rid of it.

PLAYBOY: With the kind of movie schedule you've been keeping, do you feel you're giving all the help you should?

BROWN: Not nearly as much as I'd like. But the other athletes carry on full time when I'm away, as their schedules permit. And whatever success I earn in the movies is going to be invested in building and promoting the N. N. I. E. U.; so I don't feel like I'm neglecting my duty. What bothers me more is that I haven't been able to be at home with Sue and the kids more than a few weeks at a time for about 18 months now. I don't think the kids will suffer too much because of it, thanks to the great job Sue is doing in keeping them well adjusted; but I'd like to be there more, all the same. I'm getting older, you know, and I want my family ties to be as strong as the ties to my people. The best way I can see to strengthen both of them, in the long run, is by doing what I'm doing: trying to become a good actor. I may not make myself any more popular by saying some of the things I've said to you today, but I'd lose respect for myself if I told anybody just what I felt they *wanted* to hear. Just about whenever I've stood up and spoken my mind about situations that bothered me as a black man, somebody I thought I trusted, somebody I thought knew and understood me, has advised and urged and all but begged me—with the best of intentions—not to express my objections publicly. "Jim," they tell me, "it'll hurt your image. It'll alienate the good will of your public"—meaning the *white* public. Well, I don't need that kind of concern for my welfare. I'm not going to be anybody's little boy. I'm a *man*, a *black* man, in a culture where black manhood has been kicked around and threatened for generations. So that's why I don't feel I need to take too much advice about how I'm supposed to think and act. And that's why I have to tell the truth like I see it. Maybe some people will holler; maybe they'll hate me for it. But I'll just stick it out, walk tall and wait for the truth to be vindicated.

PLAYBOY: How long do you think that will take?

BROWN: I can't say how long; I can't worry about that. That doesn't even matter to me. All that matters is to see more and more black people mobilized and working toward constructive self-help goals. I want more black people to realize the hard fact that unless we do this, all the other gains aren't going to make any difference. If in my lifetime I can see that this idea really has taken hold, then I will have the satisfaction of knowing that true freedom—as black men and as black *Americans*—will finally be within our grasp.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

Turning a party from a mere occasion into an exciting event is easy for this young man. He's a smooth mixer: interesting people and the best in brands. Facts: PLAYBOY delivers the greatest concentration of males 18–49 of any major magazine—prime alcoholic-beverage buyers. Which is why it's the number-one monthly in beer, wine and liquor advertising revenue. Put a little spirit into your media mix. Add the dash of PLAYBOY. Men can't resist it. (Sources: *P.I.B.* and *1967 Simmons.*)

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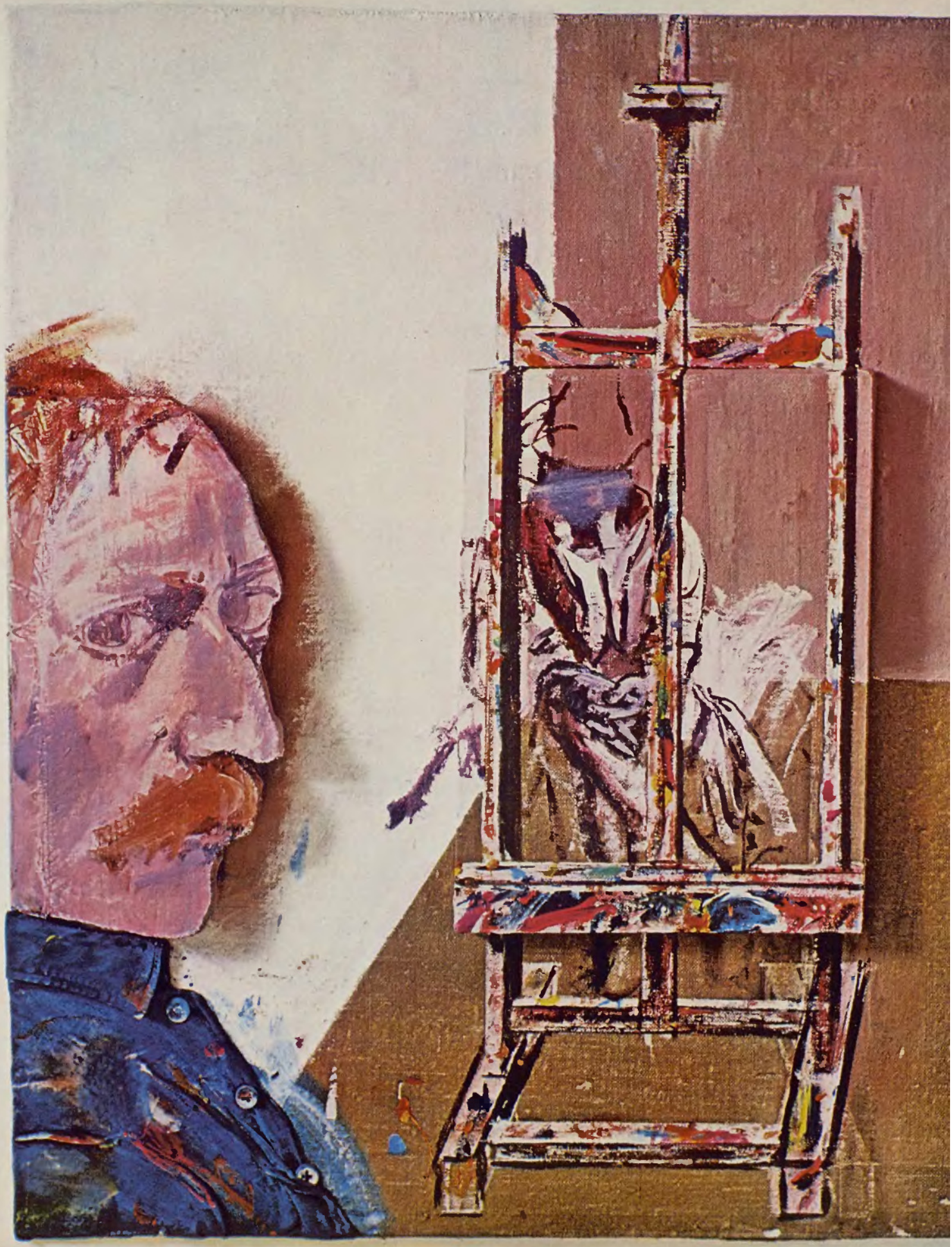
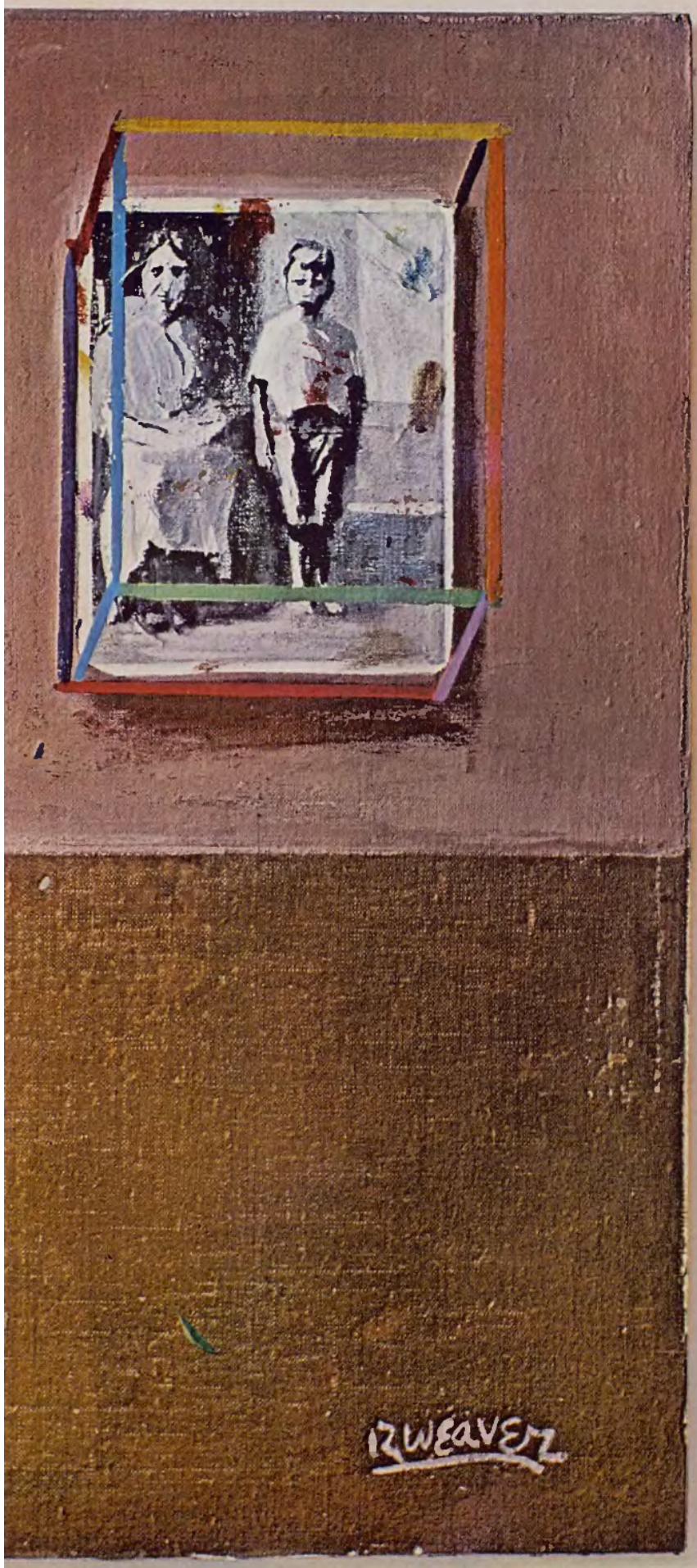




F, RAVAGED FLORENTINE, grieving, kicked apart a trial canvas, copy of one he had been working on for years, his foot through the poor mother's mouth, destroyed the son's insipid puss, age about ten. It deserves death for not coming to life. He stomped on them both, but not, of course, on the photograph still tacked to the easel ledge, sent years ago by sister Bessie, together with her last meager check. "I found this old photo of you and Momma when you were a little boy. Thought you might like to have it, she's been dead these many years." Inch by enraged inch he rent the canvas, though cheap linen linen he could ill afford, and would gladly have cremated the remains if there were a place to. He swooped up the mess with both hands, grabbed some smeared drawings, ran down four rickety flights and dumped all in the bowels of a huge burlap rubbish bag in front of the scabby mustard-walled house on the Via S. Agostino. Fabio, the embittered dropsical landlord, asleep on his feet, awoke and begged for a few lire back rent, but F ignored him. Across the broad piazza, Santo Spirito, nobly proportioned, stared him in the bushy-mustached face, but he would not look back. His impulse was to take to the nearest bridge and jump off into the Arno, flowing again in green full flood after a dry summer; instead, he slowly ascended the stairs, pelted by the landlord's fruity curses. Upstairs in his desolate studio, he sat on his bed and wept. Then he lay with his head at the foot of the bed and wept.

He blew his nose at the open window and gazed for a reflective hour at the Tuscan hills in September haze. Otherwise, sunlight on the terraced silver-trunked olive trees, and San Miniato, sparkling, framed in the distance by black cypresses. Make an interesting impressionist oil, green and gold mosaics and those black trees of death, but that's been done. Not to mention Van Gogh's tormented cypresses. That's my trouble, everything's been done or is otherwise out of style—cubism, surrealism, abstract expressionism. If I could only guess what's next. Below, a stunted umbrella pine with a headful of black and white chirping swallows grew

A PIMP'S REVENGE

fiction **By BERNARD MALAMUD**

for years the painter sought his true madonna in his model—but the truth was destined to destroy him

in the landlord's narrow yard, over a dilapidated henhouse that smelled to heaven, except that up here the smell was sweetened by the cinnabar odor of red roof tiles. A small dirty white rooster crowed shrilly, the shrimpy brown hens clucking as they ran in dusty circles around three lemon trees in tubs. F's studio was a small room with a curtained kitchen alcove—several shelves, a stove and sink—the old-fashioned walls painted with faded rustic dancers, nymphs and shepherds, and a large scalloped cornucopia full of cracked and faded fruit.

He looked until the last of morning was gone, then briskly combed his thick mustache, sat at the table and ate a hard anise biscuit as his eyes roamed over some quotations he had stenciled on the wall.

Constable: "Painting is for me another word for feeling."

Whistler: "A masterpiece is finished from the beginning."

Pollock: "What is it that escapes me? The human? That humanity is greater than art?"

Nietzsche: "Art is not an imitation of nature but its metaphysical supplement, raised up beside it in order to overcome it."

Picasso: "People seize on painting in order to cover up their nakedness."

Ah, if I had his genius.

Still, he felt better, picked up a 14-inch Madonna he had carved and sanded it busily. Then he painted green eyes, black hair, pink lips and a sky-blue cloak, and waited around, smoking, until the statuette had dried. He wrapped it in a sheet of newspaper, dropped the package into a string bag and went again downstairs, wearing sockless sandals, tight pants and black beret. Sometimes he wore sunglasses.

At the corner he stepped into midstreet, repelled by the old crone's door, the fortuneteller, the eighth of seven sisters, to hear her talk, six thick gray hairs sprouting from the wart on her chin; in order not to sneak in and ask, for 100 lire, "Tell me, *signora*, will I ever make it? Will I finally finish my five years' painting of *Mother and Son*, my sure masterpiece—I know it in my bones—if I ever get it done?"

Her shrill sibylic reply made sense. "A good cook doesn't throw out yesterday's soup."

"But will it be as good as I want, I mean? Very good, *signora*, maybe a masterwork?"

"Masters make masterworks."

"And what about my luck, when will it change from the usual?"

"When you do. Art is long; inspiration, short. Luck is fine, but don't stop breathing."

"Will I avoid an unhappy fate?"

"It all depends."

That or something like it for 100 lire. No bargain.

F sighed. Still, it somehow encouraged.

A window shutter was drawn up with a clatter and a paper cone of garbage came flying out at him. He ducked as the oily bag split on the cobblestones behind him.

BEWARE OF FALLING MASONRY.

He turned the corner, barely avoiding three roaring Vespas.

Vita pericolosa. It had been a suffocating summer slowly deflated to cool autumn. He hurried, not to worry his hunger, past the fruit and vegetable stalls in the piazza, zigzagging through the Oltrarno streets as he approached Ponte Vecchio. Ah, the painter's eye! He enjoyed the narrow crowded noisy streets, the washing hung from windows. Tourists were all but gone, but the workshops were preparing for next year's migration, mechanics assembling picture frames, cutting leather, plastering tile mosaics; women plaiting straw. He sneezed passing through a tannery reek followed by hot stink of stable. Above the din of traffic an old forge rumbling. F hastened by a minuscule gallery where one of his action paintings had been hanging downside up for more than a year. He had made no protest, art lives on accidents. His signature, F upside down, looked like a music notation.

At a small square, thick with stone benches where before the War there had been houses, the old and lame of the quarter sat amid beggars and berouged elderly whores, one nearby combing her reddish gray locks. Another fed pigeons with a crust of bread they approached and pecked at. One, not so old, in a homely floppy velvet hat, he gazed at twice; in fact, no more than a girl with a slender youthful body. He could stand a little sexual comfort, but it cost too much. Holding the Madonna tightly to his chest, the painter hastened into the woodworker's shop.

Alberto Panenero, the proprietor, in a brown smock smeared with wood dust and shavings, scattered three apprentices with a hiss and came forward, bowing.

"Ah, maestro, another of your charming Madonnas, let's hope?"

F unwrapped the wooden statuette of the modest Madonna.

The proprietor held it up as he examined it. He called together the apprentices. "Look at this workmanship, you ignoramuses," then dismissed them with a hiss.

"Beautiful?" F said.

"Of course. With this subject, who can miss?"

"And the price?"

"Eh. What can one do? As usual."

F's face fell an inch. "Is it fair to pay only five thousand lire for a statuette that takes two weeks' work and sells on the Via Tornabuoni for fifteen thousand, even twenty if someone takes it to St. Peter's and gets it blessed by the Pope?"

Panenero shrugged. "Ah, maestro, the world has changed since the time of true craftsmen. You and I, we're fighting a losing battle. As for the Madonnas, I now get most of the job turned out by machine. My apprentices cut in the face and a few folds to the robe, daub on a bit of paint, and I swear to you it costs me one third of what I pay you and goes for the same price to the shops. Of course, they don't approach the quality of your product—I'm an honest man—but do you think the tourists care? What's more, the shopkeepers are stingier than ever; and believe me, they're stingy in Florence. If I ask for more, they offer less. If they pay me seventy-five hundred for yours, I'm in luck. With that price, how can I take care of rent and my other expenses? I pay the wages of two masters and a journeyman on my other products, the antique furniture, and so forth. I also employ three apprentices who have to eat or they're too weak to fart. My own family, including a clubfoot son and three useless daughters, comes to six people. Eh, I don't have to tell you it's no picnic earning a living nowadays. Still, if you'll put a *bambino* in the poor Madonna's arms, I'll up you five hundred."

"I'll take the five thousand."

The proprietor counted it out in worn 50- and 100-lira notes.

"The trouble with you, maestro, is you're a perfectionist. How many are there nowadays?"

"I guess that's so," F sighed. "Don't think I haven't thought of selling the Madonnas to the tourists myself, but if I have to do that as well as make them, where's my painting time coming from, I'd like to know?"

"I agree with you totally," Panenero said, "still, for a bachelor, you're not doing too badly. I'm always surprised you look so skinny. It must be hereditary."

"Most of my earnings go for supplies. Everything's shot up so, oils, pigments, turpentine, everything. A tube of cadmium costs me close to thirteen hundred lire, so I try to keep bright yellow, not to mention vermilion, out of my pictures. Last week I had to pass up a sable brush that cost three thousand. A roll of cotton canvas costs over ten thousand. If I have to pay such prices, what's left for meat?"

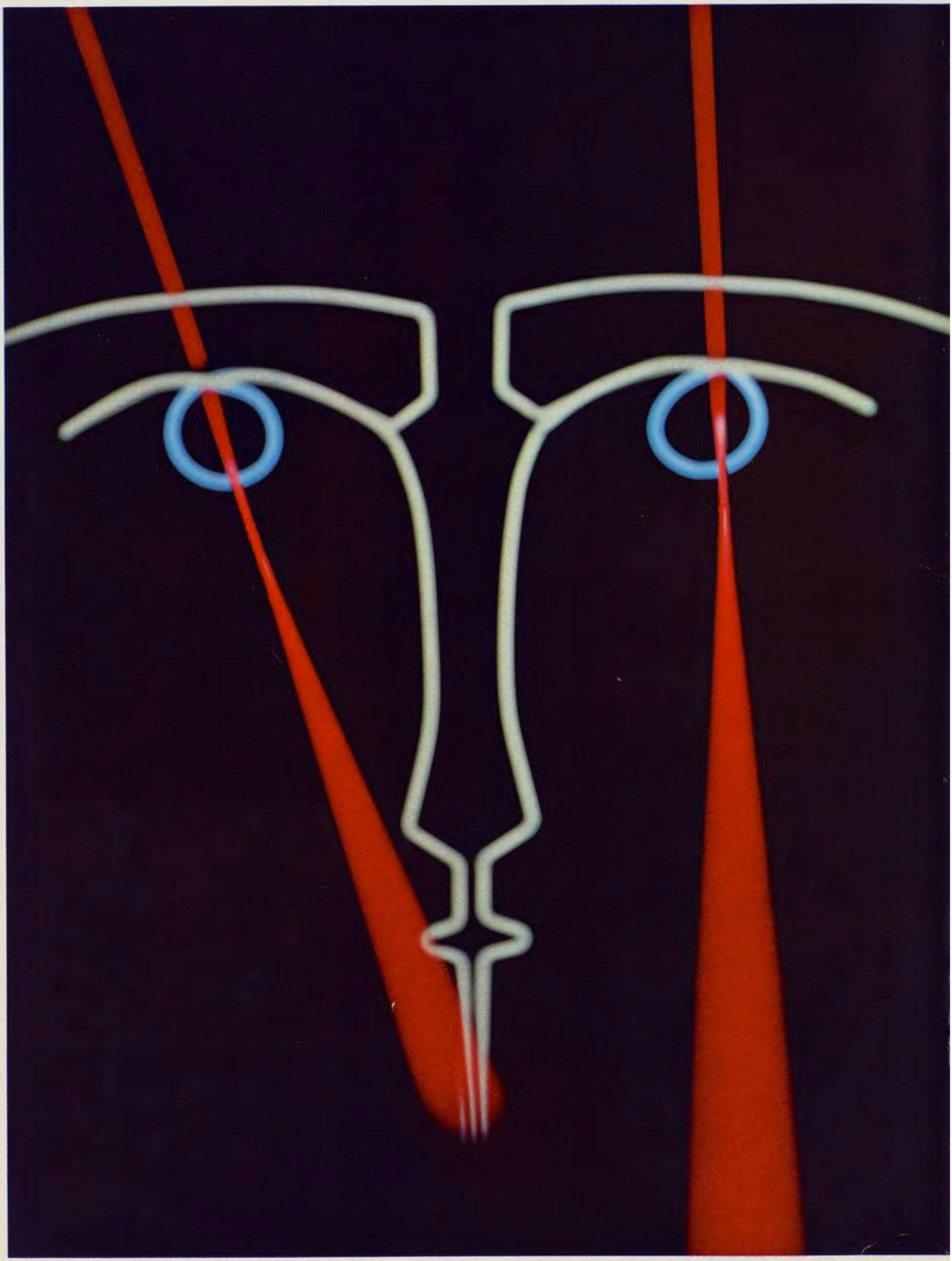
"Too much meat is bad for the digestion. My wife's brother eats meat twice a day and has liver trouble. A dish of good spaghetti with cheese will fatten you up without interfering with your liver. Anyway, how's the painting coming?"

"Don't ask me so I won't have to lie."

In the market close by, F pinched the tender parts of two Bosc pears and a Spanish melon. He looked into a basket of figs, examined some pumpkins on hooks, inspected a bleeding dead rabbit and told himself he must do a couple of still lifes. He settled for a long loaf of bread and two *etti* of tripe. He also bought a brown egg for breakfast, six

(continued on page 126)

"My client will now read a prepared statement."



NEON SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEONICK

potent enough to vaporize any material on earth, precise enough to halve a chromosome, these awesome rays provide their wielder with a miraculous instrument for good or evil

article By MAX GUNTHER

LASERS THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

THE SIGN on the gray metal door warns in red: DANGER. LASER LIGHT. Within, a smaller sign quietly continues the warning: DANGER. INVISIBLE BEAMS. HIGH ENERGY.

There are laboratories such as this all over the country—indeed, all over the world. This one belongs to the Perkin-Elmer Corporation at Norwalk, Connecticut. It is a long, darkened room cluttered with equipment. Electrical cables lie tangled across the narrow floor space like spaghetti on a plate. The room is dominated by a single lab bench running down its middle, and on the bench is a glass pipe 30 feet long.

"This is a molecular laser," says the scientist who has been bending over the pipe, tinkering with some fixture of unguessable purpose. "It's quite new. It runs on a mix of carbon dioxide and other common gases."

He straightens up. Dr. Dane Rigden is his name; he is a British physicist who came to this country several years ago because, in his field, this is where the action is. "I'll show you how it works," he says. He turns to the 30-foot laser, then thinks of something and turns back. "By the way," he says, "keep your goggles on. And keep your hands by your sides."

He puts his own goggles on, flips some switches and turns some dials. A loud hum fills the dark room and a wave of heat comes from —where? You look at the gadgetry and frown, puzzled. The glass tube is glowing with a dim, cool, purplish

light. Nothing else visible is happening.

"You've heard a lot of talk about laser death rays," says Dr. Rigden, still tinkering. "It's been mostly science fiction so far. But if there ever is such a weapon, this might be the laser used to make it." He points to one end of the long glass tube. "Coming out of there right now is a continuous thin beam of intense infrared light. You can't see it, but"—he looks to make sure your hands are down by your sides—"there's enough of it to chop your arm off."

He rummages in a grease-spotted paper bag, pulls out a thick meat bone and grips it with a pair of tongs. He holds the bone out, then lowers it into the invisible laser beam. There is a sudden blinding flash of light and a loud sput. Dr. Rigden withdraws the bone and holds its smoldering stump up for inspection. The bone has been chopped in half.

Dr. Rigden gazes at the bone stump thoughtfully. "As molecular lasers go," he says, "this one isn't unusually powerful. It delivers about two hundred and fifty watts in its beam. Raytheon and others have generated continuous beams of over 3000 watts. And last week I heard—— Well." He stops, grinning. "Security regulations, you know. Come on, I'll show you something else."

A laser lab is strangely exciting. Little knots of men stand about in the corridors, talking. Many talk with foreign accents—for, like Dr. Rigden, they have been drawn from all over the world by the promise of action. There is a profound and mysterious feeling in the air, a Christmas-morning feeling of discoveries hidden just around the corner and large events about to happen. There are no bored or weary or disappointed faces here. Everyone in the business is a perpetually surprised newcomer. The lab equipment is equally new. The complex structures of metal and glass and rubber-sheathed cable stand untidily on tables and floors. Everything has an ephemeral look, as though it were put together in an eager hurry yesterday and will be rebuilt to try out some new idea tomorrow.

"Here's something else new," says Dr. Rigden. He ducks into another dark, cluttered laboratory room and puts practiced hands on a metallic tube about two feet long. He is obviously enjoying himself. "This is an argon-gas laser. Watch."

He switches on the device. A pencil-thin beam of intense blue light shoots out and makes a tiny brilliant spot on a target at the other end of a long metal table.

"Pretty, isn't it?" says the scientist reflectively. He gazes at the target spot for a long time without moving. "You never get tired of looking at laser light."

The blue light is more than pretty. It is a blue of shining heartbreaking purity —bluer, unimaginably purer than any earthly light that shone until the 1960s. Its perfect jewellike brilliance hurts the eye, yet you can't look away. The blue target spot has a peculiar mobile quality; it seems to consist of a million tiny luminous specks that churn slowly about one another. The effect arises from the special qualities of laser light. It is hypnotic. You lean closer. . . .

"Back off a little," says Dr. Rigden. "This beam can give you a nasty burn. Here—I'll show you something else."

He tinkers with a gray box mounted next to the laser. The box clicks. Long numbers appear in windows on its face. "You're looking at a new kind of yardstick," Dr. Rigden explains. "Laser light is so pure that we know exactly what its wave length is. By knowing the wave length and by doing a little arithmetic, we can measure distances in billionths of an inch. This gadget is now measuring the distance from the laser head to the target. Here: Put your hand next to the laser."

You rest your hand on the cold metal plate on which the laser is mounted. The counting device instantly starts to click.

"Know what just happened?" asks Dr. Rigden. "The warmth of your hand expanded the metal. The distance to the target increased. Not much. Less than a hairbreadth. But enough."

You begin to understand what all the excitement is about. You begin to see why industrial companies and governments are pouring millions of dollars a year into laser research. The U. S. military services and other Government agencies have been interested in lasers from the beginning. So have the Russians. So have the British, the French and the Italians. They're fascinated by the capacity of laser light to measure distances to targets. At the moment, they're particularly fascinated by the new carbon-dioxide laser, the Buck Rogers device that generates a steady beam of enormous energy—not just a brief burst but a continuous, miles-long invisible needle. And they're fascinated by what they see in the future.

Every once in a while, from behind some imperfectly closed security curtain in Rome or London or Washington, a few tantalizing words leak out. Ron Barker, energetic young associate publisher of *Laser Focus* magazine, spent much of 1966 touring laser labs in Europe and the United States—and came back, he says, "with my hair standing on end. I saw things . . . I heard things. . . . My God, if I could only print half of it!" He can't, of course. The hints you hear nervously dropped around laser installations are not meant for publication and, in any case, the hinter always clams up when you press him for corroborating information. What he has said, in its naked form, without the necessary clothing of tangible evidence, has an apocryphal sound and can hardly be passed on without embarrassment. Billion-watt beams. Beams that can slice buildings in half or cleave steel at a distance or vaporize aircraft or mow down men as a scythe mows grass. True or false? Reality or plan or merely dream? The facts cannot be had.

The laser business is like that. You can't easily tell what's apocryphal and what isn't, for the entire science seems apocryphal. It shouldn't exist; it is improbable and outrageous. Never before in history has a scientific invention gone from mental concept to working hardware to world-wide practical application in so short a time. The raw idea of a laser was conceived only 11 years ago. The first working model was built only eight years ago. Today lasers are used in surgery, welding, drilling, surveying, weaponry. They are common items of technological hardware, available by mail order like Bunsen burners or microscopes. They are where they shouldn't really have arrived until the 21st Century. "It's like being shot into the future," says Alan Haley, regional sales manager at Perkin-Elmer. "I'm selling a product that didn't exist when I got out of college—wasn't conceived, wasn't even dreamed of. I'm selling it like ordinary hardware. I carry samples of it around. What would a career counselor have said ten or twenty years ago if I'd told him I wanted to sell ray guns for a living?"

He would have laughed, of course. The entire short, brilliant history of the laser has been one of people laughing at one another. First A laughs scornfully at B, and a few weeks later B is laughing triumphantly at A as A struggles to pry his foot from his mouth. They laughed in 1959 at the man who said he could build a laser. He did it in 1960. They laughed in 1963 when some nut at the Bell Telephone Laboratories said it was possible to make a laser spit blue light instead of red. Maybe in the 1970s, they chuckled. It happened in 1964, and now lasers produce every color of the rainbow, plus a broad range of infrared and ultraviolet. In 1961, they had developed pulsed lasers that would spit brief bursts of high-energy light, but the continuous-beam lasers were barely achieving one watt of output and everybody laughed at the idea of more. In 1968, 3000-watt steady beams have been announced and more powerful beams have carefully not been announced. In 1965, they were grinning over a statement that had become a cliché: "The laser is a solution in search of a problem." Today, salesmen are unloading lasers on hardheaded industrialists who won't buy anything unless it coldly promises a profit. Now they laugh (but in an oddly hesitant way) at other far-out ideas: death rays, building slicers, jungle

(continued on page 181)

humor

By JAMES PRIDEAUX

CURIOUS COURTSHIPS

miniyarns and microfables add comic-valentine postscripts to the saccharine picture postcards of the romantic past

Were they really too young to know true love? Manuel was just going on seven and Jeanette was just past five and a half. Manuel had first tasted the fruits of love one Easter afternoon with Nursey at Luna Park, and that had been eons ago. Jeanette had dear Uncle Malcolm, her mother's younger brother, who had put years on her in the course of 20 minutes during an intermission of *The Elves and the Shoemaker* in the church basement. When first Manuel and Jeanette met, then, at the Fairies Concert, an educational program under the auspices of the P. T. A., they were ready for each other. Mature beyond their years, they discussed the possibilities of free love or marriage, deciding sensibly upon marriage. "It will kill our parents," said Jeanette amiably, but they concluded it was better that they marry and kill their parents than sin. "But what if it doesn't kill our parents?" asked Manuel, who could foresee all manner of trouble ahead under those circumstances. "Oh, it *will*," declared Jeanette. "I do hope so," replied Manuel, embracing her passionately and thinking how wonderful it was to be young and in love.

Fred was a model boy who made straight A's, went out for athletics and was marvelously considerate to his parents. When puberty came along, it caused him an anxious moment or two, but Fred had a great deal of homework to do and, gradually, puberty was forgotten in a barrage of high grades and school honors. He dated once or twice, but he found the girls a trifle forward (Maude had reached for his hand in the movies, but he had changed his seat in the nick of time) and thereafter he devoted himself entirely to his studies. And then Fred's father was suddenly killed by an arrow during the Centennial Celebration, and Fred's mother was forced to become a seamstress. She invested the last of the insurance money in a dummy, thinking she was doing what was best for herself and Fred. Later, she wondered. Whereas Fred had been adverse to her working, he was ecstatic over the dummy. "We'll call her Betsy," he said, "and she can sleep in my room." "Are you nuts?" laughed his mother, affectionately and with good humor, knowing Fred was simply making another of his clean, boyish jokes. Thinking it a bit of a lark, she agreed that Fred could keep Betsy in his room, and often laughed over it with the neighbors. But one night, she discovered him, his books put aside, with his arms around Betsy's waist and his head on her chest. She was greatly disturbed that he must be neglecting his studies.

When Humbert was a boy, his father gave him a piece of advice he never forgot. "Always take care of your hair," the old man said, succumbing shortly thereafter to a chill on his liver. Humbert grew into a tall, elegant young man with beautifully manicured fingernails and the most astonishing head of hair in West Shokan. His bureau overflowed with combs and brushes, pomades and ointments, shears and mirrors. He could dress in 20 minutes, but it took him an hour to get his hair into the kind of shape he considered presentable for the street. "Heavenly Haired Humbert," they called him in West Shokan, even in the suburbs, and people were known to travel all the way from Poughkeepsie just to view him on his way to a party. Humbert felt that by following his father's advice, he had made of his life a crowning achievement. Only once was his composure ruffled, when, in a hair-raising moment, a young lady with whom he was dallying ran her fingers over his head, mussing his coiffure. Humbert screamed like a stuck pig. Since that time, he has taken extreme care in his choice of love partners, preferring arthritics. Agnes appealed to him because she declared upon first glance that his was the most beautiful head of hair she had ever clapped eyes on and she could never consider herself worthy to touch it. Such perfect sentiment must be rewarded, and Humbert lowered his lips to hers, while prudently holding her hands.

When Mary Ann put on her Sarah Jane shoes and went downtown to try for a job, her mother warned her that she might run into a certain type of man in the business world. "Don't get into dry goods," she advised. Mary Ann wasn't quite sure what dry goods were, but she swore to herself on the subway that, whatever they were, she wouldn't get into them. Mr. Rupert Sassoon hired her at a glance and Mary Ann was ecstatic to think she had found such a good typewriting job—especially considering that she couldn't type—and decent employer. By four o'clock, however, Mr. Sassoon, in correcting her typewriting, sat in her high-backed chair and, then, suddenly and without warning, pulled Mary Ann down onto his lap. "My God!" cried Mary Ann, having to smile a little, "I must be in dry goods!" "We'll soon take care of that," said Mr. Sassoon, a remark Mary Ann could not comprehend then or later, although she received a raise that very day and looked toward an exciting career in the business world.

Prudella had been in New York less than a week when Mr. Ziegfeld saw her dismounting from the Sixth Avenue el and mounted her in a tableau at the Follies. In no time at all, she became the toast of New York, renowned for her beauty and her peacock-feather headdress. Gay young blades showered her with flowers and jewels. The richest of these, albeit the least young and gay, was Farnsworth. Farnsworth adored her passionately, although she suspected he drank and, too, he had a strangely soporific quality. "Farnsworth," she would say regally as he embraced her, "do you find me exciting?" "Hmmmmmmm," he would reply, breathing heavily and slipping a little farther toward the floor. "No, but do you *really* find me exciting?" she insisted, languidly eying the photograph of herself as Catherine the Great in the Queens of All Nations spectacle. "Hmmmmmmm," he would again respond, this time giving a spasmodic twitch before settling deeper into his reverie of love. "I do love hearing you say it," murmured Prudella dreamily, waiting for the sunrise.

When Rodolfo met Celeste, he thought she had a curiously ethereal air, but she also was a bundle of fun and he let it pass. They were married in an extremely long ceremony at St. Peter's, with the bride genuflecting half a dozen times going down the aisle, and still Rodolfo only thought that it was rather touching and that the kids would be raised right. It was on the second day of their honeymoon that he realized religion was more than a Sunday thing with her. "I've rented a rowboat," she announced, "by the month. Here, hold the roses." Although Celeste was decent enough to row the entire trip, Rodolfo was, nonetheless, put out that they traveled clean across the bay, a journey of some eight miles; and, too, he felt silly holding the roses. "For God's sake," he grumbled. "Precisely," replied Celeste. She pulled up in front of a shrine on an island. "Jesus!" exclaimed Rodolfo. "Mary," corrected Celeste. As she climbed up the shrine, it was all Rodolfo could do not to give her one hell of a goose.

To be a ladies' maid was exasperating enough, but to be a sleep-in and have to witness what went on in the flat of Fatale, the sulky siren of the silver screen, after the moon came up, was almost more than Marianella could endure. Was she, herself, not ten times the sexpot Fatale was, could the world but know? And yet every evening, she was forced by circumstances to pussyfoot about Fatale's digs, swathed to the teeth in old lace and crinoline, while Fatale's bosom grew warm and moist from the hot breath and passionate spittle of her admirers of the opposite sex. Marianella's cold, dry bosom heaved with resentment. She swore that one night she would shut Fatale's water off once and for all. And so she did. It was the night of the St. Crispin's Day Dance and Fatale had just slithered home with Sandor and was getting her bosom moistened when Marianella, coughing wildly, excused herself and disappeared into the bathroom. There she wrenched the taps with a hammer secreted in her cleavage, repeating the process on the kitchen taps a few minutes later. When, at last, Sandor departed, his mouth parched from a full evening of salivation, Fatale called for Marianella to draw her a bath. "Listen, ma'am," said Marianella, "there's something gone wrong with the taps and there ain't no water and the super has taken his missus and gone to the seashore for a frisk." "Well," said Fatale, imperturbed, "I'll just have to go to bed with my spittle on." "Oh, you filthy thing!" cried Marianella, pulling off her old lace and crinoline and resigning on the spot, as her mother would certainly have wished her to.

Helga and Ludwig met over *Wiener Schnitzel* and it was love at first sight. So engrossed were they in each other that they ordered seconds on the *Wiener Schnitzel* and hardly realized what they were eating. "Has it happened at last?" Helga asked herself, absent-mindedly cutting into a baked potato. "Can this be the real thing?" thought Ludwig, helping himself to a heaping portion of sauerkraut. "Bread?" asked Helga, handing him the bread plate with her left hand as she scooped up her peas with her right. "I don't mind if I do," replied Ludwig inaudibly, his mouth stuffed with strudel. Was that curious sensation in the pit of his stomach really love? Helga shifted in her chair, a leaden weight that she recognized as emotion tugging at her heartstrings and, indeed, the entire area of her chest. "Shall we finish off with a little Sacher torte?" murmured Ludwig, loosening his belt with a romantic flick of his fingers. Helga, preoccupied with a cramp, could only nod in happy agreement. He was perfect, she declared to herself. Always saying the right thing. She would love him even when they were both old and fat, although she must break him of that faintly annoying habit of scratching his head with his fork.

There was that hand again. Really, it was too annoying. They had been engaged three years now and LaVerne had the strong suspicion that her secret could not remain hers alone much longer. It was rather interesting, though, that Monroe, a successful chicken sexer and formerly married to a flamenco dancer, couldn't tell the difference between sponge rubber and the real thing. Or could it be—a terrible apprehension swept over LaVerne—that he didn't care? Could it be that Monroe actually found some sordid satisfaction in fondling sponge rubber? That kind of thing made a mockery of romance, not to mention marriage, and LaVerne shuddered at the thought. Misinterpreting the movement as passion, Monroe strengthened his grip, heaving a sigh of pure pleasure. "Do you like the touch of my fingers?" he whispered into her mouth. LaVerne gulped and nodded, consumed with guilt that all these years she hadn't felt a thing.

Sailing Matilda she was known as, and not just because she owned the trimmest vessel off the North Shore. She sailed as high, wide and handsome on land as on sea. Henry was flattered, being only a week out of Boston, when she invited him for a cruise up the Sound. He had heard of these New York girls and their ways, but he presumed his experiences on Beacon Street fitted him for anything they might have to offer. Matilda, however, was more than he bargained for. They had no sooner set sail than she turned to him full face and said point-blank, "Why don't you take the top of your bathing suit off?" Henry blushed crimson. "Ha, ha," he said, with his Massachusetts finesse, smoothly treating it as a joke. "Come on," insisted Matilda, "get some sun on your navel." "Really!" he exclaimed, alarmed as she tugged at the ribbed cotton. He crossed his arms over his chest and let out a well-bred scream. "Leave go!" he cried. "Let's just get a gander at the pectorals," Matilda persisted. "I think you're *awful*!" declared Henry, wrenching himself free and diving into the Sound. As he swam toward Matatuck, Henry's brain fairly danced with terrible thoughts. What if the scandal were to get out? Still, he felt that if only he could get safely back to Beacon Hill, it could be hushed up, as these dreadful things always were in Boston.

Glenda was a mere slip of a girl, but already she had developed a nasty habit. She did like to smoke in bed. Night after night, she would curl up with a box of chocolates, an Ethel M. Dell novel, a jigger of brandy and a couple of packs of cigarettes. "Nice girls don't smoke in bed," her mother admonished her. "One of these days, you'll live to regret it." Glenda revered her mother, but she couldn't bring herself to give up the fags. "I empty my own ashtrays," was all she could think to say, lighting up. One night, in an unusual attempt to edify herself, Glenda eschewed Ethel M. Dell and perused instead Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. In no time she was asleep, an ash glowing on the sheets. She awakened in flames, the dying screams of her mother issuing from the kitchen, where she had been trapped basting a turkey. Glenda went to the window, where, fortunately, Clancy was waiting for her, teetering on the ladder, his eyes blazing with love. It had really worked out quite well, Glenda thought, considering all the harping her mother had done on her smoking in bed.

Moncrief wasn't much to look at from the front, but his behind was the talk of the town. Whenever he could manage it, he preferred to be viewed from the rear, even affecting a gait that permitted him to enter a room backward. Women were inclined to find this a shade annoying and it tended to make romance difficult, if not impossible. Few were the young ladies, for example, who were prepared to waltz around a ballroom clinging to his back; and when he seated himself, he did so with his face to the sofa, presenting them with buttocks rather than a lap. Twinkie, however, was a girl of determination. She was firm in her conviction that if he was unalloyed joy retreating, he must be pure bliss advancing. "Moncrief," she said coyly, pulling at his shoulder, "look at me." Accommodating to a point, he twisted his neck around. "Embrace me," she murmured. He wrenched his shoulders in a remarkable contortion and took her in his arms, although the lower portion of his body remained squarely against the wall. "Why are you so cold to me?" she cried suddenly, exasperated beyond measure. "I give what I can," he replied, planting a terrible suspicion in her mind that there was something tragic about him, something that didn't meet the eye.

AT EASE IN TOWN *attire* By ROBERT L. GREEN

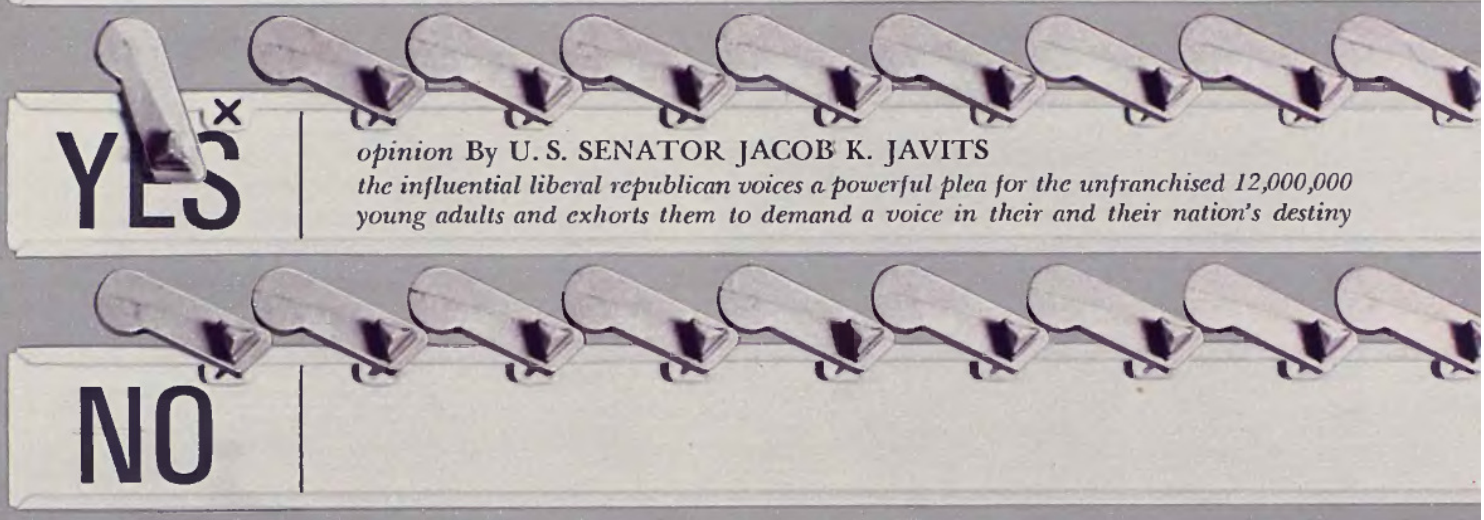
UNTIL THIS WINTER, Coty award winner Bill Blass was predominantly—and internationally—known for his high-style female fashions. Now his first collection of sophisticated yet casual attire for men is available and it's bound to make headlines. Blass' bold approach to pattern and color combinations, as well as his original treatment of coat shapes, gives the wearer a with-it look that's neither faddish nor extreme. And Blass, perhaps more so than others, designs clothes for a specific occasion; his trim tailored raincoat pictured here, when coupled with rain slacks, becomes a coordinated rain suit that can be complemented with a Blass high-turtleneck pullover and a rain hat. Men's casualwear wardrobes build up gradually. Blass keeps this in mind by turning out wearables that are independent yet readily interchangeable. His tissue-wool high turtleneck, for example, looks great with evening clothes, tweeds, corduroys or the rain suit. Blass emphatically designs for the man who takes his casual clothes seriously. His styles, fresh from the drawing board, typify the upbeat upheaval that has brought fashion elegance and *élan* to today's urban scene.

designer bill blass comes up with easygoing outdoor garb for the indoor man

Three well-dressed guys with partners and pooches in tow present a fashionable view from the bridge in Bill Blass casual coordinates. The chap at left takes a stylish step forward in his double-breasted Italian whipcord corduroy shaped town-coat suit that consists of a wool-lined long-length town coat with deep inverted center vent, $150, and coordinated slacks with top pockets and belt loops, $45, worn over a polyester and cotton plaid shirt, $18.50, and a paisley Swiss-wool challis tie, $8.50. His nearer buddy is the fashion center of attention wearing a polyester and cotton rain suit that includes a raincoat with overlapping front-button closures and roomy bellows pockets, $95, and matching polyester and cotton cuffless rain slacks with top pockets, $30, combined with a tissue-wool high turtleneck, $37.50, and jauntily topped off with an Italian whipcord corduroy rain hat, $20. The gentleman at right is informally out front in a Scottish wool tweed sports coat with Windsor-pane overcheck, $115, and matching slacks with top pockets, $45, a cotton broadcloth shirt with high spread collar, $18.50, and a paisley Swiss-wool challis wide tie, $8.50. All outfits are designed by Bill Blass for PBM.

"If you don't mind, young lady, we'll discuss the question of premarital sex in a civilized manner—in the drawing room over brandy."

LOWER THE VOTING AGE



opinion By U. S. SENATOR JACOB K. JAVITS

the influential liberal republican voices a powerful plea for the unfranchised 12,000,000 young adults and exhorts them to demand a voice in their and their nation's destiny

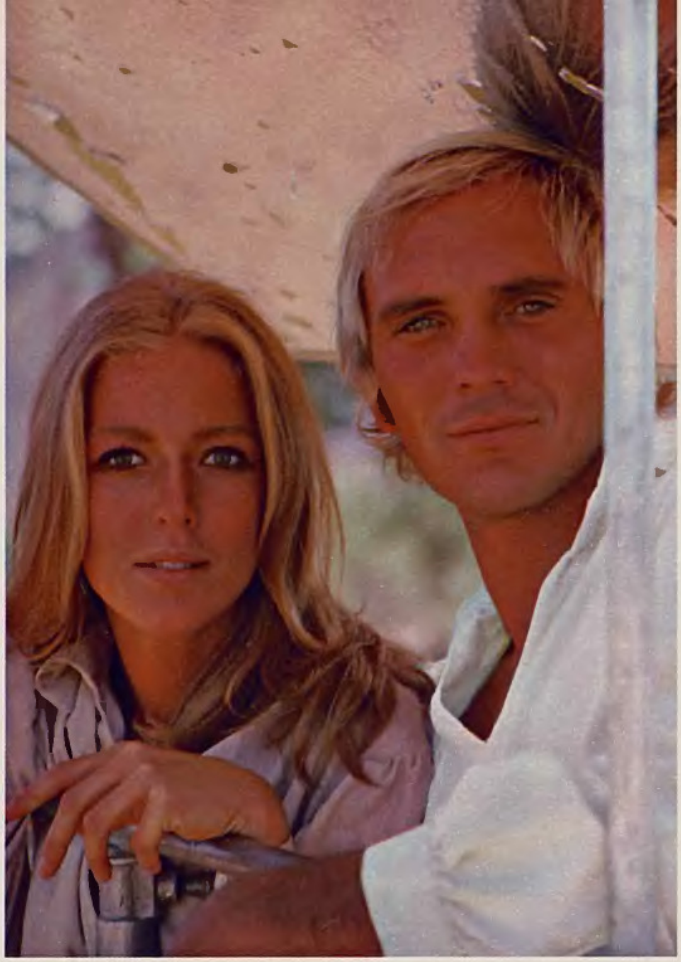
THE CAMPAIGN TO LOWER the voting age in the United States from 21 to 18—and thus to involve 12,000,000 young Americans in the most basic process of democracy—appears closer to victory now than at any time since it began in earnest in 1942. For the first time, both the majority and the minority leaders of the U. S. Senate are among 40 members of that body cosponsoring a resolution that calls for a constitutional amendment to lower the voting age to 18. On the other side of Capitol Hill, some 45 similar resolutions were introduced during the past session in the House of Representatives. These proposals have the support of President Johnson, former President Eisenhower, the hierarchies of both major political parties and an array of nationally prominent groups ranging from the National Student Association to the AMVETS. They also are endorsed by most of the country's adult population. Last April, Mr. Gallup seemed almost surprised when he reported that 64 percent of the adults polled by his organization thought that 18-, 19- and 20-year-olds should be permitted to vote, the highest percentage in favor since Gallup first presented the proposition in 1939. Yet with all this high-level and grass-roots support, there is almost no chance that a constitutional amendment to lower the voting age will become a reality any time in the near future. Why?

The answer is that the prospect of 12,000,000 new, allegedly unpredictable voters' being added to the rolls overnight scares the political pants off many of the people whose business it is to win local and state elections for themselves or for members of their party. Obviously, those in Congress who support lowering, like myself, feel this is a false fear. But we cannot pass such an amendment by the required two-thirds vote with our current strength in the Congress and such an amendment cannot become law unless ratified by the legislatures of three fourths of the states. Unfortunately, success will continue to elude us until the 18-, 19- and 20-year-olds themselves organize to win over key political elements at the Congressional-district and state levels.

There has never been an easy way to expand the electorate, as political leaders have been finding out ever since they attempted to abolish property qualifications for voters in 1789. But the genius of the American political system has been its adaptability. Through the years, our political parties and leaders have always been capable *in the end* of embracing new ideas and new people. Whether it was the immigrant just off the boat or the native disenfranchised Negro, each group was finally included and its energies, ideas and hopes invariably became a valuable part of our social system. Political leaders and parties who have refused to accept such transfusions have always been left behind.

Now and in the foreseeable future, these "new people" bearing the new ideas will be our own youth. Forty percent of the population is now under 21. By 1970, half of the population will be under 27 and about seven percent will be between 18 and 21. (It is interesting to note that the average age of Americans is swinging back toward the lower 20s now, after climbing upward since the first decades of the last century. America is gradually becoming as "young" in its make-up as it was at the time of the Revolution.) Increasingly, the lives of young people will be affected by Governmental action—in job-training programs; in Federal loans and scholarship programs for all forms of higher education; in matters of war and peace; and, most dramatically, in their personal dealings with the Selective Service System.

Which brings us to the slogan, "If they're old enough to fight, they're old enough to vote." This assertion has always had wide emotional appeal. Proposals to lower the voting age have always *(continued on page 176)*



The Lady in "Blue"

in a new psychological western, joanna pettet displays the dramatic ability and svelte sexiness that augur well for a bright movie future

The man in *Blue*, Paramount's new Western, is Terence Stamp, shown with Joanna Pettet on the set (top) and in a scene exhibiting Joanna's healing powers (above). She tends to Stamp after he's wounded when his adopted Mexican bandit family attacks her town.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER

"THIS IS A TIME for telling it like it is," Joanna Pettet told PLAYBOY recently. "If there's a reason for taking the camera beyond the bedroom door, today's audiences will demand that the film maker do just that." The camera goes well beyond several dusty south Texas doors in *Blue*, which stars Joanna opposite Terence Stamp, to reveal dimensions of physique and feeling unexplored in her four previous film successes (*The Group*, *The Night of the Generals*, *Casino Royale* and *Robbery*). Joanna once was a PLAYBOY opponent, putting down the magazine, its Editor-Publisher and *The Playboy Philosophy* in the May 1966 *Cosmopolitan*; but times and Joanna's outlook have since changed—as evidenced by her appearance in our *Girls of "Casino Royale"* feature a year ago and even more so by this special pictorial on a now-confirmed PLAYBOY fan.

Joanna has obvious talent and freewheeling opinions in common with the brightest British stars—and also the slender, highly charged sexiness the decade appreciates. By eliminating all else, the uncluttered photos here highlight the physical element in the Pettet appeal.

Life can still imitate the rags-to-riches Broadway musical: Joanna arrived in New York when she was 16 to begin dance lessons with Martha Graham at the Neighborhood Playhouse. She won a role in the comedy *Take Her, She's Mine* and garnered such praise that the lead was hers when the show went on tour. Back in New York, parts followed in *The Chinese Prime Minister* and then in *Poor Richard*, which set up the big break. *The Group*'s writer-producer caught her in one performance and signed her immediately as his film's Kay. "That role used the greatest *range* of emotion," Joanna told us, "but the level of intensity is higher in *Blue*. Each day was totally exhausting." Herewith, Joanna in another mood.

THE HOT SAUCES OF MAGDA

when a pretty girl with the best of intentions promises she'll get you out of trouble, you'd better watch out for what she's getting you into instead

fiction **By BERNARD WOLFE**

GIRLS YOU REMEMBER won't molest. You put them from mind when you need the room.

Girls you forget can hold to you tight. Set up a noise of housekeeping in your head. Rattle pots and pans of guilt through your head.

I will illustrate. . . .

One time I had to run. I was working then in Indio, above the Salton Sea. I asked myself which way to run the cops won't expect.

Cops think everybody thinks in straight lines. Expect a Mexican in running mood to run straight south, to Mexico. The cops would look for me around border towns, Nogales, Mexicali, Tijuana. I fashioned a route all ways but south.

By Greyhounds I traveled east to Blythe and Yuma; back west to El Centro; north via Seeley, Brawley and Westmoreland there by the Superstition Mountains; east some more through Calipatria and Niland; north for a distance to the unhurried shirt-sleeve town, below Frink, close to the Salton Sea, called Vaverdy.

I found a fraying motel, adobe cabins with gardens of cacti and succulents between the spokes of wagon wheels. Yanks like to plant old wheels. This motel was close to Vaverdy's preliminary of a downtown, my innocence of automobile would not cause talk.

I registered as P. Armendariz. My room was adequate, though the air conditioner gave me a crick in the neck and I missed sweating. For two days and nights, while ordering my thoughts as to how a future can be planned on $400, I sat and watched television.

On the third day I felt easy enough in mind to go out. By a main intersection in the hint of a downtown, a surprise was waiting.

As I passed the Western Union, a woman emerged at high speed, calling my name.

Had she shouted, "Hey, P. Armendariz," that in itself would have been thought-provoking. What she was shouting was, "Hey, hey there, Manolo, Manolo Ruiz, stop, I know you!" With the air of total conviction, even endorsement. In Spanish.

She was on the whole young, maybe 27, Mexican, worth

ILLUSTRATION BY GENE SZAFRAN

second looks in any situation not cobbled with danger. Fine amplitudes, finely distributed.

My calculation had been to leave the name of Manolo Ruiz behind in Indio, a buried wheel.

• • •

I said, "Did I have the distinction to be addressed by you, miss?"

She said, "I'm sending a money order to La Paz, and I look up and there's Manolo Ruiz going down the street grand as a mayor! A shining face I never expected to see again in this life! Imagine! Here, in Vaverdy!"

"My face would consider itself in the privileged classes to be seen by you at any time, miss," I said. "But I don't recall having the honor——"

She was researching me from a number of angles, me and several matters left-handedly related to me.

She seemed to make a quick, possibly historical, decision.

She said, "You had all the honors, Manolito! In La Paz, in the summer of 1956, you spend nights in my bed, you were honored to the full, now don't you deny it, you tease!"

I did quick figuring. Where did I pass the summer of 1956? In La Paz, correct. But in her bed? The summer of 1956 was when I discovered tequila. It was in the summer of 1957 I discovered girls. I'm the type who does one thing at a time, which made me think I couldn't have been in this girl's or any girl's bed in La Paz in the summer of 1956. Maybe she had her dates mixed up? Maybe she meant 1957, when I was busy with girls? But in 1957 I was nowhere near La Paz.

"It's surely too much to hope for that you were in this bed at this time?" I said.

"You're insulting."

"No, trying to refresh memory."

"The insult isn't in your suggesting a joint occupancy, it's in your not remembering the jointness. You climbed a tall eucalyptus and scaled two dangerous walls to get to my room, knowing my father would shoot if he heard, now you can't recall any honors whatsoever. Was I so displeasing to you? You said otherwise."

"Miss," I said, "I was drunk the summer of 1956, also, I've traveled widely since, so if my mind's vague——"

"Manolito Ruiz!" she said. "You're the nephew of Emiliano Ruiz who charters fishing boats in La Paz, do I have these facts straight? When you were a braying burro of age fifteen, with some components bigger and more active than your pea pod of a memory, you came to La Paz for the summer to work on your uncle's boats, isn't that so? The person addressing you at this moment is Magda Vallejo! Precisely, Magda, whose poppa, Porfirio, rented out fishing gear! That busy summer in our town you did a damn lot of fishing, some in waters not indicated by your uncle, and now you ask,

please, were there one or two in that overpopulated bed!"

"You were right to get sore," I said. "I remember now, the eucalyptus, the walls, more particularly the bed, populated just right for a growing boy. My memory failed me because I'm far from home; also, I'm worried, at the moment I'm running from certain situations. All my apologies, Magda. What do you hear from your dear poppa and momma?"

"Nothing," she said, "they're dead. That's why I'm here in Vaverdy; my brothers in La Paz need support from me; I work as nurse and tutor for a rich planter. What are you doing around here, Manolo? The last I heard you were starting in the university."

"I went till the money ran out, then worked around home in Mexicali, odd jobs. This year I got picked for bracero work near Indio, that's where I've been, on the date ranches."

"Manolo Ruiz a bracero," she said, shaking her head. "A stooper and climber, a bright kid like you. I thought by now you'd be doctor or lawyer or something with your name on a door."

"I gave up thoughts of the high professions," I said. "My plan is, was, to save my wages, then learn some trade like television repairs. Certain detour situations have come up."

"You talk of Indio, but you're in Vaverdy," she said. "You define yourself as fieldworker, then remark you're on the run, which excludes fieldwork. What's the nature of your worries? Can I help?"

• • •

How much to tell? Helping me from one species of jail, could she land me in another?

She made no secret that she endorsed all my components, except, as noted, my memory. If asked, I would have endorsed hers, with the one exception of memory. Hers were in fact memorable, full where fullness is valued, trim where we look for economy. Had I encountered these bloomings and slimmings before, and closer, in puppy youth, in adult years, in La Paz, in a rowboat, I should have remembered.

Unless, as I've stated, I was drunk.

But, as also stated, I'm single-minded; when I drink, I drink exclusively.

I decided to unfold my story by stages, noting her reactions.

"I ran into trouble in Indio," I said. "You know what my job was in the date groves? I climbed trees to impregnate them with pollens."

"You shouldn't have had trouble in that job," she said. "You were a distinguished climber from the first."

"Maybe you've heard how bashful date trees are," I said. "They don't make good pollination arrangements by themselves; third parties have to handle the matter for them."

"No third parties had to make arrangements for you at age fifteen," she said. "If you want my opinion, the launching of your tree career was in La Paz."

"The end was in Indio," I said. "In Indio I was doing fine until V. J., Vernace Joe Prodger, came."

"The preacher who says God made man to make strikes?"

"Some say V. J. thinks God made him to make man make strikes. V. J. calls himself a migrant minister. He says this is the Christian way of ministry, to go along the roads waking people up, that Jesus was the first migrant minister."

"Not with picket signs, however."

"V. J. says the first Gospels were written on varieties of picket signs but churches want to forget it. Anyhow, V. J. began preaching on the roadside. We came down from the trees and listened. Soon we were boycotting the trees and walking up and down with signs for better wages and conditions."

"It's funny," she said. "In our country church people tell workers not to get mad at bosses; here you see church people stirring up workers against bosses."

"I've thought about this," I said. "It makes me wonder if some trained people shouldn't investigate if there aren't two Gods. If you say one and the same God stirs workers against bosses and protects bosses against workers, this means God contradicts himself and must be foolish."

"On the other hand," she said, "if God is everywhere as holy writings say, maybe he has to be on both sides of the class struggle, with both classes."

"I don't think so," I said. "Maybe, as they claim, God made the opposites of men and women so they could get together, but if he made the different economic classes for the same blending purposes, the classes haven't heard about it. Anyhow, the ranchers brought in some truckloads of hill and woods people from Texas to strikebreak. Their leader was a man of brutish looks named Bleggs. This ugly one always yelled insults when they drove through our picket lines. One morning Bleggs yelled to me from his truck, you drink your mother's urine straight from the breast."

"Americans always insult the mother," she said.

"He was saying certain things over and above the custom," I said. "First, that I still take food from a breast, so I'm a sucking baby, not a man. Second, that my mother's no ordinary woman, instead of milk she's full of waste products, so many that they can't get out by the usual paths and emerge through the breasts. There's a third point, that my palate is so low-grade it can't distinguish between normal, healthy, clean milk and urine. I wanted to show Bleggs ideologies are one subject and mothers are another and shouldn't be mixed, if we're going to keep issues clear. So I went to confront him in the dormitory for fieldworkers."

"And you broke the law?"

"No, his jaw. His way of debate was to approach with a crowbar. Naturally, I had to take this away from him. Not to load you down with details, this is what I did, by means of hitting him repeatedly, for the most part in the jaw, which broke. We can consider this definite, because the last time I hit the jaw I felt it displace measurably to one side while the rest of his face didn't move. As a result, I left immediately. This was eight days ago."

"Manolo! What's there to run from? You were only defending yourself!"

"True, but the strikebreakers explained it to the cops another way; they said I crept into the dormitory with this crowbar to kill Bleggs. Soon the sheriff was looking for me with a warrant, so I told Vernace Joe I'd better go away, not to harm his drive for better wages and conditions for migrants. So here's the result, that I'm entirely migrant, traveling in circles because the cops are no doubt looking for me in straight lines. What do you make of my story, Magda, anything?"

After some thought she answered, "I make this of it, Manolo, that you're some tree climber, and this time you've climbed yourself up a very bad tree."

• • •

By now we were sitting on a bench in Vaverdy's embryo of a central square.

Magda said finally, with a martyring look, "I hate to lose you the minute I find you, but shouldn't you hurry up back to Mexico?"

"What's in Mexico?" I said. "Rotten wages, few chances for schooling? I told you I want to better myself."

"To become unseen to looking cops is a betterment."

"No, in no case do I go home. I wasn't planning to, even if the Bleggs situation hadn't come up. My plan was to sneak from the bracero camps and disappear into some city where I could find a job and start my television studies."

She sat up. She considered me. Her face began to lighten.

"Well, how much is changed?" she said. "Before Bleggs' jaw you planned to be fugitive, now you're fugitive. Essentially you have what you planned, though ahead of schedule. Tell me, you've saved some money?"

"About four hundred dollars and some change."

"Good, fine. What you'll need is a good selection of I. D.s—work permit, birth certificate and such. No problem; I know a man in Chula Vista who makes superior papers, I'll telephone him, if I ask he'll service you for about one hundred dollars, which isn't much over cost."

A source of papers was my first goal. Here was a source, on cost-plus terms.

"You vouch for the quality of his work?"

"He has many satisfied customers. If he could advertise, he'd have a big population

(continued on page 188)

"Lucille, I'm dropping out."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FIGGE AND ED DELONG

THE GIRL FROM INNER SPACE

between studies and the hyperactive use of leisure time, nancy harwood manages to savor the joys of meditation

MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI, the Indian mystic who has introduced the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Mia Farrow Sinatra, among others, to the joys of contemplation, can also count Nancy Harwood among his followers. When Miss February faces the "altar" in her bachelorette pad in Burbank —it's adorned with artificial flowers of psychedelic intensity from Mexico —she forgets not only the cares of a part-time college student but also the care-nots of a 19-year-old coming of age in Southern California. "It's like getting high without drugs," explains the pharmacist's daughter—who got the message when she and many others, including pop idol Donovan, meditated with Maharishi recently at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium: "You could actually feel your neighbors going up, up and away."

The more conventional side of Nancy's education includes psychology and business courses at Los Angeles City College, a school she likes

Nancy Harwood is a recently registered coed at Los Angeles City College who enjoys romping on the beach or just sitting back and letting her spirit roam.

Spending the afternoon at the Corona del Mar beach, Nancy leaps high in her effort to spike the ball during a volleyball game; later, while amicably disputing one of the sport's finer points, she tugs on a strand of the net to make certain that it's secure. At sunset, while roasting wieners with the group, Nancy warms to the conversation: "Being good campany is an art in itself." Like most people who share her attitude, Miss February seldom lacks companionship.

Faced with a routine hazard of campus life—homework—Nancy spends time at the school bookstore (left) in search of a psychology text, followed by a few hours in the library learning about reaction formations ("I'd rather dispense with books and just think—but if I were educating myself, I'd never get around to most academic subjects"). In the evening, Nancy takes her ease close to the speaker and lets her imagination ride on the now sounds of Ramsey Lewis.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS FEBRUARY

because of the diverse origins and upbringings of its students. Her ambitions are to model—*Vogue*'s Veruschka is her ideal—and to dance, preferably in films. Like so many of her tuned-in generation, Nancy grooves to the varied sounds of today's many-splendored pop musical world—Hugh Masekela, Wes Montgomery, the Beatles, the Stones and Ravi Shankar. She also enjoys fraternizing with a variety of people at school, at the beach ("I used to go in for a lot of surfing, but paddling out got to be a drag") or on Sunset Strip: "I have a lot of friends with long hair, though I wouldn't necessarily call them hippies." However, Nancy informed us that abrasive contact with the "real" world is taking its toll on the flower children: "The Strip now has a lot in common with skid row—everybody's just milling around and most of them are up tight. Last spring, people were turned on to one another; now, everybody's on his own trip." Nancy is about to embark on a trip herself: She plans to spend her Playmate modeling fee on a tour of Europe this summer. Her Playmate adventure began while she was en route to a party in Glendale; she caught the eye of a PLAYBOY lensman who suggested that she pose for test shots. Nancy readily consented; and we're sure Maharishi would agree that the results are worthy of your prolonged meditation.

An avowed enthusiast of the latest dances, Nancy accepts an invitation à go-go, then does the Funky Broadway at Gazzarri's, a Sunset Strip night spot that offers its patrons four bands each evening.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The loving young couple wanted to marry immediately—but the girl's strong-willed and domineering mother adamantly opposed the union.

"I can't help it," said the distraught girl to her boyfriend. "Mother thinks you're effeminate."

Reflecting for a moment, he replied: "You know, compared with her, maybe I am."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sex drive* as trying to find a motel that has a vacancy.

Returning home for a forgotten briefcase, the husband found his pretty wife standing naked on the bathroom scales. Not bothering to enter the room, he reached in, patted her on the bottom and asked: "How much today, baby?"

"The same as always," she answered. "Two quarts of milk and a pound of butter."

An underground newspaper suggested recently that the marijuana question could easily be settled by a joint session of Congress.

During a visit to the zoo, the inquisitive child asked: "Mommy, how do lions make love?"

"I don't know, dear," replied the mother. "Most of your father's friends are Rotarians."

On the first night of her fourth marriage, the still-attractive bride turned to her husband and implored, "*Please*, darling, try to be patient with me in bed—I'm still a virgin."

"A *virgin*!" her mate exclaimed. "But you've been married three times before!"

"I know it's a little hard to believe, but it's the truth," she sighed sadly. "My first husband was a charming alcoholic, but he'd get loaded every night and by bedtime, he'd be dead to the world. My second husband was quite handsome, but on our wedding night, I discovered he was more attracted to my brother than to me. My third husband—the advertising executive—was a persuasive fellow, but he turned out to be a complete captive of his craft."

"What do you mean?" asked her astounded husband.

"Well," she said, "every night, all night long, he'd sit on the edge of the bed, telling me how great it was going to be."

My reason for resigning will soon become apparent," the pretty secretary memoed her boss, "and so will I."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Fire Island* as the place where a man with a limited income can live like a queen.

A young man drove his date into the Hollywood hills in search of a suitable spot for a sexual interlude. They got out of the car, but the girl had reservations about making love in the open, so the boy suggested they crawl under the car, where no one could possibly see them. They were locked in passionate embrace when an authoritative voice demanded to know what the hell they thought they were doing.

Without looking up, the young man answered, "Fixing the transmission."

"Oh, yeah," snapped the cop. "Well, you'd better fix your brakes, too. Your car is at the bottom of the hill."

Our Research Department informs us that today's most common form of marriage proposal is: "You're *what!?*"

During midmorning coffee break, the boss discovered his shapely secretary and a junior executive making love in the storeroom. "How can you explain this?" the boss steamed.

"Well," said the secretary, straightening a nylon, "neither of us likes coffee."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *patience* as the difference between rape and seduction.

Then there were the two Burmese girls looking for a Mandalay.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *suicide* as the sincerest form of self-criticism.

Complaining of the distance between campus buildings, the veterinarian's daughter wrote home for money to buy a bicycle. But by the time the money arrived, she'd changed her mind and bought a monkey instead. After a few weeks, the animal began losing its hair. Hoping her father might know a cure, she wrote: "All the hair is falling off my monkey—what shall I do?"

Two days later came the terse directive: "Sell the bicycle."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I like a good story as much as anyone else, Scheherazade, but isn't it time we were getting to bed?"

modern living

BY KEN W. PURDY

SPORTY AND SPECIAL

detroit is producing a new breed of car—handsome, hairy and a ball to drive

THE MOTORMASTERS of Detroit once took a fairly dim and distant view of the sports-car resurgence that began in 1946 when a tiny band of ex-GIs waded ashore with the news that the crafty Europeans knew how to make small and lively two-seaters that had no apparent function but fun. These pioneers found that there were a few Americans, most of them rich and social and centered around the Ivy League colleges, who had known all about MGs and Bugattis and things in the 1930s. The two groups joined and their small piping cries of pleasure began to be heard in Boston and New York and environs. In 1948, they even managed to entice a few people to come to see a sports-car race, at Watkins Glen, now the venue of the Grand Prix of the United States. Detroit saw all this as a cloud not as big as a baby's hand. Still, in the fullness of time, the Chevrolet Corvette came along, billed as a genuine made-in-America sports car, but it wasn't really fast and it wouldn't really handle. Jaguar owners, blowing it off at will, were not impressed, nor would they be by the Thunderbird. The Corvette grew up to be a brute, indeed, and fantastic value for money; and now, in the year of grace and wonder, 1968, purists are beginning to concede that it is verily a sports car.

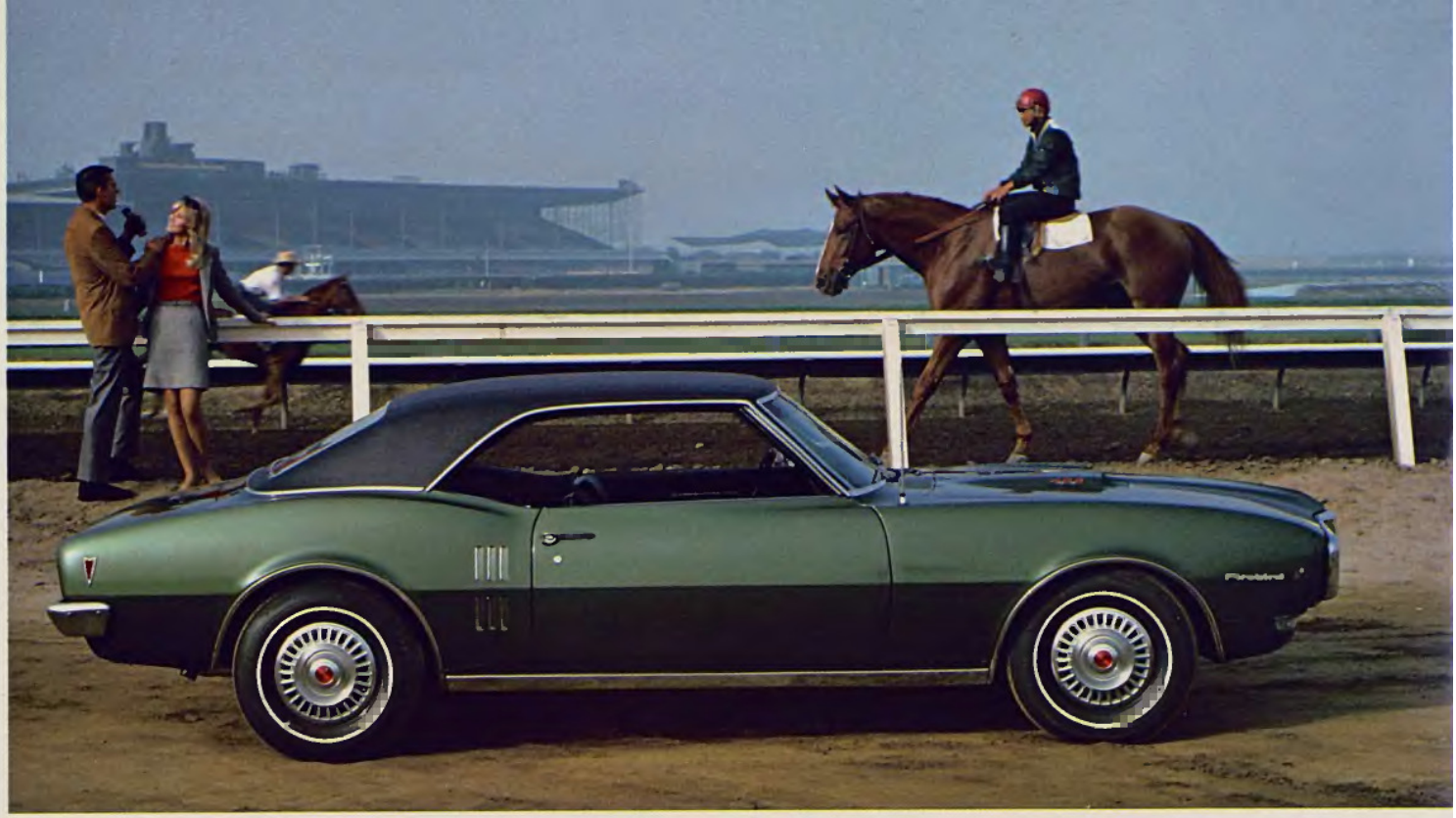
Still dubious, and rightly so, it wasn't until 1964 that Detroit, in the person of Lee Iacocca of Ford, noting that half the people in the country were under 30, a vast market for which no domestic builder was producing flat-out, decided where the True Path lay and ran out the Mustang. It was cobbled up out of standard parts, it wasn't a sports car and it wasn't a family wagon, but it was smallish, *(text continued on page 110)*

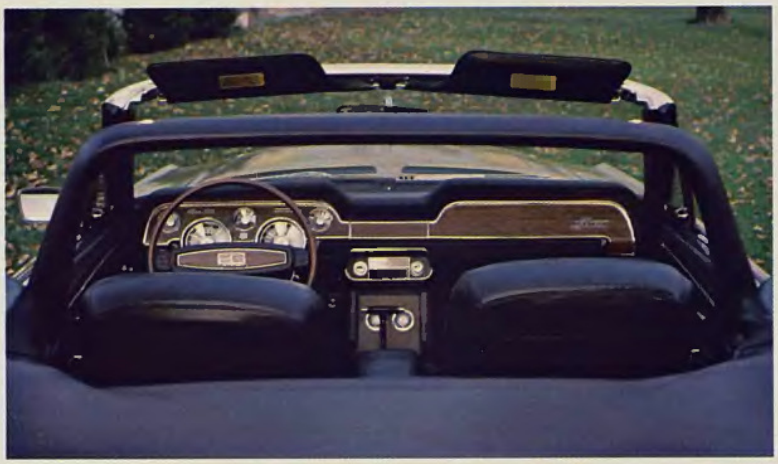
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARVIN KONER

DODGE CHARGER R/T: Equipped with a brand-new body that's a vast improvement over last year's styling, the Charger in its R/T regalia is geared for go. With Chrysler's brutish 426-cu.-in. hemi engine or the standard 440 Magnum mill under the hood, acceleration and top speed are impressive. Among the Charger's more interesting features: an upswept air-foil rear end, business-like gauges, side pockets for easy stowage, special suspension, a giant-sized race-styled gas filler cap mounted atop the left rear fender and an optional center console (left), which houses either a three-speed automatic or a four-speed manual shift.

PLYMOUTH GTX: This hotted-up, decked-out top of the fresh-faced Belvedere series is the other end of the spectrum from the stripped-down, beep-beep Road Runner. The GTX comes with a 440-cu.-in. engine as standard, the 426 hemi as option. Its dual striping is available in white, black, blue, red and green, depending upon body color. Hood features outboard-facing air scoops. Dual chromed exhaust outlets are standard. Options include front disk brakes, push-button automatic speed control.

CHEVROLET CORVETTE: A totally new look finds the Corvette picking up much of the appearance of its Mako Shark idea-car predecessor. Most radical version is the coupe shown here, with removable roof panels and rear window and stationary center strut (right). Turbo Hydra-Matic transmission is available. Retractable headlights are now vacuum-powered, come up automatically when turned on. The top engine can punch out more horsepower (435) than its cu.-in. displacement (427).





PONTIAC FIREBIRD 400: Now in its sophomore year after an impressive start, Firebird has the 400 as top of the line. Its 400-cu.-in. engine can corral 335 horses. This high-flying F-bird has a heavy-duty 3-speed Hurst box, with hood-mounted tach available. Hood scoops are operational with Ram Air option.

SHELBY COBRA GT 500: A super Mustang is this Carroll Shelby conversion bearing the name once applied to his Ford-AC marriage. The convertible has a handsome integral roll bar (left), power-assisted front disk brakes, adjustable shocks.

FORD TORINO GT: A new model this year, the Torino fastback is a blood brother of Mercury's Cyclone GT, boasts dual side stripes, floor-mounted Cruise-O-Matic transmission when equipped with center console, special handling package.

MERCURY COUGAR GT-E: A muscular addition to the Cougar line, the GT-E possesses such amenities as the formidable 427-cu.-in. hydraulic-lifter V8 that develops 390 horsepower, a bulging hood scoop whose primary function is to let the observer know what's under the hood, redesigned disappearing headlights, power steering and disk brakes, a work-horse 3-speed automatic transmission, styled steel wheels and an instrument panel (right) that proves attractively functional.

OLDSMOBILE 4-4-2: Sharing its 112-in. wheelbase and new basic GM body with such as Pontiac's GTO, the 4-4-2 has a louvered hood, GT pin striping, concealed windshield wipers and a 400-cu.-in. engine putting out 350 horsepower. Also standard are heavy-duty springs and shocks, front and rear stabilizer bars and punishment-absorbing wheels. Sport steering wheel and floor-mounted control console are optional, as are power-assisted front disk brakes and antispin differential.

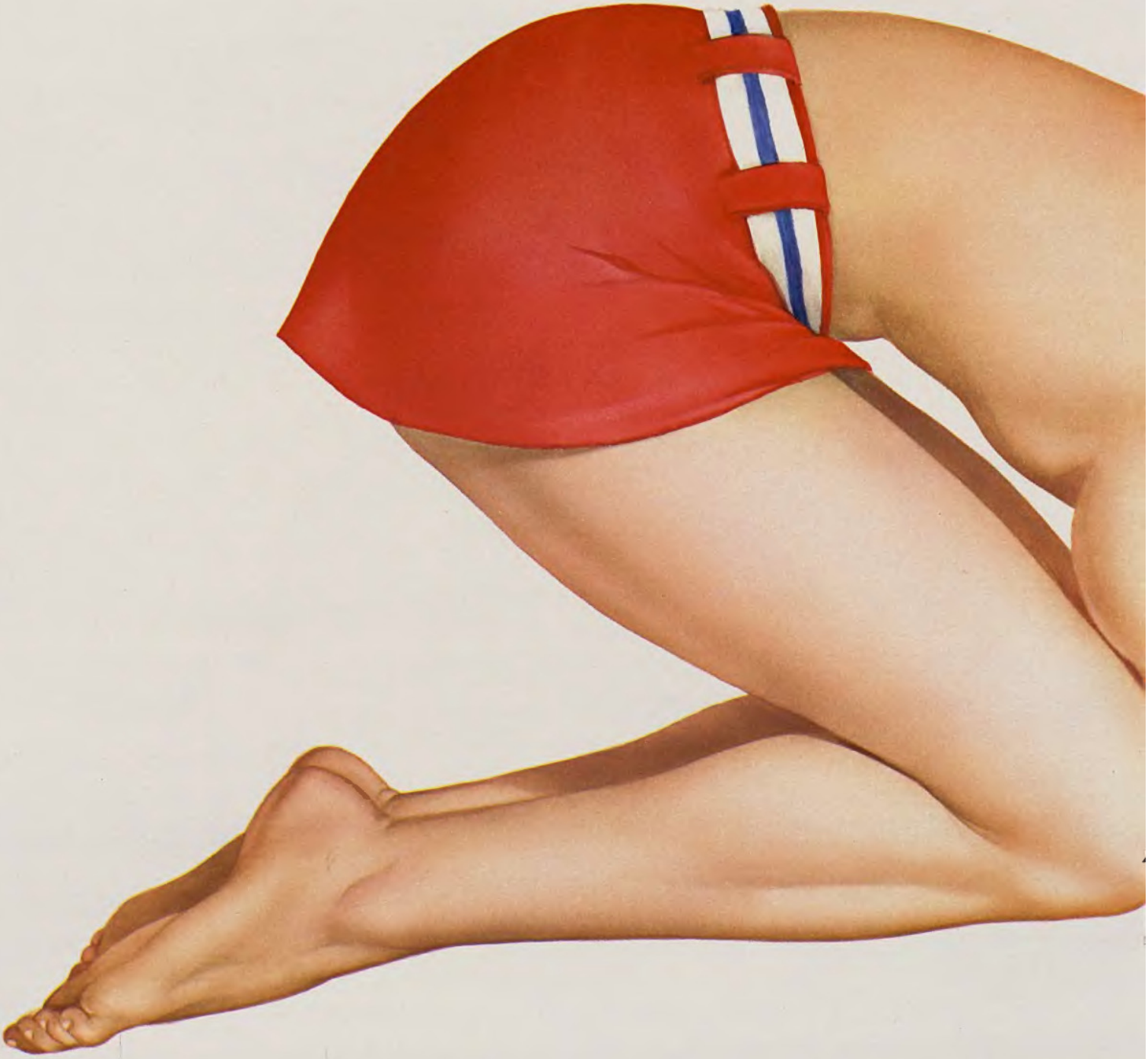
PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO DETROIT'S SPORTY AND SPECIAL CARS

MODEL	OVER-ALL LENGTH	WHEEL BASE	ENGINE (cu. in.)	MAX. BHP @rpm	MAX. TORQUE lbs.-ft.@rpm	0-60 mph	TOP SPEED	PRICE	FEATURES
AMERICAN MOTORS									
Javelin SST	189.2 in.	109 in.	343-V8	280@4800	365@3000	8.5 sec.	120 mph	$2,654	Reclining bucket seats, "flow-through" fresh-air ventilation, sports steering wheel
BUICK									
GS 400	200.6	112	400	340@5000	440@3200	8.1	135	3,104	All-new chassis, heavy-duty rear axle, power front disk brakes optional
Riviera	215.22	119	430	360@5000	475@3200	8.8	130	4,589	Increased over-all length, controls recessed in instrument panel, concealed windshield wipers
CADILLAC									
Eldorado	221	120	472	375@4400	525@3000	9.6	—	6,574	Biggest V8 on market, front-wheel drive, automatic load leveler, variable ratio steering
CHEVROLET									
Camaro SS	184.7	108	396	325@4800	410@3200	6.7	123	4,088	SS option package, Turbo Hydra-Matic, AM/FM radio, many other items included in price
Chevelle SS396	196.8	112	396	350@5200	415@3400	7.3	128	4,034	Light-monitoring system, tilt steering wheel, rally wheels are among numerous options figured in price
Corvette	182.1	98	427	435@5800	460@4000	4.8	150	5,788	Price includes Positraction, 4-speed transmission, all-power and other options
DODGE									
Charger R/T	208	117	426	425@5000	490@4000	6.3	155	4,084	Brand-new body, concealed headlights, heavy-duty suspension and brakes
Coronet R/T	206.6	117	426	425@5000	490@4000	6.3	155	3,957	Available with Charger instrument panel, has high-rising hood scoop
Dart GTS	195.4	111	383	300@4400	400@2400	6.7	120	3,248	Special air-scoop hood, heavy-duty suspension, bumblebee stripes
FORD									
Mustang GT Fastback	183.6	108	427	390@5600	460@3200	6.7	128	3,862	Special suspension, dual exhausts, fog lamps, power disk brakes
Thunderbird	206.9	114.7	429	360@4600	480@2800	9.3	127	4,837	Power steering, power disk brakes, comfort-stream ventilation
Torino GT Fastback	201.1	116	427	390@5600	460@3200	6.8	128	3,663	Styled steel wheels, GT stripes, special suspension, radial-ply wide oval tires
MERCURY									
Cougar GT-E	190.3	111	427	390@5600	460@3200	6.9	135	4,221	Select-shift Merc-O-Matic, 4-barrel carburetion, has large air scoop
Cyclone GT Fastback	203.1	116	427	390@5600	460@3200	6.8	131	3,522	New model has squared-off rear end, dual exhausts, fiberglass hood
OLDSMOBILE									
4-4-2	201.6	112	400	350@4800	440@3200	7.1	130	3,063	Heavy-duty suspension, built-in combustion-control system, optional GT stripes
Toronado	211.4	119	455	375@4600	510@3000	8.5	125	4,727	Front-wheel drive, headlights now in grille, optional tilt-telescope steering wheel
PLYMOUTH									
Barracuda S Fastback	192.8	108	383	300@4400	400@2400	6.5	115	3,063	Optional rear-window defogger, foot-operated windshield washers
GTX	202.7	116	426	425@5000	490@4000	5.8	125	4,043	426 cu. in. engine is optional top-performance hemi, body is completely new
PONTIAC									
Firebird 400	188.8	108.1	400	335@5000	430@3400	6.7	135	3,032	Red-line wide oval tires, dual exhausts, 3-speed floor shift, 4-barrel carburetor
GTO	200.7	112	400	360@5100	445@3600	7	130	3,078	Composition front bumper is unique in industry, outside tach, reclining front passenger seat optional
SHELBY AMERICAN									
Shelby Cobra GT 500 Fastback	186.8	108	427	400@5600	460@3400	6.2	140	4,485	Special performance package, integral roll bar, inertia shoulder harnesses

NOTE: Car prices are approximate factory-suggested retail prices; they include Federal excise tax and dealer preparation cost, but not transportation costs, state and local taxes. Price is for 2-door hardtop model with engine listed, except where indicated. A number of the prices include performance and luxury options. The price for the Shelby Cobra is a press-time estimate.

AMERICAN MOTORS JAVELIN SST: Bright new entry in the sporty-car field, the Javelin, in its SST incarnation, comes accautered with wood-grain-trim door panels, sports steering wheel, reclining bucket seats, instrument gauges dramatically deep-set into a heavily padded plastic dash (right), flow-through fresh-air ventilation and mag-type wheel disks. The top engine available is a highly respectable 343-cu.-in., 4-barrel Typhoan that can be had with a 4-speed floar shift.

CADILLAC ELDORADO: The biggest change this year is under the hood: a mammoth 472-cu.-in. engine that has anly to produce an effortless 375 horsepower. The Eldorado shares with Taronado the distinction of being Detrait's only front-wheel-drive vehicles. Front disk brakes are standard (and a necessity) and, in additian to its luxurious interior appointments, the Eldorado comes equipped with such engineering ploys as automatic level control and variable-ratio steering.



"I asked my hairdresser to make me look like Twiggy, but he put the part on the wrong side."

SPORTY AND SPECIAL

(continued from page 102)

fast, comfortable, sexy, it had a base price under $2500, and it did what Detroit was convinced no "real" sports car could ever do—it sold, and sold by Detroit standards: In terms of sales within a model year, it was the most successful motorcar ever built. There followed a thunder of running feet, the rush to the drawing board, and lo, a New Thing was delivered unto us: the sporty car, the street car, the special, the muscle car, the pony car or whatever—a vehicle meant to have dash to set it aside from the mundane family car, and comfort, reliability and unfussiness to distinguish it from the pure, or European, sports car. Everybody in the business sells at least one now. Some look like what they are—hairy—and some hide the muscle under a demure and strictly standard exterior. The choice of makes is wide and the choice of options with makes so huge that one nearly needs a computer to cope with them. When you start circularizing your friendly local dealers for a sporty car, you are at root shopping for image. You may also get straight-line (and, in some cases, bent-line) performance that will wipe out all but the topmost imports, and you'll get it at, comparatively, a bargain price in dollars. (As with trucks and station wagons and everything else, the degree of bargain may vary madly from a dealership in Denver to one in Dallas, or even from the wheel store down at the corner to one 15 miles away.)

Few startling changes from 1967 practice show in the 1968 S-cars (for sporty, special, street or so-what). Under the Federal lash, much noise is being made about safety features, and items such as breakaway steering columns, padded windshield pillars and sun visors, double-thick windshields and improved washers, locked seat backs, dual-brake systems, forward glare reduction, and so on, are in evidence everywhere.

Hidden windshield wipers are very much in and so are full-flow ventilation systems using positive extraction of old, tired air from the car's interior. Vent windows are out. Go-faster stripes are everywhere, running every way but diagonally. Pontiac GTO's integral composition bumper, which rebounds without even chipping its paint, will be copied as fast as ingenuity permits. There are some old new ideas, too, like Oldsmobile's forced-induction system, which picks up air from under the front bumper and pipes it to the carburetors to give a slight supercharge effect for free, and Eldorado's double door handles (introduced last year), one for the front people, one for the rear, a convenience that Mercedes-Benz was pleased to offer to discerning buyers in 1934. The once-exotic disk brakes are as optional as red paint with most producers, for front wheels only. The parking-brake problem keeps them off the rears in most cases—the Corvette is an exception. Two goodies are common to all the S-cars, and they are flaming, steam-catapult-type take-off and plus-100-mph top speeds that are as illegal as aggravated assault with a deadly weapon in every jurisdiction save the Principality of Nevada. Some models in wide use on the stock circuits—Dodge's Charger, for example—can be vitamin-packed to run on the high side of 130 and still not be too nervous for the street if the driver doesn't mind working at it and living with a certain amount of clatter. Where will it all lead? You may well ask, viewing with bemused fascination two worldwide trends inevitably running for a head-on.

On the one hand, everything that will make for speed and more speed is being pumped into the automobile, and practically every engine in sight has provision for still more future performance tucked away in it somewhere, rather like secret compartments in a Danish teakwood desk. Things like the Ford Mark III and Aston Martin's 200-mph project are already in being. And on the other hand, world bureaucracy's trend toward lower speed limits is clearly irreversible. Anyone holding a contrary view has only to ponder the British 70-mph limit, called a mere temporary "experiment" when it was introduced and hardened into fixed law a few months later. (It will be lowered to 60 in the foreseeable future.) Even the authorities in Germany, where the limit on the open road is still whatever your thing will do if you stand on the accelerator and lock your knee, are beginning to mutter about cutting back a bit. Some theoreticians seriously propose, and can make a rather stunningly good case for, a universal 45-mph limit. However, the time is not yet, so be of good heart, and if nothing less that 375 horsepower will soothe your twitching ganglia, be assured that the man down at the store has something for you.

The S-cars are interesting, too, in the degree of comfort they offer in combination with go, comfort that would, only a few years ago, have been read as deep luxury. Today, you can roll in your own self-chosen environment, almost in your own world, cosseted in fine leather (reclining, if the need arises), air-conditioned and temperature-controlled, with multi-speakers pumping out the beat, broadcast or taped, in a quality that would have been thought pretty good living-room hi-fi not too long ago, and all this for less than $4000, if you like.

Newest on the scene is American Motor's Javelin. The Javelin is A. M. C.'s riposte to the notion—widespread in the past half decade and more—that everything to do with A. M. C. had also to do with senior citizens, cozy in retirement, whose preference in transport leaned to carriages fat, wide, easygoing, safe and sure. In these years of violence, flower power and flat-out go-go-go, such an image could point only to bankruptcy. Foresightedly enough, in 1964 A. M. C. had laid down a new model, the Tarpon—a smooth, wind-tunneled, four-passenger sporty car. But before it could show, it was shot down by the Mustang. The Tarpon was switched into the Marlin, a fish of another color—a six-passenger sedan type that made no great noise in the market place. The AMX, once an "idea" car that first showed many Javelin features, will be out in production form later in the year.

The Javelin is something else again. A low—52 inches—sleeky, air-flow, two-door, four-passenger vehicle, it's basic with a 145-hp, six-cylinder engine, but tops with a 343-cubic-inch, 280-hp V8 that will deliver a 0-to-60-mph time around 8 seconds and a top of 120 mph. It's available straight and in a super version—the SST two-seater with custom interior, reclining buckets, special trim, and so on. Between the 145-hp, six-cylinder and the 280-hp V8, there are 200-hp and 225-hp V8s, with automatic transmission or three- or four-speed manuals. Optionally—dual exhausts, wide-oval tires and disk brakes in front.

That by no means exhausts the option list, of course. As a matter of fact, the expanded option list of recent years forms a system unique in the world and just about does blow out of the water the notion that you can't buy a custom-made car anymore. Maybe not custom-*made*, but custom-assembled, certainly. Take the Chevrolet Camaro as an example, Chevrolet's original answer to the Mustang. Standard, it comes with a 210-hp V8, and new for '68 are the no-vent windows everybody's going for, flow-through ventilation system, instrument panel, wider wheels, exterior trim, new grille, tail lamps, and so on. But on the side for the Camaro, including the sporty SS model, are two six-cylinder engines, or V8s running 275, 295 or 325 hp. Special rear-wheel opening moldings, belt and roof drip moldings. You can have a special grille and hidden headlights, and parking, directional and backup lights mounted under the bumper, a black-finished lower body, special fuel filler cap, red-stripe wide-oval tires, hood insulation, and so on and on—this aside from paint and upholstery combinations. The Chevelle SS396 offers three-speed or four-speed manual transmission, Powerglide or Hydramatic.

Or consider the Ford Mustang, with six engines, three transmissions and seven rear-axle ratios on the books, plus dual exhausts, pop-up fuel filler cap, fog lamps, heavy-duty suspension, wide tires, rear-window defogger, power front disks,

(continued on page 167)

LET YOURSELF GOO...

your just desserts—those sweet, soft, rich and richly rewarding climaxes to put the icing on mere meals and turn them into feasts

food **BY THOMAS MARIO** ALTHOUGH SHE MAY ONE DAY outgrow valentines, no girl ever outgrows extravagantly rich desserts. Frenchmen at the table, especially during the month of hearts and arrows, love to repeat their old saying, *Le dessert est tout le diner pour une jolie femme*. The whole dinner? Like most aphorisms, it seems particularly exaggerated these days, when *toutes les jolies femmes*, almost as avidly as men, devour their onion soup *gratinée*, their thick *chateaubriands* and their bowls of salad studded with roquefort cheese. But

. . . AND LET YOURSELF GO

all during the dinner, in the back of every girl's mind, the dessert, like an unmentioned but impending rendezvous, is awaited as the grand finale. A sumptuous dessert differs from every other course on the menu. It doesn't depend upon appetite any more than the use of one's hand is dependent upon a diamond ring. Like all lovely baubles, it's rich and rare only when the donor knows what and how to give.

Crepes suzette are always dazzling. The host in a hurry can pick up a jar or two in any gourmet shop, heat the crepes, fortify them with liqueur and, in double-quick time, a flamboyant dessert lights up his table. But crepes made in one's own crepe pan can be much more imaginative. They may be sweetened with the usual jam, jelly or sugar—all dependable ways of saying, "Will you be mine, oh, valentine?"—but if they're coated with a creamy soufflélike filling before they're rolled and *flambéed*, they turn into a completely different kind of rapture. Even though the crepes are made the day before (a perfectly acceptable procedure), they have the delicate freshness, the tender bitability that their syrup-soaked counterparts in the jar are denied. The secret of crepe making—the key to any great dessert, in fact—is to be found in a simple word of advice: Rehearse. The first time round, the crepe journeyman may hesitate in pouring the proper amount of batter into his pan, in turning, stacking, filling or *flambéeing* the crepes. The second or third time round is invariably speedier, because it's easier; and eventually, the ritual can be carried off blindfolded.

But while crepes are best when freshly made, there are culinary short cuts that shouldn't be overlooked. Meringue shells, for example, used in making *meringue glacée*, a prodigal ice-cream dessert, *don't* depend upon freshness for flavor. You can count upon their being more uniform in size and shape, as well as lighter, when turned out by professional bakers, than when made by amateur masters of the *dolce*. Excellent meringue shells are now being imported from England. Canned sweetened chestnut purée from France is a rich gem of a dessert ingredient, eclipsing the fresh chestnuts that must be laboriously boiled, shelled, crushed, sieved and sweetened. Purchasable dainties such as toasted

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

coconut bits or ladyfingers are members in good standing in the category of easy confections.

But total effect is all important; a menu that features a triumphantly lavish dessert must be kept in balance: A simple broiled breast of chicken or breast of guinea hen with a slice of Virginia ham is preferable to an outsize *vol-au-vent* of chicken or guinea hen swimming in a rich cream sauce. A double-lamb-chop mixed grill, a roast tenderloin of beef or any roast game such as quail or partridge are all party foods that naturally lead to such peaks as pineapple baked Alaska, with its hot outer crust and cold inner cargo of ice cream and fruit marinated in liqueur.

Choosing mates in February was an old Lupercalian festival predating Saint Valentine himself, strictly a hit-or-miss affair. Names of Roman boys and girls were put into a box and whatever name was picked was, *ipso facto*, the next year's mate. Centuries later, Chaucer observed that the birds in February didn't seem to go in for this kind of freewheeling, but met and carefully chose their mates . . . "And after flie away/With hem as I move you with pleasaunce." The following entremets are for men who are masters in their own houses of pleasaunce.

PINEAPPLE BAKED ALASKA
(Serves four)

1 extra-large ripe pineapple
Granulated sugar
1 oz. maraschino liqueur
1 oz. kirsch
4 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 quart banana ice cream
6 brandied red cherries
Confectioners' sugar

Cut pineapple in half lengthwise, retaining stem end with each half. With small, sharp paring knife, cut out meat of pineapple, leaving pineapple shell ½ in. thick. Avoid puncturing shell. Cut off hard core of fruit. Cut remainder into slices about ¼ in. thick. Combine sliced fruit with 2 to 3 tablespoons granulated sugar to taste, maraschino liqueur and kirsch, mixing well. Let fruit marinate overnight or at least 3 to 4 hours before serving. Store pineapple and pineapple shells in refrigerator until serving time. Preheat oven at 500°. In electric mixer, beat egg whites, salt and vanilla extract until almost stiff. Slowly add ½ cup granulated sugar while beating and continue to beat until stiff peaks are formed. Fill pineapple shells with scoops of ice cream. Drain sliced pineapple and surround ice cream with it. Cover with egg whites, using a spatula or pastry bag and tube. Be sure pineapple shell is well covered to edge. Place 3 cherries on each pineapple. Sprinkle lightly with confectioners' sugar. Place in shallow pan in oven until whites are lightly browned. Serve at once. Each pineapple shell is 2 portions.

COCONUT CHEESE PIE
(Serves six to eight)

1⅓ cups chocolate-wafer crumbs
3 tablespoons butter at room temperature
1 lb. ricotta cheese
4 ozs. whipped cream cheese
8¾-oz. can cream of coconut
¾ cup heavy cream
2 envelopes plain gelatin
2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
3¼-oz. can Hawaiian coconut bits

Place about 2 dozen chocolate wafers on a large kitchen towel. Fold towel to cover wafers. Roll with rolling pin or pound with smooth side of meat tenderizer until wafers are thoroughly crushed. Crumbs should be fine size, with no large pieces remaining. Combine 1⅓ cups crumbs with butter, blending very well. Press crumbs with back of spoon or by hand onto bottom and sides of 9-in. pie plate. Bake in oven, preheated at 375°, 8 to 10 minutes. Cool crust. In bowl of electric mixer, beat ricotta, cream cheese, cream of coconut and ¼ cup cream until very well blended. Soak gelatin in ½ cup cold water until soft, then place in top part of double boiler over simmering water until dissolved. Add gelatin to cheese mixture, again mixing until well blended. Pour into pie crust. Chill in refrigerator until filling is firm. Beat remainder of cream until thick. Fold in confectioners' sugar. Spread whipped cream over pie filling. Place coconut bits in blender and blend at high speed until finely crushed. Sprinkle on top of pie. (Prepared, ready-to-fill chocolate crumb crust may be used as a timesaver. If crust is smaller than 9 inches, reduce amount of filling.)

MOCHA MERINGUE GLACÉ
(Serves six)

8¾-oz. can sweet marron purée with vanilla
¾ cup heavy cream, whipped
6 large scoops coffee ice cream
12 small meringue shells or 6 large shells
6 marrons in syrup
Coffee liqueur

Mix marron purée until soft and easily spread. Slowly but thoroughly fold purée into whipped cream. On each of 6 dessert dishes, place a scoop of ice cream. Place 2 meringue shells alongside ice cream, or place 1 large meringue shell under ice cream. Top with whipped-cream mixture. Place a marron on top of whipped cream. Pour about an ounce of coffee liqueur on top.

BRANDIED DATE PUDDING
(Serves six)

12 pitted dates
4 ozs. cognac
12 ladyfingers
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 eggs
2 cups milk
½ pint vanilla ice cream
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
1 oz. cognac

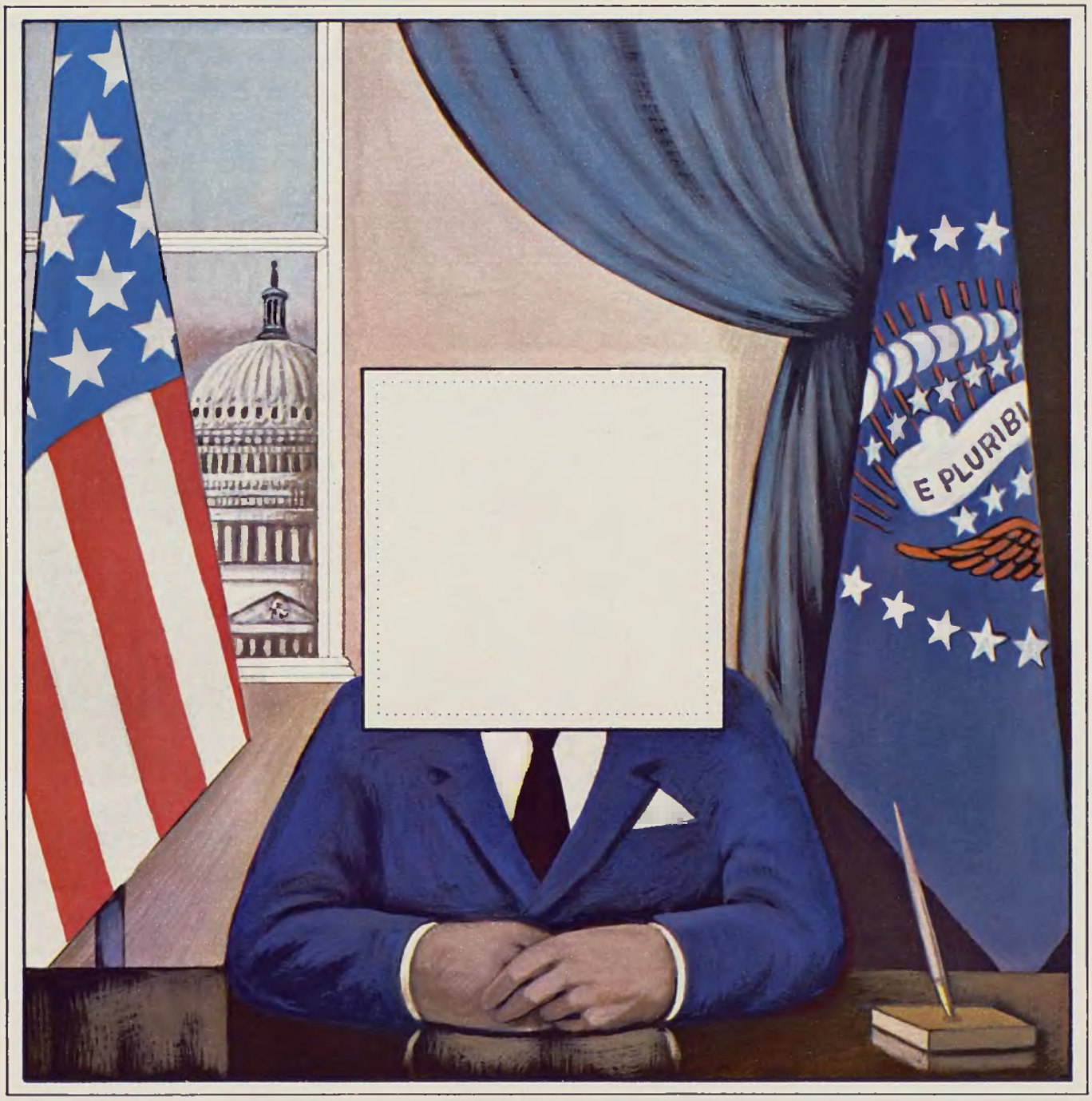
Soak dates in cognac overnight. Drain dates, reserving cognac. Chop 6 dates coarsely. Sprinkle drained cognac on ladyfingers, then cut them into ½-in. squares. Divide ladyfingers and chopped dates among 6 buttered custard cups. Add ¼ cup sugar, salt and vanilla to eggs and beat well. Heat milk to boiling point, but do not boil. Slowly pour milk into egg mixture, blending well. Pour egg-milk mixture into custard cups and place them in a shallow baking pan with 1 in. hot water. Bake in oven preheated at 375° 30 to 40 minutes or until knife inserted in center of custard comes out clean. Remove custard cups from pan and chill in refrigerator. Let ice cream stand in refrigerator (not freezer) until soft but not melting. Add 2 tablespoons sugar to whipped cream. Fold ice cream into whipped cream. Add 1 oz. cognac. Run a paring knife around inside of each custard cup and invert pudding onto dessert dishes. Pour ice-cream sauce over pudding. Place a date on top of each portion.

FRUIT POUSSE-CAFÉ
(Serves four)

Cut into cubes enough ripe sweet pears, apples and bananas to fill 4 parfait glasses or 4 large whiskey-sour glasses. Since glasses vary in size, no exact amount of fruit can be indicated. Sprinkle fruit generously with sugar and steep in orange or pineapple juice to keep fruit from discoloring. On bottom of each glass, pour about 1 oz. *crème de noyau*. Drain fruit, discarding juice. Put enough fruit into glass to reach top of *noyau*. Add another layer of fruit and pour a layer of blue curaçao into glass very slowly over back of spoon held against side of glass. Add a third layer of fruit and pour pineapple juice (again, slowly over back of spoon). Fill glass to top with fruit. Add a final layer of Southern Comfort. On top of fruit, place a dab or rosette of whipped cream flavored with green crème de menthe. Layers of liqueurs and fruits need not be uniform in size. The section covered with pineapple

(concluded on page 169)

"Careful, Tex—those Circle-Z boys are mighty jealous."



satire By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN *minute-by-minute chronicles of the diurnal duties and diversions of nine men and one woman, any one of whom just might be our next head of state—as a day in the life of jim bishop might have been spent recounting them*

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT GEORGE ROMNEY—OR ROBERT KENNEDY, RICHARD NIXON, RONALD REAGAN, MARTIN LUTHER KING, CHARLES PERCY, HUBERT HUMPHREY, NELSON ROCKEFELLER, LURLEEN AND GEORGE WALLACE

MR. JIM BISHOP, the man who takes us into the bathtubs of the mighty, has written *A Day in the Life of President Johnson*, a book that preserves for the ages the manner in which the President shaves, eats beef for breakfast and pauses with just one leg in his pants to summon an aide.

What's next for Mr. Bishop in his showerhead view of history? Here, as a PLAYBOY exclusive, are the opening pages of some best-selling sequels.

A Day in the Life of President Romney

President Romney awoke at five, angry at having wasted so much time asleep. He went to the window, looked down at the earth and saw that it was good. Then he put on his sweat pants and took his regular morning run around his point of view.

At 5:30, Mrs. Romney awoke and said, "Good morning, George."

He scowled at the familiarity; but then, recognizing her position in his affairs, he smiled and tenderly shook hands.

"A lovely day," she said.

"I'll have a statement on that later," he replied; and then he switched on the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and marched reverently to the shower.

As the cold water cascaded over his well-scrubbed brain, the President double-timed in place and reappraised his recent stand against long sideburns. I should have made it clear, he thought, that I oppose them only on *men*.

At 6:15, he put on the pants of his blue suit, careful to insert both legs down from the top, first one, then the other, in the custom of the time. Then he began applying talcum to his temples, allowing himself the pious hope that temples across the land were shining brightly, too.

At 6:30, his closest advisors, Ham, Shem and Japheth, entered the bedroom. "I'm afraid, sir," said Shem, "that you can't keep delaying a statement on Vietnam. This is the fifth anniversary of Mao's occupation."

"I do not envisage any forthcoming elaboration of my previous exploratory position," the President said crisply.

And then he finished dressing,

checked the angle of his jaw and strode down to the Oval Office, where he went right to work showing colorful slides of the Michigan budget.

A Day in the Life of President Kennedy

President Robert Kennedy awoke at 6:30, sweating from a nightmare in which he'd seen himself with no more scores to settle. The First Lady was already kneeling beside him, kneading and pounding his shoulders. Turning to her, he smiled boyishly and said, "Did you have any children during the night?"

"No," she said, "I was surfing. But I'll always keep you in the picture."

"Way to go," he said. "I always want to know. Remember, you're either with me or against me; there's no in between."

And then he leaped from the bed and cartwheeled to the bathroom, where he started tugging his forelock. "Put on the record!" he called, and the suite was soon filled with Sir John Gielgud's resonant reading of *Thirty Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary*.

By 6:45, he had showered, shaved, stretched his hair and was back in the bedroom, where he wolfed down a breakfast of Wheatena and Schlitz.

"Ready . . . set . . . *go!*" cried the First Lady, clicking a stop watch as the President started reading the *Times*.

Four minutes and 38 seconds later, he reached the obituaries. "Damn!" he said. "That was rotten!"

"Maybe," she said, "the four-minute *Times* can't be done."

Slamming the table, he cried, "There's *nothing* that can't be done! Now let's hit The List. Who are we up to?"

Picking up a long sheet of paper, she said, "Portland Hoffa. Wait a minute: *She's* no relation."

"OK, spare her. Who's next?"

As the First Lady read, the President settled down to the morning's work.

A Day in the Life of President Nixon

President Nixon awoke at eight and lay for a moment in the still room, listening to his beard grow. Then he reached out for the result of a poll on whether he should get up. It was starting the day with a tough decision: Only 51 percent of the people wanted him up (42 percent didn't and 7 percent were undecided), but he still had a majority, so he rose, removed his pajamas and walked to the bathroom with his copies of *The New York Times* and *Boys' Life*. At once, he saw a jarring headline:

IS THE NEW NEW NIXON
JUST THE FIRST ONE?

He decided to name a fact-finding team to read the story for him, interpret it and have the author fired. It had been so many years since he'd been ruthless and today he was feeling nostalgic.

While brushing his teeth (25 real, 13 false, thus giving him six spares), he thought, It's so nice to finally be President. At last I can be my real self.

On a pad above the sink, he wrote, "Find a real self. Arrange briefings."

At 8:15, he entered the shower; and at 8:19, his head now clean both outside and in, he went back to the bedroom, where he met Mrs. Nixon, an old friend.

"I want to take this opportunity," he said in the silly secret talk they often shared, "to thank you for all your support."

And then he called in his secretary and began dictating a position paper on a possible stand against urban riots.

"While the riots seem to do more harm than good," he said, "I am frank to admit that a wider sampling would be a better basis for generalization. Now, if we could also have Toledo, Tampa and Yonkers. . . ."

A Day in the Life of President Reagan

President Reagan awoke at 6:45 and smiled at the brilliant sun, hoping it was beaming as brightly on all the shuffleboarders, prunepickers, movie fans and old fanatics who had started him down the road to the White House.

"Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, look at that sky!" he told the First Lady. "I *gotta* do some location stuff. Let's go dedicate a national park or a statue of Barry and *then* let's go and throw some Federal funds in the Colorado."

"You have a press conference at eleven," she said.

"Oh, hell, have 'em use a rerun. I'm not taking any newfangled stands right now; I still like the old ones. Hey, that reminds me: How'd you like my speech on the Marshall Plan?"

"I thought you were *for* it."

"Well, by golly, this one really had me on the fence; but then I went up to Grant's Tomb and prayed awhile and the whole thing came to me in a flash: That damn Marshall Plan is just another case of the Federal Government doing something that the *states* can do *themselves*!"

The First Lady smiled proudly, put her head on the President's shoulder, saw that he needed a touch-up and got the Clairol. Tenderly rubbing it in, she said, "You know, Ronnie, sometimes I just have to pinch myself."

"Gee, honey," he said, "I should be doing that *for* you, but it leads to all that scratching and biting and then I need make-up, which of course I never use."

"Oh, I'm not talking about *sex*. I don't mind waiting till your term is over; it's not *that* big a change in our routine. I pinch myself because I just can't believe that a General Artists man is really President. I always thought the White House would go to Ashley Famous."

"The G. A. C. boys should be proud: I've ad-libbed the whole Presidency. I didn't learn a *line* for it, not even the Constitution. Anyway, this wonderful country runs itself—very nicely, I might add, without interference from the Federal Government."

At 7:10, while putting Plus White on his teeth, the President tried to remember some of the prayers that Knute Rockne's mother used to say; but he gave up when he realized that she'd said them in Norwegian.

A few minutes later, he and the First Lady went in to breakfast. Bowing his head toward the Sugar Pops (whose irreverent crackling made him frown), the President softly said, "O Mighty Boss of the Big Academy in the Sky, let me govern today in one take, with no static from Steve Allen, but with a clear voice for all the little folks in the loges, who still know that thy greatest temple will always be Shirley."

A Day in the Life of President King

At 6:30, President Martin Luther King awoke from a wonderful dream in which Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown had both been white and SNCC had stood for South Norwalk Chamber of Commerce.

When the First Lady awoke, she smiled at him and he tried to smile back, but he missed it once again and had to settle for a slight widening of his eyes.

"You know," she said, "I'm gettin' just a little tired of that book end you use for a face."

"I understand," he said. "Verily yes. Let us make sure that you never lose the right to reject it."

"What I mean," she said, "is, compared to *you*, Gandhi was a *swinger*."

To accent her point, she threw an ashtray at him, catching him squarely in the mouth, because, in the words of Alvin Dark, "They're all better players."

"Thank you," he said, "but I don't smoke."

"And you don't *smile* and you don't *fight* and—how the hell did you ever get elected?"

"Of the nine million who voted, I'm gratified that a majority wanted me."

"Well, sometimes I wish Javits had won."

The President walked to the TV set and turned it on. A newscaster was saying that the jury was still out in Adam Clayton Powell's third trial.

"The Reverend Powell would be of much greater help to our people," said the President, "if he would just admit that he's white. That's no crime, you know. In fact, it's probably coming back in style."

"That Powell," said the First Lady, getting dressed, "now *there's* a hip deacon. Marty, let's face it: You're the

(continued on page 186)

IF BEAUTY is skin-deep, then the Miss Nude Universe Contest, held each year outside San Bernardino, California, puts more sheer pulchritude on parade than any other pageant in the world. Unlike the Miss America competition —which confuses amateur theatrics and adolescent etiquette with the genuine article—the Miss Nude Universe

THE MISS NUDE UNIVERSE CONTEST

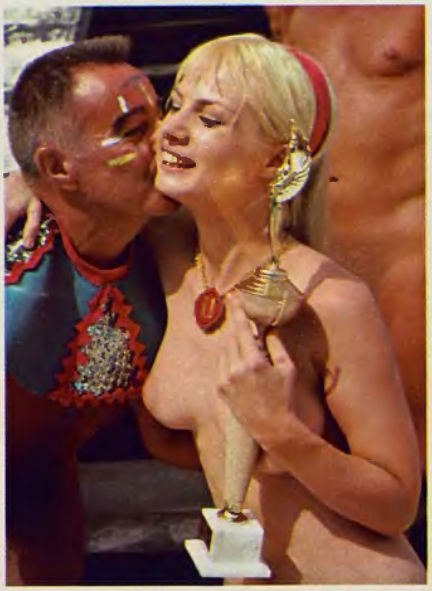
this annual search for beauty in the buff is a refreshing answer to those parades of the vestal virgins

During an undress rehearsal (top), competitors are given their cues. The girls are then caught up in last-minute preparations: Above (left), Linda Marie Francis is made more eye-alluring by a cosmetician, while a body-make-up man (right) lightly touches up the obvious assets of Bunny Meeks. Below (left), Kellie Everts tends to her tresses, as four other eager entrants (right) check out their coiffures.

Contest requires only one thing of its finalists: that they be beauteous in the buff. The annual event came about, says Mel Hocker, its founder and director, because swimsuit run-offs are only cover-ups. "Those beauty contests allow girls to show themselves off in foam-rubberized disguises that create figures the girls possess only in their dreams," Hocker says. "And since they're required to wear the same bathing suits, they all look like peas in a pod. When a young woman appears nude, however, you can bet she retains her individuality." Entrants in the Miss Nude Universe Contest are graded on four counts: figure, face, poise and personality (these last two reflected in the girls' carriage and composure). The unclad contestants are given up to five points in each category; in case of a tie, the girl with the best over-all suntan is declared the winner. The event, staged each year in the alfresco setting of the Oakdale Guest Ranch, attracts a host of sun and fun worshipers who—like the candidates for the title of empress of epiderm—are required to attend *au naturel*. The same holds true for the judges; the intrepid anatomy appraisers have already been appointed for the next contest and include former heavyweight boxing contender Lou Nova; George Liberace, violin-playing brother of the pianist; photographer Russ Meyer, who directed *The Immoral Mr. Teas*; and Jennie Lee, president of the Exotique Dancers League. Although candidates for the crown have come from Argentina, Canada, England and Germany, only Americans have thus far captured the title. Upon being crowned, the newest Miss Nude Universe—Kellie Everts—promptly challenged the winners of the Miss America, Miss Universe and Miss World contests to a true show of beauty. No takers have yet come forward.

A Mayan theme sets the scene for the alfresco event. By way of introduction, each attractive contender emerges from a makeshift temple and is then aided down a short flight of stairs by Mayan "chieftains." Above (left), Daniél Munsun receives several helping hands on the way to the judges' table. After being escorted around poolside (above right), the girls chat with judges (below left), who are circumspect in their evaluations of the damsels in dishabille. The brief and informal interviews with the queen makers concluded, the girls proceed to display their filled-out forms to the rest of the assemblage.

Judges and audience alike review the 17 candidates for the title of Miss Nude Universe as the girls promenade around poolside at the Oakdale Guest Ranch; an appreciative gathering of more than 1000 spectators has also doffed its duds in deference to contest rules. After much deliberation on the judges' part, the well-rounded field is narrowed to five finalists. While the judges make their final choices, the shapely quintet receives the crowd's plaudits. Seen from behind, the girls are (below, from left to right) Kellie Everts, Bobbie Rogers, Bunny Meeks, Daniél Munsun and Linda Marie Francis.



At last, the choices for the queen and her court are annaunced. Daniél Munsun, a 22-year-old photographer's model (abave, left and center), is awarded faurth-runner-up honors and is congratulated by her escart. After Bunny Meeks, 23, a dancer, is named second runner-up, the twa girls (above right) view the caronatian of the new Miss Nude Universe, 22-year-old Kellie Everts. Moments later, Miss Everts—whase regal dimensians are 39-25-35—pases exuberantly for photographers. First prize was a screen test and motian-picture contract; Kellie, a topless ga-go girl, is intent upan an acting career.

"I'm looking for something that will appeal to his prurient interests."

tears and laughter

from *Russkiia Zavetnyia Skazki*

Ribald Classic

ON THE BANK of a river in the Ukraine there once lived a ferryman and his wife. He was strong as an ox and nearly as clever and he earned his bread by rowing travelers from bank to bank. She had a supple body and a face like a flower—but the first was so neglected by her husband that the second was often full of longing. One day, a Volga sailor appeared on the other side of the stream and shouted for the ferryman.

"Can you pay for the ferry, young man?" asked the boatman. "Otherwise, I can't take you across."

"I have no money," said the traveler, "but if you will help me, I will make you laugh and cry at the same time."

"Impossible. What does he mean?" thought the ferryman, but he was so full of curiosity that he seized his oars and rowed the young man across the river.

"Very good, *batka*," the fellow said. "Now turn your boat bottom up." Still curious, the ferryman did so. The sailor reached into his trousers and pulled out his huge, stout member and with it gave the boat bottom such a blow that he stove in the timbers.

It was such an astonishing sight that the ferryman began to laugh heartily; then, when he contemplated the destruction of his boat, he felt so sad that tears came to his eyes. "Well, *batka*, have I kept my word?" said the sailor.

"The Devil take you," cried the boatman. "Go away!"

The ferryman returned home, still provoked. As he came in the door, he thought of the sailor's prodigious member and began to laugh, and then he recalled the fate of his boat and he burst into tears. His wife anxiously asked him what the matter was and, when he was recovered, he told her all that had occurred.

Her eyes widened and a thoughtful look came over her face. Suddenly, she began to reproach him. "You old devil, why did you let him go? That was no sailor—that was my brother, and you didn't recognize him. My parents must have sent him to visit us. Harness the horse and follow him quickly; I must have all the news of my dear mother and father!"

When the ferryman caught up with the sailor, he said, "See here, why didn't you say you were my wife's brother? You must come home and stay with us."

The clever sailor guessed the answer to the puzzle almost at once. "How could I?" he said. "I'd never seen you before."

When they came back to the house, the girl ran out and threw her arms around the young man with many expressions of: "My dear, how long since I saw you" and "How are they all at home?" He replied appropriately with many hugs and words of pleasure at the joyful reunion. She took him inside, plied him with omelets and brandy, and all three were merry until night came.

As darkness fell, the pretty wife said to her husband, "Brother and I still have so much to say about our relatives, the living and the dead, that I shall sit here by his bed for a while. Don't trouble yourself to stay up, but make your bed in the lean-to." Being sleepy, he agreed and went off.

Very shortly the sailor and the girl were locked together in such a vigorous game of bouncing that she let out a loud cry. "What is the matter?" shouted her husband. She answered, "Father is dead! I have just learned of this misfortune."

"God rest his soul," said the ferryman. Then he crossed himself and went back to sleep.

Soon she gave a louder cry, and again the husband asked the cause. "Mother is dead," said the girl. "May she rest with the saints," said the ferryman. This continued all night until even the second and third cousins were in their graves.

The next morning, the sailor prepared to return home. The young wife gave him some pie and brandy and many kisses and said, "Please come again soon!" And the ferryman added, "We shall always be glad to see you."

In order to set the brother on the high road in the right direction, the couple went along with him on the small road that led through the wood. The conversation was brisk and merry, but at last the girl said, "You must not be too long from your work, *batka*. Return home now and I'll go just a little farther with my dear brother."

The ferryman turned back, but after he had gone some 30 paces through the wood, he stopped and looked back. In the meantime, the sailor, wishing to give his supposed sister a rousing farewell, hoisted her skirts around her neck, laid her down on a grassy bank and began to roger her strenuously. In order to deceive the husband, however, he raised her right leg in the air and put his cap over her foot.

In the midst of her pleasure, the girl's foot kept shaking and, seeing only the cap over the bushes, the ferryman said to himself, "What affection! Her brother is already more than halfway up the path and still he is waving goodbye." He took off his own cap and waved that, too.

When husband and wife were home again, she was glowing with happiness. "This is the first time in two years I have heard you sing songs," he said.

"Do you blame me?" she asked. "It was such a deep pleasure to see my dear brother. I hope he will come again."

"Well, for *your* sake," said her husband, "I hope that he will come many times again."

—*Retold by Nicholas Gabayev*

PIMP'S REVENGE *(continued from page 70)*

Nazionale cigarettes and a quarter of a head of cabbage. In a fit of well-being, he bought three wine-red dahlias, and the old woman who sold them to him out of her basket handed him a marigold, free. Shopping for food's a blessing, he thought, you get down to brass tacks. It makes a lot in life seem less important, for instance painting a masterwork. He felt he needn't paint for the rest of his life and nothing much lost; but then anxiety moved like a current through his belly as the thought threatened and he had all he could do not to break into a sweat, run back to the studio, set up his canvas and start hitting it with paint. I'm a time-ravaged man, horrible curse on an artist.

The young whore with the baggy hat saw the flowers amid his bundles as he approached, and through her short veil smiled dimly up at him.

F, for no reason he could think of, gave her the marigold, and the girl—she was no more than 18—held the flower awkwardly.

"What's your price, if you don't mind me asking?"

"What are you, a painter or something?" she asked.

"That's right, how did you know?"

"I think I guessed. Maybe it's your clothes or the flowers or something." She smiled absently, her eyes roaming the benches, her hard mouth tight. "To answer your question, two thousand lire."

He raised his beret and walked on.

"You can have me for five hundred," called an old whore from her bench. "What she hasn't heard of I've practiced all my life. I have no objection to odd requests."

But F was now running. Got to get back to work. He crossed the street through a stream of Fiats, carts, Vespas, and rushed back to his studio.

Afterward he sat on his bed, hands clasped between knees, looking at the canvas and thinking of the young whore. Maybe it'll relax me so I can paint.

He counted what was left of his money, then hid the paper lire in a knotted sock in his bureau drawer. He removed the sock and hid it in the *armadio* on the hat rack. Then he locked the *armadio* and hid the key in the bureau drawer. He dropped the drawer key into a jar of cloudy turpentine, figuring he wouldn't want to wet his hand fishing for it.

Maybe she'd let me charge it and I could pay when I have more money? I could do two Madonnas sometime and pay her out of the 10,000 lire.

Then he thought, She seemed interested in me as an artist. Maybe she'd trade for a drawing.

He riffled through a pile of charcoal drawings and came on one of a heavy-bellied nude cutting her toenails, one chunky foot on a backless chair. F trotted to the benches in the market piazza where the girl sat glumly with a crushed marigold in her hand.

"Would you mind having a drawing, instead? One of my own, that is?"

"Instead of what?"

"Instead of cash, because I'm short. It's just an idea I had."

It took her a minute to run it through her head. "Oh, all right, if that's what you want."

He unrolled the drawing and showed it to her.

"Oh, all right."

But then, as though she had made a mistake, she flushed under her veil and gazed embarrassed at F.

"Anything wrong?"

Her eyes miserably searched the piazza.

"It's nothing," she said after a minute. "I'll take the drawing"; then seeing him studying her, she laughed nervously and said, "I was looking for my cousin. He was supposed to meet me here. Well, if he comes let him wait, he's a pain in the ass anyway."

She rose from the bench and they went together toward Via S. Agostino.

Fabio, the landlord, took one look and called her *puttana*.

"That'll do from you," said F, sternly. "Pay your rent instead of pissing away the money."

"Mind your business."

Her name, she told him as they were undressing in his studio, was Esmeralda.

His was Arturo.

The girl's hair, when she tossed off her baggy hat, was brown and full. She had black eyes shaped like plum pits, a small mouth, on the sad side, a Modigliani neck, strong though not exactly white teeth, and a pimply brow. She wore long imitation-pearl earrings and kept them on. Esmeralda unzipped her clothes and they were at once in bed. It wasn't bad, though she apologized for her performance.

As they lay smoking in bed—he had given her one of his cigarettes—Esmeralda said, "The one I was looking for isn't my cousin, he's my pimp or at least he was. If he's there waiting for me now, I hope it's snowing and he freezes to death."

They had an espresso together. She said she liked the studio and offered to stay.

He was momentarily panicked. "I wouldn't want it to interfere with my painting. I mean, I'm devoted to that. Besides, this is a small place."

"I'm a small girl, I'll take care of your needs and won't interfere with your work."

He finally agreed.

Though he had qualms concerning her health, he let her stay yet felt reasonably contented.

• • •

"*Signor* Ludovico Belvedere," the landlord called up from the ground floor, "a gentleman on his way up the stairs to see you. If he buys one of your pictures, you won't have an excuse for not paying last month's rent, not to mention June or July."

If it was really a gentleman, F went in to wash his hands as the stranger slowly, stopping to breathe, wound his way up the stairs. The painter had hastily removed the canvas from the easel, hiding it in the kitchen alcove. He soaped his hands thickly, the smoke from the butt dangling from his mouth drifting into a closed eye. F quickly dried himself with a dirty towel. It was, instead of a gentleman, Esmeralda's seedy *cugino*, the pimp, a thin man past 50, tall, with pouched small eyes and a pencil-line mustache. His hands and feet were small, he wore loose squeaky shoes with gray spats. His clothes, though neatly pressed, had seen better than their day. He carried a Malacca cane and sported a pearl-gray hat. There was about him, though he seemed to mask it, a quality of having experienced everything, if not more, that gave F the momentary shivers.

Bowing courteously and speaking as though among friends, he was not, he explained, in the best of moods—to say nothing of his health—after a week of running around desperately trying to locate Esmeralda. He explained they had had a misunderstanding over a few lire through an unfortunate error, no more than a mistake in addition—carrying a one instead of a seven. "These things happen to the best of mathematicians, but what can you do with someone who won't listen to reason? She slapped my face and ran off. Through a mutual acquaintance I made an appointment to explain the matter to her, with proof from my accounts, but though she gave her word, she didn't appear. It doesn't speak well for her maturity."

He had learned later from a friend in the Santo Spirito quarter that she was at the moment living with the *signore*. Ludovico apologized for disturbing him, but F must understand he had come out of necessity and urgency.

"*Per cortesia, signore*, I request your good will. A great deal is at stake for four people. She can continue to serve you from time to time if that's what she wants, but I gather from your landlord that you're not exactly prosperous, and of course she has to support herself and a starving father in Fiesole. I don't suppose she's told you about him, but if it weren't for me personally, he'd be lying in a common grave this minute, growing flowers on his chest. She must come back to work under my guidance and protection not only because it's mutually

(continued on page 156)

nothing bothers a magician more than a truculent topper with a will of its own and a beautiful nude stuck inside

THE HAT ACT

fiction

By ROBERT COOVER

In the middle of the stage: a plain table.

A man enters, dressed as magician with black cape and black silk hat. Doffs hat in wide sweep to audience, bows elegantly.

Applause.

He displays inside of hat. It is empty. He thumps it. It is clearly empty. Places hat on table, brim up. Extends both hands over hat, tugs back sleeves, exposing wrists, snaps fingers. Reaches in, extracts a rabbit.

Applause.

Pitches rabbit into wings. Snaps fingers over hat again, reaches in, extracts a dove.

Applause.

Pitches dove into wings. Snaps fingers over hat, reaches in, extracts another rabbit. No *(continued on page 170)*

sights & sounds of '68

the latest and best in hi-fi and tv—from solid-state compacts through stereo components and all-in-one consoles; from miniaturized portables through large-screen color-tv sets and video recorders

THIS YEAR, hi-fi and video buffs should have a ball updating their rigs. New design techniques have occasioned manufacturers to undertake both major and minor retooling programs and the result is a cornucopia of highly sophisticated equipment now spilling into a receptive market. The initial change-over about three years ago from space-wasting tubes to tiny transistors opened the door for companies to streamline their chassis and cabinet styles. Within the past year, other changes have taken place—not all of them so readily noticeable. For example, the earlier germanium transistors that originally came as part of a solid-state package now have been replaced by the stronger silicon type. While this may not send the average window-shopper rushing in to buy, the wise audiophile knows that silicon transistors pay off in both the long and the short run, because they offer additional stability in operation as

Hi-fi/video gear for sound fellows and their paramours. Clockwise from left of sofa: Solid-state Satellite Stereo-8 preamp cartridge deck, by Capitol, $149.95. Model PE 2020 turntable requires only ½-gram pressure for automatic operation, by Elpa, $129.95. Videocorder DV-2400 and camera can film up to 20 minutes of video-audio tape; zoom lens, hand and shoulder strap and carrying case included, by Sony, $1250. Model A-6010 stereo tape deck features tension system that aids in avoiding tape breakage, by TEAC, $699.50. Model 1050 AM/FM music system with Philips cassette record/playback module and matched pair of EMI speakers (in front of unit), by Benjamin Electronic, $689.50. Pair of 88 Nova speakers with 12-inch low-frequency woofers, by James B. Lansing, $180 each. Model TR-205 solid-state portable TV, by Panasonic, $139.95. Stereo Music Center console has built-in hi-fi, AM/FM tuner and 8-track tape cartridge player; can hold up to 50 LPs—pickup, play and return is activated by remote-control phone-type selector on coffee table, by Seeburg, $1534.45. Vegas portable color TV with rectangular screen, by Toshiba, $349.50. Model 8FS-40W AM/FM stereo portable radio can operate on batteries or current, by Sony, $129.50. Triphonic "75" solid-state FM receiver with 3-channel speaker system, by Compass, $399. Model 27 AM/FM receiver with separate vernier tuning dials, by KLH, $299.95. Model SL95 automatic transcription turntable with cuing control, by Garrard, $135.45, including base. Model 760 tape recorder can play up to five reels automatically, by Sony, $595. The swinging sweet young thing wears a K60 stereo headset with cushioned ear cups, by AKG, $39.50.

well as a larger capacity to carry heavier power loads without breaking down. All in all, the ultrahigh quality of today's solid-state gear is the rewarding result of savvy spawned by space-age communications. What works for Telstar works equally well for Telmar, Sony, McIntosh and others.

The number-one beneficiary of all this extraterrestrial expertise is the all-in-one unit known as the stereo receiver—a handy amalgam that combines tuner, preamp and power amplifier on a single chassis. The receiver is the most popular stereo component in today's market and, to meet the ever-increasing demand, there's an auspicious array of models from which to choose. If your taste and wallet incline to state-of-the-art excellence, take it from the top and check out the Marantz Model 18 ($695), a precision-made piece of equipage that delivers 40 watts of continuous power per channel

Still more tuned-in electronic equipage for turned-on audiophiles and friends. Clockwise from left of sofa: Supreme-1 three-channel stereo silicon-transistorized amplifier puts out a total of 165 watts, by Kenwood, $695. Satellite Transistor 5000 all-wave portable radio comes with visual tuning meter and a built-in battery tester, by Grundig, $219.95. Cavalier 2000 walnut-finished hassock speaker features a 3-position treble response switch, by Empire, $104.95. Model 2504 FM stereo system with automatic turntable and a pair of controlled-impedance speakers, by Scott, $299.95. Portacolor TV with 10-inch screen comes with timing clock that shuts set off automatically, by G.E., $269.95. Model 761 oiled-walnut equipment cabinet with tambour doors, by Barzilay, $240, houses a Nocturne SC-7 AM/FM stereo receiver and Dual 1009 SK automatic turntable, by Harman-Kardon, $465. On shelves, top to bottom: Model 1000 solid-state FM/MPX stereo receiver with push-button selectors that can be preset to five different stations, by AOC, $379.95. Model AU-777 solid-state control amplifier can be adapted to 3-channel stereo by connecting a monophonic amplifier, by Sansui, $279.95. Model 2295 auto-load tape recorder with automatic reverse, by Bell & Howell, $399.95. Model IS-31 preamp, AM/FM stereo tuner and turntable, $500, and IS-80 speakers with integrated amplifier, $375 each, all by Pioneer. Model SLT-12 turntable with cuing and push-button control, by Marantz, $295, including cartridge and walnut base. Model 18 solid-state stereo receiver delivers 60 watts per channel, features oscilloscope for tuning accuracy, by Marantz, $695. Model 100 FM solid-state table radio with five vertical push-button dials, by Fisher, $99.95.

and incorporates a built-in oscilloscope for ultrasharp FM tuning and multipath analysis. Sony's Model STR 6120 ($700) also belongs in the *ne plus ultra* class, with a continuous power output of a beefy 60 watts per channel. On a somewhat less exalted level, KLH weighs in with the Model 27 ($299.95), unusual because of its separate vernier tuning dials for AM and FM. The unit operates at 25 watts' continuous power per channel and gives particularly good results in the crowded AM band.

Like KLH, University Sound earned its hi-fi spurs as a purveyor of loud-speaker systems. The company's first foray into solid-state electronics takes the form of the Pro-120 FM receiver ($380), which packages a complement of silicon transistors in a handsome brushed-aluminum cabinet. The continuous power output is 30 watts per

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI

And yet additional decorous components and rigs for looking, listening and loving. Clockwise from left of sofa: Model TD-COF 45-rpm player holds up to 40 records; pickup, play and return is completely automatic, by Discomatic, $169.95. Pair of Model W30D acoustic suspension speakers, by Wharfedale, $59.95 each. Model T9 AM/FM stereo receiver can play two different programs simultaneously, by Telmar, $329.50. Model 3301 stereo tape cartridge recorder, by Craig, $259.95. Oiled-walnut equipment cabinet, by Furn-a-Kit, $123.50 (in kit form), holds—left to right, top to bottom: Headliner 14-diagonal-inch color TV, by R.C.A., $329.95. Model SC-100 solid-state preamplifier, by Pioneer, $375. AR all-silicon transistorized amplifier, by Acoustech Research, $225. Model 2000 solid-state AM/FM stereo receiver, by Sansui, $299.95. Acoustech VIII solid-state FM stereo tuner, by Acoustech, $349. Model 911 all solid-state power amplifier, by C/M Laboratories, $477. Proceeding right: Model RF-3000A Voyager 6-band solid-state portable, by Panasonic, $179.95, atop a Townsman audiometric speaker, by Tannoy, $110. Dual TG 27 4-track stereo tape deck with smoke-tinted plexiglass cover, by United Audio, $234. Model 550T AM/FM stereo receiver, by Fisher, $449.95. Model 1725-8L 4-track stereo tape recorder can also record or play 8-track stereo cartridges, by Roberts, $389.95. Model XP15 speaker system in oiled-walnut cabinets with each unit housing seven speakers, by Fisher, $299.50 each. Model F-105 4-track stereo cassette tape deck, by Concord, $140. Huldra Model 8-55 FM and 4-band AM table radio, by Tandberg, $456. Model PS-2000 record player features an illuminated-strobe speed-adjustment knob, by Sony, $329.

channel. For tape buffs, the Japanese firm TEAC offers the AS-60 AM/FM receiver ($389.50) into which as many as four decks can be hooked for special editing, recording and duplicating exigencies.

Among the season's receiver innovations are ADC's Model 1000 ($379.95) and Telmar's Eldorado ($329.50). The former boasts push-button selection for five FM stations (they can be reset as whim and geography dictate) as well as the usual complement of controls. The latter is an AM/FM model that can bring in both bands at once, which then can be piped to separate speakers. It comes in handy when you want different background music for various purposes (perhaps Ravi Shankar in the living room and Sinatra in the bedroom, or vice versa). Somewhat less newsworthy but equally deserving of attention are several recent models from old and faithful suppliers of stereo receivers. These include the Fisher 200-T (25 watts per channel, $299.95), the Harman-Kardon 530 (25 watts per channel, AM/FM, $299) and the Scott 344C (30 watts per channel, $399.95), all of which offer front-panel switching provision for auxiliary speaker setups.

The sophisticated engineering in today's all-in-one receiver has made the virtues of separate components somewhat less imposing than in past years. Nevertheless, the dedicated audiophile will still find pertinent advantages in the greater flexibility offered by separate tuning and amplification gear. For example, if your listening tastes range to international short-wave broadcasts as well as domestic AM and FM fare, you'll want to consider an all-wave tuner such as the Grundig RT40U ($249.95) or the Fisher R-200B ($349.95). And, if you have difficulty tuning in your favorite programs, the ultrahigh sensitivity built into such top-quality tuners as the Scott 312D ($319.95) and the Acoustech VIII ($349) can solve a lot of problems.

An even wider diversity of options is available in the various control and power amplifiers on the market. Several Japanese manufacturers are showing renewed interest in the principle of bi- or tri-amplification, a technique that provides an individual power source for woofer, midrange and treble speakers, thus eliminating the lowered damping factor that results when one amplifier is used to drive three different speakers. This type of setup hit its stride in the late days of mono listening, then disappeared when stereo made the sound scene. Now bi- and tri-amplification seems to be on the rebound—of course, in stereo. Sony is offering the highly sophisticated TA-4300 electronic crossover network ($199.50) in conjunction with its 50-watt-per-channel solid-state power amplifiers (Model TA-3120, $249.50 each). Kenwood has a similar arrangement in its Supreme I multichannel stereo amplifier ($695), which incorporates a preamp and six stereo power amplifiers on one chassis, adding up to a total of 142 watts of continuous stereo power. Pioneer offers a variation on the theme by mating two solid-state power amplifiers with a three-way speaker system and packaging them together in a handy bookshelf-size integrated unit (Model IS-80, $375 each) that's perfect for a bachelor studio apartment. Pioneer is also introducing a new all-out preamp, the SC-100 ($375), with dual circuits for low-level and high-level inputs and a sloping input panel at the rear for easy access to phono plugs. The SC-100 can be used with the firm's IS-80 system or with any top-grade stereo power amplifier, such as C/M Laboratories' Model 911 (100 watts per channel, $477) or the Marantz Model 15 (60 watts per channel, $395).

Among the many control amplifiers shown this season are two newcomers. The AR amplifier, from a firm noted for speakers and turntables, puts out a substantial 50 watts per channel, incorporates such refinements as an "idler" power supply for eliminating turn-on noise bursts and carries a remarkably low price tag ($225). Sansui's 25-watt-per-channel Model AU-777 ($279.95) offers a multitude of controls on its functional front panel—including knife-type switches for high and low filters, presence circuit, interstation muting and tape monitoring.

Turning now to turntables and cartridges, we find a good deal of significant improvements and a couple of important breakthroughs. The salient aspects of recent cartridge design—elliptical styli, 15-degree vertical tracking angle and minimal tracking force—show up in all the top models, with minor updatings to elicit even better performance than before. Cartridge refinements are cumulative in effect, so a five-year-old model is already pretty far out of date. If you're in the market for an ultrasensitive pickup, be sure to sample the latest arrivals —Empire's 999VE ($74.95), Pickering's DCF 400 ($49.95), ADC's 10E Mark II ($59.50) and Ortofon's SL-15T ($75), to name a few. Another excitingly new cartridge comes from Kenwood and commands a retail price of $120. The unit works on a photoelectric principle, with the stylus shaft interposed between a tiny bulb and two light-sensitive diodes. Although the head contains a hefty amount of electronic hardware, Kenwood claims a tracking force of less than two grams.

The automatic-turntable field also gives ample evidence of updating. Headline news is being made by Sherwood: Their just-unveiled Model SEL 200 ($149.95) is an automatic turntable utilizing twin motors—one for driving the platter, another for working the changer mechanism. Garrard has revamped its entire British-made line with the introduction of a new synchronous motor that locks into the alternating current for constant speed maintenance, regardless of voltage fluctuations. Top model in the series, the SL95 ($129.50), features an adjustable antiskating control that helps equalize the lateral pull on the stylus. The Elpa Model PE 2020 ($129.95) has a stylus-angle adjustment in its cartridge shell designed to ensure the requisite 15-degree tilt no matter how many LPs are stacked on the spindle. Other new models that carry low price tags include the BSR 600 ($74.50), Miracord 620 ($89.50) and Dual 1015 ($89.50).

Speaker manufacturers are playing it cool this year—no radical innovations, no outlandish shapes, no extreme sizes. Even so, with the continuous refining and restyling that's endemic to the breed, there's a lot of new merchandise available. Empire has invaded the compact market with a model called the Kitten ($99.95); like any proper feline, it's happiest on terra firma—the floor serving as sounding board for the downward-pointed woofer. At a slight extra charge, Kittens can be supplied with cushions or marble tops for double-duty as seats or end tables. Another interesting departure from the standard "picture-frame" approach to speaker styling has been developed by the California firm of James B. Lansing. The new JBL Nova ($180) elegantly contrasts walnut with a circular-shaped dark-patterned fabric; while the JBL dual-cabinet Caprice ($174), which is faced with fine-spun chrome, swivels on an attractively functional floor-stand mount. Their innards are built around 12-inch and 8-inch drivers, respectively. Altec's new look this season takes the form of large, hexagonal end-table enclosures that house its famed Voice of the Theater system in either a contemporary or a Mediterranean cabinet (the Monaco, $328, and La Paz, $337). Sansui, on the other hand, strikes an upbeat styling note by utilizing hand-carved walnut fretwork in place of the usual grille cloth for its top-of-the-line Model SP 200 ($179.95).

Not all the speaker changes are visible. Acoustic Research's AR-3, which has long been a touchstone for excellence, has now become the similar-looking AR-3a ($250) with the addition of a lowered crossover point for the woofer and new midrange and tweeter units. Tannoy has broken with tradition and introduced a compact speaker system, the Townsman ($110), that uses separate low- and high-frequency units instead of the dual-concentric speakers normally associated with this British firm.

For late-night listening when you want soft-speakers instead of loud-speakers, there's nothing better than a pair of stereo headphones. The wares offered by such established specialists as Koss, Telex, Sharpe and Superex are all worth considering. In addition, you may wish

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JAZZ & POP '68

a look at the current music scene—plus the winners of the 12th annual playboy poll and readers' choices for the playboy jazz hall of fame and records of the year **BY NAT HENTOFF**

"THEY TEACH YOU there's a boundary line to music," Charlie Parker said. "But, man, there's no boundary line to art." The sounds of the year just past were the sounds—often electronically driven—of the cracking of boundary lines. A San Francisco rock group, Big Brother and the Holding Company, made the most powerful impact of any unit at the Monterey Jazz Festival. The year's most significant new guitarist, 24-year-old Larry Coryell, started 1967 as a member of The Free Spirits, a rock combo, ended it with the jazz group of Gary Burton, but remained his own world-encompassing self. It is Coryell who speaks for the new generation

THE 1968 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

OSCAR PETERSON, piano, instrumental combo

THE 1968 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

of musicians: "If music has something to say to you—whether it's jazz, country blues . . . hillbilly, Indian or any other . . . folk music—take it. Never restrict yourself."

More and more combos pulsate with this exuberant musical ecumenicity. The ferment of influences in Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs, a jazz-and-rock unit, includes Miles Davis, Ray Charles, Paul Hindemith, John Coltrane, Howlin' Wolf and many varieties of rock. A characteristic boundary breaker, bassist Christopher Darrow of The Kaleidoscope, a West Coast combo, lists as his favorite composers Bach, John

BUDDY DE FRANCO
clarinet

ELLA FITZGERALD
female vocalist

WES MONTGOMERY
guitar

DIZZY GILLESPIE
trumpet

Lennon and Paul McCartney, Jimmy Reed and John Lee Hooker. A young tenor saxophonist until recently in Woody Herman's band, Steve Marcus, is described by *Down Beat* as having roots in "Coltrane, Ravi Shankar and the Beatles."

And it is the evolution of the Beatles, climaxed in the most influential album of the year, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, that symbolizes the growing seriousness with which the joy of the new music is being welcomed by musicians and listeners leaping free of categories. As Hungarian-born jazz guitarist Gabor Szabo, who now doubles on sitar and plays Beatles songs as well as jazz originals, says of the *Sgt. Pepper* phenomenon: "The music, together with the lyrics and performance, is something nobody has come close to in freshness. The album as a whole is a composition; it starts, it develops and it ends. It's funny and it's scary at times; it's romantic and has lyrical quality and, of course, the throbbing beat. It's the message of 1967; everything is in there."

Accordingly, the annual poll results in this issue are of the 1968 Jazz & Pop Poll. Accordingly, halfway through the year, *Down Beat*, the oldest existing jazz magazine, announced it was expanding its coverage to include the pop scene. Accordingly, the monthly *Jazz* ended the year as *Jazz & Pop*. The lines

J. J. JOHNSON
trombone

FRANK SINATRA
male vocalist

RAY BROWN
bass

BUDDY RICH
drums

DUKE ELLINGTON
leader

MILT JACKSON
vibes

GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

between jazz and pop have not dissolved entirely—not yet, anyway. Albert Ayler and Cecil Taylor, for example, are not likely to make the pop charts for some time to come, nor are they among the jazz combos that include Beatles tunes in their repertory. But the listener involved in contemporary sounds now finds it necessary—and pleasurable—to follow the Grateful Dead, the Cream, Janis Ian, Aretha Franklin, the Jefferson Airplane and, of course, the Beatles along with Ayler, Taylor, Thelonious Monk, Duke Ellington, Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Quartet.

As the year made Day-Glo clear, the new pop music

THE 1968 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

FOUR FRESHMEN
vocal group

STAN GETZ
tenor sax

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
alto sax

is not only a *Gestalt* of a whirlpool of intersecting cultures—black blues, country and western, jazz, Indian music, psychedelic mind-blowing—but it also represents the taking over of the pop field by the young themselves. The groups and the singers write their own songs; their recording supervisors are, for the most part, of their own age. The young finally have their own communications medium, and that medium is its message—life-affirming sound expansion through electronics; immediacy expansion through accompanying light shows and other forms of total environmental theater; and at the core, as Grace Slick, lead singer of the Jefferson Airplane, candidly puts it, the succinct emancipation proclamation: "Be free—free in love, free in sex."

Similarly, Albert Ayler, among the most advanced of the new jazzmen, speaks of the need to "go beyond notes into feelings, for music can bring about new ways of living and loving." There can be rage in the new jazz (Archie Shepp) and sardonic skewering of adult hypocrisy in the new pop (the Mothers of Invention), but the basic thrust among creators in both fields, including those who keep crossing over, is toward liberation—liberation of mind and body.

It was, therefore, not particularly surprising to those who know their current music when the Beatles, toward the end of

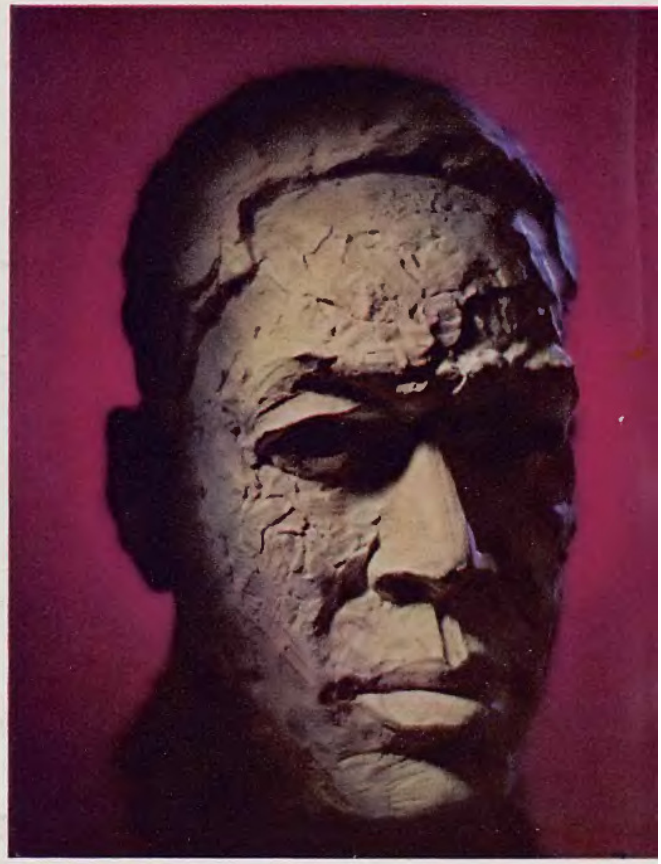
THE 1968 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

HERB ALPERT
instrumental combo
HERB ALPERT
first trumpet
AL HIRT
second trumpet
MILES DAVIS
third trumpet
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
fourth trumpet
J. J. JOHNSON
first trombone
SI ZENTNER
second trombone
KAI WINDING
third trombone
BOB BROOKMEYER
fourth trombone
PAUL DESMOND
second alto sax
STAN GETZ
first tenor sax
BOOTS RANDOLPH
second tenor sax
GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax
PETE FOUNTAIN
clarinet
HENRY MANCINI
leader
BEATLES
vocal group

SCULPTURES BY JACK GREGORY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK

Two years ago, readers selected three indisputable giants of jazz as the first contingent to be ensconced in our Hall of Fame. They were (left, top to bottom) Frank Sinatra, the Meistersinger from Hoboken; Louis Armstrong, who shared his New Orleans cradle with jazz itself; and Dave Brubeck, whose forays into far-out rhythms helped the modernists crash the time barrier. In 1967, they were joined by an equally impressive trio—all of royal stature, in fact. The newcomers included Duke Ellington, the premier composer and orchestral leader of jazz; vocal queen Ella Fitzgerald, who still generates more purely musical excitement with her voice than many top instrumentalists can produce; and Count Basie, whose bands have maintained an Olympian standard of brilliance for decades. This year, artist Jack Gregory's busts immortalize the features of three more performers—the king of swing, the king of soul and a late leader of the avant-garde.



The Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame

Each year, PLAYBOY *readers are asked to vote for the three performers—vocalist or instrumentalist, alive or remembered—who are most worthy of inclusion in our Jazz Hall of Fame. With the addition of this year's winners, the roster now numbers nine; yet the list of revered names in jazz history has barely been tapped—a tribute to the depth and scope of jazz itself. We're confident that as our Hall of Fame continues to grow in size and prestige, so will the music it honors; and that as jazzmen blow their way into the future, proponents of the various schools—from way back to way out—will learn to accept and live with one another's ideas.*

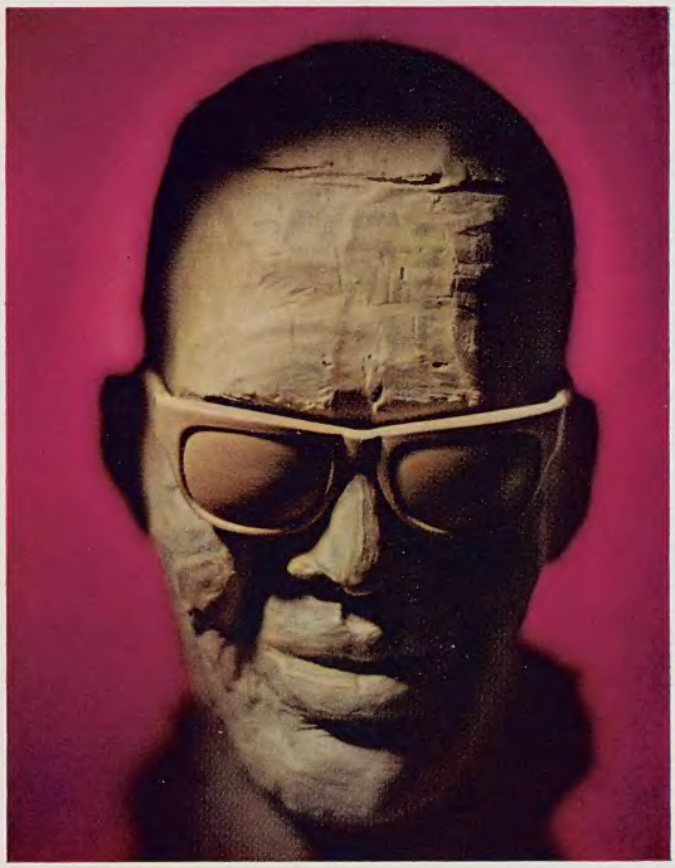
JOHN COLTRANE *Legions of jazz fans felt personally bereaved last summer when death suddenly claimed John Coltrane at the age of 40. Introspective and never content to rest on his achievements, Coltrane struggled long and hard before he discovered himself. After 15 years as a pro, during which he played with Earl Bostic, Thelonious Monk and Miles Davis, often engaged in a titanic, lonely battle with his horn, he formed his own quartet. With mystical fervor, Coltrane then embarked on a series of rhythmic, harmonic and tonal explorations that he was destined to leave unfinished: Shortly before his death, Trane turned down a night-club engagement because he was busy working out new ideas. As the primal sire of the "new" jazz, he gave exposure to such inventive young voices as Eric Dolphy and Archie Shepp; he saved the soprano saxophone from oblivion; his recordings, from the trail-blazing "My Favorite Things" to the messianic "Ascension," are authentic masterpieces. But Coltrane's trademark was his unique sound, which bespoke a relentless search for perfection yet was always, even in the most elevated realms of abstraction, compellingly passionate and alive.*

the year, after finishing a television show (the first they had completely assembled and produced themselves), announced that they would spend a month in India studying with a mystic, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Also in context with the life-expanding imperatives of the new music was the appearance, as an actor, of Beatle John Lennon in Richard Lester's antiwar film, *How I Won the War*. Nor was it surprising when, in June, at the first Monterey International Pop Festival—an unprecedented summit meeting of pop performers—a standing ovation was received by Ravi Shankar after he had given a capacity audience an undiluted program of Indian music, a music that combines sensuality with spirituality.

That festival made vivid the scope of today's pop expression—from the lyrical ingenuity and probing intelligence of Simon and Garfunkel through piebald blues (Canned Heat, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Mike Bloomfield and the Electric Flag, Big Brother and the Holding Company), basic black "soul" music (Otis Redding) and sheer soaring high spirits (the Mamas and the Papas). It was the most ambitious assemblage of its type so far anywhere in the world and it presages the kind of festival growth for pop music that has characterized the jazz scene in recent years.

Last year, the Newport and Monterey jazz festivals were again successful—as were the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cleveland, the first Nashville Jazz Festival, the Longhorn Jazz Festival in Austin and similar events in Philadelphia,

BENNY GOODMAN *The halcyon days of the big-band era, when the undergrads of the Thirties were freaking out via the jitterbug route, are personified by the king of swing—a reticent, ultraprofessional musician who is at ease playing a Hindemith clarinet concerto under the baton of Leonard Bernstein or improvising with jazzmen like Lionel Hampton and Gene Krupa. The son of an immigrant tailor, Benny got his first musicians' union card at 13. In 1935 he made it to the top of his profession with his own band, aided by Fletcher Henderson's inimitable charts; by the time of his legendary Carnegie Hall concert of 1938, he had become the idol of his dancing generation and had helped boost jazz to an unprecedented peak of popularity. In recent years, Benny has devoted a lot of his time to the classics, but he still gigs, records and occasionally serves as one of America's premier ambassadors of jazz; he has played his joyful, streamlined music for Nikita Khrushchev and jammed with the King of Thailand. Benny's combos, no matter what their size, continue to be models of unity and flexibility; and as the years roll by, his audience appears more appreciative than ever.*



RAY CHARLES *Much of today's pop art is about love, but there is no one who can convey the anguish and euphoria of love with the immediacy or the profundity of Ray Charles. The personal agonies of "The Genius" are well known—he was blinded at six, orphaned as a teenager and subsequently hooked on narcotics (which he has apparently licked after a long struggle). The Ray Charles success story is equally fantastic; since discarding an imitation–Nat Cole style in the early Fifties and projecting his personal blend of blues, Gospel and jazz, he has built a world-wide, fanatically devoted audience and has earned a fortune. In the process, Ray has established himself as a master of romantic ballads, earthy rock 'n' roll, country-and-western tunes and virtually everything else he has touched; he is a skilled arranger, pianist and reed man and an astute businessman. At 35, he is our youngest Hall of Famer. Yet for the many who literally adore him—once, misled by a rumor that Ray's blindness was curable, thousands offered him their eyes—it is simply R.C.'s voice, sensitive to every nuance of a song, unflinchingly honest and potent as the blues itself, that invariably turns black night into day.*

Atlanta, Detroit, St. Louis, Memphis, Cincinnati, Buffalo and Baltimore. Less healthy in attendance and receipts was the second annual Pacific Jazz Festival in Costa Mesa, California. Meanwhile, additional jazz-festival territory was claimed in Mexico—in Puebla and Mexico City—the breakthrough having been cosponsored by the Mexican government and the concerts produced by the ubiquitous George Wein. Spurred by the enthusiastic reaction to the initial inclusion of jazz in the prestigious Puebla Festival (which has previously focused on international classical and folk music), this year Puebla will be the scene of a Hemisphere Festival encompassing jazz and indigenous forms of music from North, South and Central America.

Wein further expanded his festival circuit outside the United States by sending a troupe to Expo 67 in Montreal in the spring and, in the fall, another caravan to Europe. The year's most tumultuous international jazz experience, however, took place in Tallin, Estonia, in May, when the Charles Lloyd Quartet became the first American jazzmen to perform publicly with Soviet musicians. At that Soviet jazz festival, the authorities at first delayed Lloyd's appearance, finally offering him only a chance to play at a workshop before a small number of Soviet musicians. Lloyd refused unless he was also given a chance to play before the general festival audience; and when permission finally came through, he created before a roaring audience of 5000 what A. P.'s man at Tallin reported as "the wildest hour of far-out jazz ever performed in the Soviet Union."

As the barriers to American jazzmen kept falling in the Soviet Union (Gerry Mulligan jammed at the Moscow Hotel in July), the president of the Russian composers' union called for the formation of jazz departments at U. S. S. R. educational institutions to bring more "professionalism" to native jazz. Meanwhile, the increasing internationalization of European jazz festivals was dramatized by the presence at the tenth Jazz Jamboree in Warsaw of groups representing both sides of the Curtain. In Yugoslavia, big-band leader and composer Miljenko Prohaska indicated the direction that more and more non-American jazzmen are pursuing—the incorporation of native themes and idioms in their jazz works. At first, Prohaska's band had echoed that of Count Basie; but now, at home and in the compositions he brought to the Monterey Jazz Festival in September, Prohaska illustrated the validity of the advice Monterey Festival music director John Lewis has long given: "In all the years I have encouraged foreign jazzmen, I always told them they should put some of their own soul into their music."

Furthermore, the maturation of European jazz instrumentalists was clear at Monterey through impressive appearances by French violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, French drummer Daniel Humair and the father-son team from Lugano of Flavio (alto) and Franco (trumpet) Ambrosetti. Most stunningly proficient of all the European guests was 21-year-old Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, whose performances prompted Ray Brown to exclaim: "What does it mean to say 'European' or 'American'? These cats play music. Maybe its roots are here, but with records, radio, tours and festivals, jazz spreads as fast from New York to Paris as from Chicago to Los Angeles."

Even more swift in its spread is the new pop music. When the Procol Harum's *A Whiter Shade of Pale* broke into the best-selling lists in England and then in America, its ascent continued in France, Spain, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium and other countries. Toward the end of the year, for other examples, the Beatles' *All You Need Is Love* topped the charts in Argentina; Malaysia was listening to *Reflections* by Diana Ross and the Supremes; the Rolling Stones' *Backstreet Girl* was rising in popularity in Israel and the same Stones' *We Love You* was moving up in Poland.

In April, the Rolling Stones ventured behind the Iron Curtain; and at Congress Hall in Warsaw, while the crowd inside screamed, waving coats and shirts at the beginning and end of each number, 8000 youngsters outside, unable to get tickets, tried to charge the building's iron gates but were thrown back by police tear gas. Mick Jagger, leader of the Stones, told newsmen before the trip: "We're going for a piddle of our usual fee, of course, but I think it'll be nice if we can reach across the stage and establish, you know, communication with the Polish kids." In Moscow in late fall, the Beatles began communicating instantly with Russian teenagers when, for the first time, one of their records, *Girl*, went on public sale (although in a pirated version, for Russians don't pay royalties to foreign pop groups). On that Beatles Day, hundreds of Russian youngsters lined up before the store opened.

In-person communication of pop groups with the young at home intensified as college campuses increasingly opened to concerts by the full scope of the current efflorescence—from Smokey Robinson and the Miracles to Country Joe and the Fish. Swarthmore's second annual College Rock-'n'-Roll Festival in February, for instance, included the Jefferson Airplane, Tim Buckley, jazzman and classical composer Dave Amram and a Swarthmore student, Garth McDonald, one of many around the country developing formidable skills on the Indian sitar. (More sitars were sold in the United States last year than in India.)

More and more of the groves of academe were also taken over by jazz. In the first extensive jazz program ever presented at the University of California at Berkeley, a series of Jazz '67 concerts and lectures reached a climax in an April 7–8 festival at the campus' Harmon Gymnasium. In May, UCLA was the site of the first Los Angeles Jazz Festival, which was based on the theme "The Tradition of the New" and included newly commissioned works by Ornette Coleman, Wayne Shorter and Gary McFarland. In April, for the first time on record, at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, student-activity money was used to commission three compositions played at a concert there by the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra and the Jaki Byard Quartet.

Jazz making by college musicians themselves was more extensive than ever before, culminating in a number of important intercollegiate competitions. Nine combos and nine stage bands competed in early March at Notre Dame's ninth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival. And for the first time, there was a world series of college jazz, organized nationally by the Intercollegiate Music Festival in Miami Beach. At that event, the wide range of listening experiences among today's young was reflected in the fact that the most interesting groups had moved away from the conventional jazz models of the past (such as Count Basie and Stan Kenton) and into their own boundary-breaking styles and compositions. Noted one of the judges, Robert Share of the Berklee School of Music: "We're going to hear all kinds of rhythmic advances from now on—it's inevitable when today's 15-year-old rock-'n'-roll drummers play 5/4 almost by instinct."

To be sure, jazz musicians from the Dave Brubeck Quartet (which disbanded during the year) to the current big band of Don Ellis have been working in complicated meters; but Share's comment points up the over-all eagerness to experiment—in rhythms, in colors, in the shaping of a performance—that pervades the most venturesome of the new pop groups as they change the very definitions of musical forms and sounds. In the past year, for example, the penetrating effect of electronic organs and hugely amplified electric guitars in rock groups has stimulated musical-instrument manufacturers to create an electric harpsichord with switches that can make it sound like many other instruments as well; an electric sitar; an electric bouzouki; and the Moog synthesizer. A complete unit, with more stops and combinations than an electric organ, the Moog produces an unprecedentedly broad range of electronic tones. And in one of their numbers at the Monterey International Pop Festival, the Steve Miller Blues

"She'll be living in—right?"

Band used a prerecorded tape—controlled by a foot pedal—as another voice in the ensemble on one number.

In several respects, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* is the apotheosis of current electronic expansion of musical possibilities. In *Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite*, for example, John Lennon taped a track on Hammond organ, recorded it at different speeds, mixed in montages of other organ sounds with an overlay of electronic echoes, and then cut all those tapes up and recombined them. As pop-music critic Richard Goldstein observes: "Today's rock creators are learning to play the recording studio as a super instrument." But even outside the studio, they arrive at dances and concerts with an array of equipment. In the garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art in July, for instance, Jeremy Steig and his Satyrs plugged into a battery of amplifiers an electric flute, an electric clavinette, an electric guitar and a tape machine.

In jazz, alto saxophonists John Handy and Sonny Stitt, together with trumpeter Clark Terry, also added new electronic versions of their instruments to their arsenals, thereby having new ways of controlling color and vibrato and, at will, being able to play two lines simultaneously an octave apart.

Inevitably, the electronic spectrum being widened and deepened by pop groups, and eventually by jazzmen, will also be incorporated into film music. Already, *The Trip* has a score by Mike Bloomfield's rock combo, as a result of the insistence of the movie's star, Peter Fonda. "He involves you," Fonda says of Bloomfield. "The music carries you through thousands of feelings." Among the instruments in the background of the film is an electronic synthesizer. Rock was in the foreground of another picture this past year—*Privilege*, directed by Peter (*The War Game*) Watkins and starring British rock singer Paul Jones, an alumnus of the Manfred Mann group. Rock, Watkins warns, can also be made a tool if its practitioners allow themselves to be manipulated. As of now, this is an unlikely possibility in view of the insistent nonconformity of most of today's leading rock creators.

And the most celebrated nonconformist of all the young singer-composers, Bob Dylan, was the subject of a singular antiestablishment film, *Don't Look Back*, made by D. A. Pennebaker as he chronicled a Dylan tour of Britain. (Inactive most of the year while recovering from a motorcycle accident, Dylan, now bearded, had begun recording again in late fall in Nashville.)

The use of jazz composers in films has broadened in scope—from Herbie Hancock scoring Antonioni's *Blow-Up* to Gerry Mulligan last year writing the music for the film version of Murray Schisgal's *Luv*. It was Quincy Jones, however, who surfaced as the year's most diversified film composer, his credits including *In the Heat of the Night*, *Enter Laughing*, *The Deadly Affair* and *In Cold Blood*. Jones also found time to write the music for the TV series *Ironside*. The only feature film directly concerned with jazz and the jazz life was *Sweet Love, Bitter*. While the picture was uneven in quality, Dick Gregory made a powerful acting debut as a musician modeled on Charlie Parker, and Mal Waldron's score was incisively effective.

In television, three remarkable hour-long features on Duke Ellington were shown during the course of the year. Critic Ralph Gleason and Richard Moore produced two of them for San Francisco's KQED—Duke's concert of sacred music and a profile of Ellington, *Love You Madly*. The two shows were distributed to 120 educational-TV outlets throughout the country. In October, Duke made prime commercial time in an intriguing adaptation of *cinéma vérité* to television by Robert Drew Associates, who presented the touring Ellington on NBC-TV's *Bell Telephone Hour*.

In addition to a characteristic year of nearly perpetual travel in America and abroad, Ellington received honorary doctor of music degrees from Morgan State College and Yale University. Duke became the first living American composer to be honored by the issuance of a postage stamp bearing his portrait. In recognition of the 20th anniversary of UNESCO, the African Republic of Togo issued four stamps featuring major composers of different eras: Bach, Beethoven, Debussy—and Ellington. Also during the year, Duke recorded his *Far East Suite* and, in tune with present directions, he composed a new work, *Psychedelic Suite*.

But for Duke, his triumphs during the year were overshadowed by a serious loss—the death of his friend and collaborator Billy Strayhorn. Ellington established a Billy Strayhorn Scholarship Fund at

"Frankly, doctor, don't you think it's time to get off this civil rights kick and get back to the fundamental teachings of Christianity?"

the Juilliard School of Music. A startling death was that of the direction-setting tenor saxophonist John Coltrane at 40. Also on the obituary list during the year were trumpeters-cornetists Red Allen, Muggsy Spanier, Rex Stewart and Sidney DeParis; trombonists Jimmy Archey and Henderson Chambers; blues singers Ida Cox and Otis Redding; the nonpareil violinist Stuff Smith; alto saxophonist Willie Smith; clarinetists Edmond Hall and Buster Bailey; pianists Pete Johnson, Herman Chittison, Elmo Hope and Walter "Fats" Pichon; bandleader Zack Whyte; trumpeter-manager George Treadwell and jazz critic–discographer George Hoefer. In the pop field, Brian Epstein, "the fifth Beatle," died; and in folk music, this century's most prolific and influential American singer-performer, Woody Guthrie, succumbed, after a long illness, at the age of 55.

But life and the beat went on as Woody's 20-year-old son, Arlo Guthrie, turned out to be the cynosure of the Newport Folk Festival in July with his song-*novella, Alice's Restaurant Massacree,* released later in the year on his first Reprise album. Another, even younger, new star is 16-year-old Janis Ian, who first hit hard and controversially with *Society's Child,* about an interracial romance with a dissonant ending. First banned by a number of rock stations, it finally broke through, as did her first Verve/Folkways album, *Janis Ian.* This was also the year of ascent for the lyrical Richie Havens, who fuses blues with new ways of ballad making; and Jimi Hendrix, a guitarist–singer–erotic showman. Originally from Seattle, Hendrix became a star in England and is now in persistent demand in the United States.

Aretha Franklin, who had been hovering on the edge of widespread recognition for several years, moved to Atlantic Records and the results, *Respect* and *I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You,* firmly established this fiery singer with a whiplash beat. Further indication that hard, visceral rhythm and blues now attracts all classes and shades of audiences was the enormous success of the late Otis Redding, who won the British *Melody Maker* poll as the world's leading singer in pop music. And, in America, Redding received the most thunderous audience response of all the variegated performers at the Monterey International Pop Festival in June. The careers of Ray Charles and James Brown continued to prosper, as did those of such streamlined graduates of rhythm and blues as Lou Rawls, Dionne Warwick and Diana Ross and the Supremes.

Country roots were also spreading in the new pop. Bobbie Gentry, originally from Chickasaw County, Mississippi, became an instant star with her own ballad, *Ode to Billie Joe,* sung with smoky passion and an undulating beat. Country rock powered a provocative new combo, Moby Grape, one of many units testifying to the fructifying climate of the San Francisco Bay Area—the home of the Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, The Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish and the dryly witty Sopwith Camel, among other combos.

"Peace feelers from the North."

In England, in addition to the Cream (with the searing guitar of Eric Clapton), the most arresting new group sounds were the Bach and blues of the Procol Harum and the brilliant blend of substantial music and lyrics in the work of five Australians, the Bee Gees. Also building attention was the Canadian invasion —The Paupers, Luke and the Apostles and singer-poet Leonard Cohen.

The already established Rolling Stones and Eric Burdon and the Animals underlined the continued evolution of the new pop music as they moved more and more distinctly from being emulators of black American blues men to creators of their own singing and composing styles (as in the Stones' album *Flowers* and in Eric Burdon's *Winds of Change*). Throughout the surging pop microcosm, in fact, there was an irrepressible movement of growth, change and prodigious variety of expression. Along with previously cited celebrators of the new freedom, there were the impressionistic inventiveness of Donovan; the intensely driving theatricalism of The Doors; the subtle play of color and moods of the Vanilla Fudge, The Association and The Beach Boys; and the ambling lyricism of The Lovin' Spoonful and The Young Rascals. Anyone still locked in the cliché "It all sounds the same" just wasn't listening.

In jazz, too, it was a year of breakthroughs into the further possibilities of expression. Among the newer names coming into prominence, Milford Graves, Rashied Ali, Charles Moffett and Sunny Murray forged new criteria of drum improvisation. So did, on their instruments, alto saxophonists Marion Brown, Charles Tyler and Roscoe Mitchell; tenor-sax men Pharoah Sanders and Joe Henderson; trumpeters Jimmy Owen and Alan Shorter; bassists Alan Silva, Henry Grimes, David Izenzon and Eddie Gomez; pianists Keith Jarrett and Roger Kellaway; guitarists Larry Coryell and Jerry Hahn; and violinist Michael White. In quite different ways, Don Ellis and Sun Ra continued to open new dimensions for big-band jazz; and the concerts of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians in Chicago revealed that New York was hardly the only center for the further expansion of the jazz language.

While the jazz-club scene did not improve (the Five Spot and Eddie Condon's

were lost to jazz in New York), Norman Granz' revival of Jazz at the Philharmonic proved there was still a considerable audience for concert jazz throughout the country. And more openings were made for the music in the cultural establishment: Ornette Coleman became the first musician to receive a Guggenheim fellowship for jazz composition. The New York State Council on the Arts gave one of its awards to the traveling Jazzmobile, which provided free concerts in the streets of New York for the third consecutive summer. The Jazzmobile concept, moreover, spread to Philadelphia, Newark, Washington, Hartford and New Haven. In New York, Jazz Interactions received an unprecedented grant of $11,250 from the New York State Council on the Arts to produce 50 jazz concerts and lecture-demonstrations in the New York school system.

From September 29 to October 1, Jazz Interactions cosponsored the first Eastern Conference of Jazz Societies. Attending the sessions in New York were more than 400 people representing jazz organizations in Hartford, Philadelphia, Washington, Trenton, Nashville, New Orleans and Warren, Ohio. The conference sounded an ecumenical note as drummer Milford Graves told the delegates that avant-garde jazz and the new rock are not as dissimilar as they might have thought. He added: "If jazz wants to reach youth, it will have to get with the new music, and the new and the old will have to get together."

Elsewhere, guitarist Gabor Szabo went further than Graves by proclaiming the advent of a new international music: "It's already started, this new music, and the whole world seems to be coming together. We all had our cozy little nests, we were Americans or Hungarians and part of some heritage and all that. But it feels as if all of it is gone now. We are now just World, Earth. The music definitely reflects this. In the *Sgt. Pepper* album, the Beatles have already started something that is going to be the future."

As if in echo, George Harrison spoke not only for the Beatles but for the best of all the young explorers in the new pop and jazz: "We haven't really started yet. There is musical infinity as well. We've only just discovered what we can do as musicians, what thresholds we can cross. The future stretches out beyond our imagination." In corroborating answer, Paul Simon of Simon and Garfunkel looks ahead: "I'm learning to play the sitar and I'm fascinated by the singing in intervals of seconds by those Bulgarians. You see, the new music can incorporate all those influences and more."

ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

As in years past, we asked our incumbent All-Stars to choose their own All-Star Band. Those eligible to participate in the voting—all medal winners in '67—were Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Byrd, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Henry Mancini, Charles Mingus, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Mimi Perrin (Double Six of Paris), Oscar Peterson, Buddy Rich, Diana Ross (Supremes), Frank Sinatra, Nancy Wilson, Kai Winding and Si Zentner.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: Last year's top three—the Duke, the Count and Woody—retained their laurels. Buddy Rich moved into the five spot, ousting Dizzy Gillespie. **1. Duke Ellington;** 2. Count Basie; 3. Woody Herman; 4. Thad Jones–Mel Lewis; 5. Buddy Rich.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: Miles and Diz executed their second about-face in as many years, with Dizzy regaining the top spot by a sizable margin. **1. Dizzy Gillespie;** 2. Miles Davis; 3. Clark Terry; 4. Freddie Hubbard; 5. Art Farmer.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: It was no contest at the top, but Si Zentner and Al Grey, who were not among last year's leaders, gave good accounts of themselves. **1. J. J. Johnson;** 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Si Zentner; 4. Carl Fontana; 5. Al Grey, Kai Winding.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: There was little disturbance among the altos, though Phil Woods and Johnny Hodges traded positions from last year. **1. Cannonball Adderley;** 2. Paul Desmond; 3. Phil Woods; 4. Johnny Hodges; 5. Sonny Stitt.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: Stan Getz repeated as the All-Stars' first choice, with Zoot Sims moving up to second in place of John Coltrane; Ben Webster slipped off the list, as Sonny Rollins and the ageless Coleman Hawkins climbed on. **1. Stan Getz;** 2. Zoot Sims; 3. Sonny Rollins; 4. Coleman Hawkins; 5. Paul Gonsalves.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: Here it was the fourth and fifth chairs that saw change, as Bud Shank and Charles Fowlkes replaced Cecil Payne and Charles Davis. **1. Gerry Mulligan;** 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Bud Shank; 5. Charles Fowlkes.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: Buddy DeFranco held onto his number-one status, but below him there was a lot of shuffling, as evidenced by the five-way deadlock for fifth place. **1. Buddy DeFranco;** 2. Jimmy Hamilton; 3. Benny Goodman; 4. Tony Scott; 5. Pete Fountain, Bill Smith, Joe Muranyi, Art Pepper, Artie Shaw.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: The Oscar again went to Mr. Peterson, with Herbie Hancock moving from fifth to third, Hank Jones sliding one notch to fourth and Chick Corea moving into the top five to eliminate Dave Brubeck. **1. Oscar Peterson;** 2. Bill Evans; 3. Herbie Hancock; 4. Hank Jones; 5. Chick Corea.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: Four of last year's top five came home intact, with a resurgent Herb Ellis bouncing Grant Green from the standings. **1. Wes Montgomery;** 2. Jim Hall; 3. Kenny Burrell; 4. Herb Ellis; 5. Charlie Byrd.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: Ray Brown

"Now will you speak for yourself, John?"

and Richard Davis again plucked the top spots, with Ron Carter, Sam Jones and George Duvivier all making progress. Of last year's leaders, only Steve Swallow is missing. **1. Ray Brown;** 2. Richard Davis; 3. Ron Carter; 4. Sam Jones; 5. Charles Mingus, George Duvivier.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: The big news here was young Tony Williams crashing into the third slot, knocking Philly Joe Jones off the pace. **1. Buddy Rich;** 2. Elvin Jones; 3. Tony Williams; 4. Joe Morello; 5. Shelly Manne.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: Milt Jackson and Jimmy Smith again showed the way, but James Moody, Ravi Shankar and "Toots" Thielemans squeezed out Lionel Hampton. **1. Milt Jackson, vibes;** 2. Jimmy Smith, *organ*; 3. Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch*; 4. James Moody, *flute*; 5. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*, and Jean "Toots" Thielemans, *harmonica*.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: The only change here was in the fifth slot, as balladeers Johnny Hartman and Billy Eckstine combined to oust Mel Tormé. **1. Frank Sinatra;** 2. Joe Williams; 3. Tony Bennett; 4. Ray Charles; 5. Johnny Hartman, Billy Eckstine.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: Last year's top five all returned, in the same order. **1. Ella Fitzgerald;** 2. Sarah Vaughan; 3. Carmen McRae; 4. Nancy Wilson; 5. Peggy Lee.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: The defending champions, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, failed to place this year, as the Oscar Peterson Trio took top billing and the Bill Evans Trio moved into contention. **1. Oscar Peterson Trio;** 2. Cannonball Adderley Quintet; 3. Miles Davis Quintet; 4. Modern Jazz Quartet; 5. Bill Evans Trio.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: The 5th Dimension, a recently organized pop unit, came out of nowhere to place third, while the Four Freshmen replaced the Double Six in the top spot and the Anita Kerr Singers fell off the totem pole. **1. Four Freshmen;** 2. Double Six of Paris; 3. 5th Dimension; 4. Hi-Lo's; 5. Swingle Singers.

JAZZ HALL OF FAME

Music, like most of the arts, is currently in a state of flux; yet a majority of the top vote getters in this year's Hall of Fame balloting are traditional contenders. There are, however, a number of newcomers, led by the ever-more-popular Herb Alpert, who was not among last year's leaders but finished a close fourth this time around. Also missing from last year's list were Buddy Rich, Nancy Wilson, Paul McCartney, Bob Dylan, Cannonball Adderley and John Lennon. Previous winners—Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Dave Brubeck, Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington and Count Basie—were ineligible. Following are this year's top 25 vote getters:

1. **Ray Charles**
2. **John Coltrane**
3. **Benny Goodman**
4. Herb Alpert
5. Henry Mancini
6. Miles Davis
7. Stan Getz
8. Al Hirt
9. Barbra Streisand
10. Dean Martin
11. Buddy Rich
12. Stan Kenton
13. Dizzy Gillespie
14. Gene Krupa
15. Nat "King" Cole
16. Nancy Wilson
17. Lionel Hampton
18. Tony Bennett
19. Charlie Parker
20. Paul McCartney
21. Sammy Davis Jr.
22. Bob Dylan
23. Ramsey Lewis
24. Cannonball Adderley
25. John Lennon

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

The balloting for the best LP records of the year was again spirited in progress, decisive in conclusion. As in previous polls, there were no nominations;

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"Well, that's strange. . . . They were all here a minute ago."

any record in each of three categories—best LP by a big band, best LP by a small combo (fewer than eight pieces) and best vocal LP—was eligible.

BEST BIG BAND LP: ***Big Swing Face / Buddy Rich* (Pacific Jazz).** Buddy and his cohorts, climaxing a two-year surge, struck a rich lode, indeed, with this aggregation of blazing big-band sounds, deftly charted and executed to perfection.

BEST SMALL COMBO LP: ***S. R. O. / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M).** For the second straight year, the chili-con-jazz gang took top honors—and this time, they were their own stiffest competition, as their LP . . . *Sounds Like* received the second highest vote. *S. R. O.* featured such sparkling items as *Our Day Will Come*, *Blue Sunday* and *Work Song*, which hit big on the charts as a single.

BEST VOCAL LP: ***Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band / The Beatles* (Capitol).** This was much more than a vocal LP, as the imaginative M. B. E.s went out on a limb with pointed lyrics and wild electronic effects. The LP, which contained the smash hit *A Day in the Life*, provoked a rash of articles and reviews by critics, who hailed it as a serious and unified work of art. But, of course, these weren't the only records that merited votes. Following are the top 25 in each category:

BEST BIG BAND LP

1. ***Big Swing Face / Buddy Rich* (Pacific Jazz)**
2. *Mancini '67* (Victor)
3. *Swingin' New Big Band / Buddy Rich* (Pacific Jazz)
4. *Live at the Monterey Jazz Festival / Don Ellis* (Pacific Jazz)
5. *Doctor Zhivago—Sound Track* (MGM)
6. *Duke Ellington's Greatest Hits!* (Reprise)
7. *The Best of Mancini* (Victor)
8. *A Man and a Woman—Sound Track* (United Artists)
9. *Popular Duke Ellington* (Victor)
10. *Big Band Shout / Buddy Rich* (Verve)
11. *Basie's Beat* (Verve)
12. *Sound Pieces / Oliver Nelson* (Impulse!)
13. *You Only Live Twice—Sound Track* (United Artists)
14. *Golden Sword / Gerald Wilson* (Pacific Jazz)
15. *Far East Suite / Duke Ellington* (Victor)
16. *Music to Watch Girls Go By / The Bob Crewe Generation* (Dyno Voice)
16. *Broadway Basie's . . . Way* (Command)
18. *Basie's Beatle Bag* (Verve)
19. *Casino Royale—Sound Track* (Colgems)
19. *Stan Kenton Plays for Today* (Capitol)
21. *Jazz Orchestra / Mel Lewis, Thad Jones* (Solid State)
22. *Boots with Strings / Boots Randolph* (Monument)
23. *Tequila / Wes Montgomery* (Verve)
24. *Music of Hawaii / Henry Mancini* (Victor)
24. *Two for the Road—Sound Track* (Victor)

BEST SMALL COMBO LP

1. ***S. R. O. / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M)**
2. *. . . Sounds Like / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M)
3. *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy! / The Cannonball Adderley Quintet* (Capitol)
4. *Whipped Cream and Other Delights / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M)
5. *Miles Smiles / Miles Davis Quintet* (Columbia)
6. *Wade in the Water / Ramsey Lewis* (Cadet)
7. *Sweet Rain / Stan Getz* (Verve)
8. *What Now My Love / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M)
9. *California Dreaming / Wes Montgomery* (Verve)
9. *Forest Flower / Charles Lloyd* (Atlantic)
11. *!!Going Places!! / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M)
11. *Hip Hug-Her / Booker T. and the MG's* (Stax)
13. *Anything Goes! / The Dave Brubeck Quartet* (Columbia)
14. *Casino Royale / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (Colgems)
15. *Love-In / Charles Lloyd Quartet* (Atlantic)
16. *The Dynamic Duo / Jimmy Smith, Wes Montgomery* (Verve)
17. *Goin' Latin / Ramsey Lewis* (Cadet)
18. *Time In / The Dave Brubeck Quartet* (Columbia)
19. *Blues Etude / Oscar Peterson* (Limelight)
20. *Hang On Ramsey! / The Ramsey Lewis Trio* (Cadet)
21. *Bravo! Brubeck! / The Dave Brubeck Quartet* (Columbia)
22. *Super Psychedelics / The Ventures* (Liberty)
23. *The Lonely Bull / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M)
24. *Impressions of the Middle East / Herbie Mann* (Atlantic)
25. *Spellbinder / Gabor Szabo* (Impulse!)

BEST VOCAL LP

1. ***Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band / The Beatles* (Capitol)**
2. *Francis Albert Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim* (Reprise)
3. *Surrealistic Pillow / Jefferson Airplane* (Victor)
4. *That's Life / Frank Sinatra* (Reprise)
5. *Equinox / Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66* (A & M)
6. *Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66* (A & M)
7. *Born Free / Andy Williams* (Columbia)
8. *Deliver / The Mamas and the Papas* (Dunhill)
9. *I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You / Aretha Franklin* (Atlantic)
10. *Ode to Billie Joe / Bobbie Gentry* (Capitol)
11. *Lou Rawls—Live!* (Capitol)
12. *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme / Simon and Garfunkel* (Columbia)
13. *Flowers / The Rolling Stones* (London)
14. *Album 1700 / Peter, Paul and Mary* (Warner Bros.)
14. *The Doors* (Elektra)
14. *Je M'Apelle Barbra / Barbra Streisand* (Columbia)
17. *Strangers in the Night / Frank Sinatra* (Reprise)
17. *Just for Now / Nancy Wilson* (Capitol)
19. *Sinatra at the Sands* (Reprise)
20. *Double Trouble / Elvis Presley* (Victor)
21. *The Temptations' Greatest Hits* (Gordy)
22. *A Man and His Soul / Ray Charles* (ABC)
22. *Soulin' / Lou Rawls* (Capitol)
24. *September of My Years / Frank Sinatra* (Reprise)
25. *Claudine / Claudine Longet* (A & M)

ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

A clear majority of last year's winners were called back for encores in '68. The inclusion of pop stars in the poll, however, gave several categories—male and female vocalists, instrumental combo and miscellaneous instrument—a new look. The most newsworthy development, perhaps, was the emergence of Ravi Shankar, India's master sitarist, as the readers' favorite in the miscellaneous-instrument category. Here's how each contest developed:

Henry Mancini was again elected leader of the leaders, followed by the Duke and the Count. Major gains were made by Buddy Rich, who finished fourth; Ray Charles, who placed sixth; and rhythm-and-blues star James Brown, who took the seventh slot—none of whom were serious contenders a year ago.

In the trumpet section, Herb Alpert came out of left field to take the first chair, with Miles Davis slipping to third, behind Al Hirt. Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie maintained their own lofty positions.

No long slides, up or down, were evident in 'bonesville, as J. J. Johnson kept his grip on first position. Following J. J., in the same order as '67, were Si Zentner, Kai Winding and Bob Brookmeyer.

Cannonball Adderley and Paul Desmond again took the first two alto chairs, followed by Bud Shank and Johnny Hodges, who exchanged their positions of a year ago. Ornette Coleman, the old master of the new music, was again fifth.

With John Coltrane out of the running

because of his premature death, Stan Getz had no formidable competition on tenor sax. Trailing a distant second was Boots Randolph, third last year. The biggest advances were by King Curtis—from nowhere to third—and by Charles Lloyd, who stepped up from 19th to 6th.

The action in the baritone section was, appropriately, in the lower register, as Gerry Mulligan and Bud Shank repeated as the top men, while Chuck Gentry replaced Jimmy Giuffre and Sahib Shihab dropped Harry Carney from the top five.

Evidence that the clarinet is not favored by experimentalists was provided by the fact that Pete Fountain, Benny Goodman, Acker Bilk, Woody Herman and Buddy DeFranco finished in the same order as they did in '67.

The top three piano men of last year—Dave Brubeck, Ramsey Lewis and Peter Nero—also retained their laurels, with ease. Ray Charles, who placed high in three separate categories, edged Oscar Peterson for fourth place.

Chet Atkins overhauled Charlie Byrd as the number-one guitar picker, regaining the crown he lost in 1964. Giant steps were taken by George Harrison, from 18th to 4th, and by Duane Eddy, who twanged his way from 25th to 6th.

The bass division registered little change. Last year's top four finished intact, with Charles Mingus remaining the readers' favorite.

The big thunder on skins was made by the sticks of Buddy Rich, who took over top ranking from Joe Morello. Ringo Starr joined Gene Krupa and Sandy Nelson in the top five, as Shelly Manne slid to sixth.

The big story in the miscellany department was Ravi Shankar, who has evidently succeeded in teaching the West to appreciate his ragas. Veteran vibist Lionel Hampton, last year's winner, placed second. The pop world was well represented as Beatles Paul McCartney and George Harrison, Stax/Volt organist Booker T. and blues-harmonica player Paul Butterfield entered the top ten, joining jazz stalwarts Herbie Mann, Milt Jackson and Jimmy Smith, plus organist Earl Grant—who sprang up to 8th place from 26th a year ago.

Frank Sinatra continued to dominate the male vocalists. Ray Charles, second last year, slid three places; moving past him were Lou Rawls, Dean Martin and Tony Bennett.

Diminutive Pet Clark became the pet vocalist of PLAYBOY readers, replacing Nancy Wilson—who finished second. Notable upward progress was made by Dionne Warwick, Aretha Franklin, Nancy Sinatra and Grace Slick of the Jefferson Airplane.

Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass displaced the Dave Brubeck Quartet as the number-one instrumental combo. Booker T. and the MG's parlayed their Memphis soul sound into fourth place, behind the Ramsey Lewis Trio; and the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, aided by several pop hits, moved from 18th to 5th. The biggest surprise, perhaps, was the sixth-place showing by The Ventures, who languished in a tie for 38th a year ago. Unlisted last year was Charles Lloyd's adventurous quartet.

The unpredictable Beatles predictably took the top vocal-group spot, as Motown's Diana Ross and the Supremes dropped to third, behind Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66. Here, too, the pop groups showed their popularity, as The Mamas and the Papas, The Association, The Temptations, the Jefferson Airplane, the Rolling Stones, Simon and Garfunkel and Peter, Paul and Mary all finished in the top ten.

Following are the leading vote getters in each category and the number of votes they commanded. Only artists with 100 votes or more are listed; wherever two choices for the All-Star Band were allowed, 200 votes are required for listing; and in categories where readers could vote for four individuals, 400 votes are needed. The musicians who earned All-Star status are listed in boldface type; all will receive silver medals, as will winners of the Hall of Fame balloting and the artists who—in the opinion of PLAYBOY readers—produced the top records of the year.

LEADER

1. Henry Mancini	**3,281**
2. Duke Ellington	1,117
3. Count Basie	872
4. Buddy Rich	756
5. Skitch Henderson	614
6. Ray Charles	597
7. James Brown	521
8. Stan Kenton	431
9. Ray Conniff	325
10. Quincy Jones	222
11. Nelson Riddle	216
12. Gerald Wilson	183
13. Oliver Nelson	176
14. Benny Goodman	171
15. Woody Herman	166
16. Si Zentner	148
17. Don Ellis	118
18. Les Brown	116
19. Dizzy Gillespie	112
20. Lionel Hampton	111
21. Gil Evans	106
22. Charles Mingus	103

TRUMPET

1. Herb Alpert	**6,808**
2. Al Hirt	**5,874**
3. Miles Davis	**5,216**
4. Louis Armstrong	**4,902**
5. Dizzy Gillespie	3,557
6. Doc Severinsen	2,673
7. Clark Terry	1,664
8. Nat Adderley	1,552
9. Maynard Ferguson	1,538
10. Bobby Hackett	1,225
11. Jonah Jones	965
12. Harry James	943
13. Billy Butterfield	805
14. Chet Baker	745
15. Hugh Masekela	580
16. Art Farmer	514
17. Don Ellis	424
18. Lee Morgan	403

TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson	**5,817**
2. Si Zentner	**5,792**
3. Kai Winding	**4,758**
4. Bob Brookmeyer	**3,648**
5. Slide Hampton	1,860
6. Jimmy Cleveland	1,323
7. J. C. Higginbotham	1,123
8. Urbie Green	1,096
9. Dave Baker	882
10. Turk Murphy	836
11. Carl Fontana	798
12. Frank Rosolino	794
13. Kid Ory	741
14. Harold Betters	739
15. Bob Fitzpatrick	683
16. Curtis Fuller	674
17. Bennie Green	606
18. Dick Nash	557
19. Wayne Henderson	544
20. Charles McPherson	528
21. Al Grey	506
22. Quentin Jackson	490
23. Grachan Moncur III	483
24. Garnett Brown	443
25. Lawrence Brown	432
26. Trummy Young	402

ALTO SAX

1. Cannonball Adderley	**7,544**
2. Paul Desmond	**4,305**
3. Bud Shank	1,260
4. Johnny Hodges	896
5. Ornette Coleman	721
6. Zoot Sims	711
7. John Handy	553
8. Sonny Stitt	493
9. Paul Horn	418
10. Art Pepper	359
11. Ted Nash	347
12. Bob Donovan	296
13. Benny Carter	256
14. Phil Woods	251
15. Walt Levinsky	245
16. James Moody	242

TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz	**7,432**
2. Boots Randolph	**2,669**
3. King Curtis	1,236
4. Sonny Rollins	951
5. Coleman Hawkins	912
6. Charles Lloyd	715
7. "Fathead" Newman	554
8. Zoot Sims	530
9. Yusef Lateef	527
10. Roland Kirk	362
11. Al Cohn	360
12. Sonny Stitt	291
13. Corky Corcoran	251
14. Eddie Davis	248
15. Illinois Jacquet	243
16. Bob Cooper	221
17. Paul Gonsalves	220
18. Buddy Tate	201
18. Stanley Turrentine	201

BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan	**5,847**
2. Bud Shank	1,103
3. Chuck Gentry	457
4. Pepper Adams	421
5. Sahib Shihab	399
6. Jimmy Giuffre	366
7. Charles Davis	362
8. Artie Kaplan	295
9. Harry Carney	282
10. Bill Hood	198
11. Lonnie Shaw	192
12. Jerome Richardson	186
13. Jack Nimitz	163
14. Butch Stone	132
15. Åke Persson	114
16. Clifford Scott	112
17. Ronnie Ross	105
18. Frank Hittner	103
18. Cecil Payne	103

CLARINET

1. Pete Fountain	**3,975**
2. Benny Goodman	1,753

3. Acker Bilk 1,373
4. Woody Herman 1,131
5. Buddy DeFranco 847
6. Paul Horn 464
7. Artie Shaw 404
8. Jimmy Giuffre 345
9. Pee Wee Russell 329
10. Art Pepper 179
11. Tony Scott 157
12. Phil Woods 149
13. Buddy Collette 138
14. Peanuts Hucko 118
15. Sol Yaged 117
16. Jimmy Hamilton 105

PIANO

1. Dave Brubeck 1,825
2. Ramsey Lewis 1,580
3. Peter Nero 1,051
4. Ray Charles 684
5. Oscar Peterson 670
6. André Previn 543
7. Erroll Garner 540
8. Thelonious Monk 539
9. Sergio Mendes 429
10. Count Basie 385
11. Duke Ellington 374
12. Ahmad Jamal 327
13. Skitch Henderson 321
14. Vince Guaraldi 303
15. George Shearing 270
16. Bill Evans 221
17. Earl "Fatha" Hines .. 205
18. Herbie Hancock 164
19. Roger Williams 151
20. Horace Silver 116

GUITAR

1. Chet Atkins 1,688
2. Charlie Byrd 1,617
3. Wes Montgomery 1,549
4. George Harrison 1,200
5. João Gilberto 662
6. Duane Eddy 585
7. Laurindo Almeida ... 521
8. Kenny Burrell 396
9. Tony Mottola 341
10. Mike Bloomfield 312
11. Gabor Szabo 231
12. Eric Clapton 247
13. Bola Sete 151
14. Herb Ellis 142
15. Muddy Waters 138
16. Howard Roberts 130
17. Zalman Yanovsky 127
18. Les Paul 123
19. Johnny Smith 118
20. Luiz Bonfa 115
21. Danny Kalb 109
22. Barney Kessel 107
23. Jim Hall 100
23. B. B. King 100

BASS

1. Charles Mingus 2,009
2. Ray Brown 1,508
3. Gene Wright 588
4. El Dee Young 521
5. Buddy Clark 462
6. Art Davis 393
7. Joe Byrd 379
8. Monk Montgomery .. 321
9. Chubby Jackson 317
10. Percy Heath 286
11. Sam Jones 260
12. Ron Carter 228
13. Paul Chambers 210
14. Bob Haggart 204
15. Richard Davis 201
16. Leroy Vinnegar 166
17. Gene Cherico 162
18. Bob Cranshaw 159
19. Eddie Gomez 150
20. Pops Foster 139
21. Sebastian Neto 131
22. Don Bagley 129
23. Norman Bates 127
24. Jimmy Garrison 125
25. Chuck Israels 122
26. Eddie Safranski 116
27. Keter Betts 104
28. Al Stinson 103
29. Milt Hinton 100
29. Bill Lee 100

DRUMS

1. Buddy Rich 2,847
2. Joe Morello 1,649
3. Gene Krupa 1,295
4. Ringo Starr 1,112
5. Sandy Nelson 937
6. Shelly Manne 467
7. Elvin Jones 309
8. Cozy Cole 296
9. Art Blakey 289
10. Chico Hamilton 243
11. Red Holt 211
12. Ginger Baker 151
13. Willie Bobo 133
14. Max Roach 132
15. Joe Cusatis 107
16. Grady Tate 106
17. Louis Bellson 105
18. Charlie Watts 101
19. Bob Stone 100
19. Tony Williams 100

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

1. Ravi Shankar, *sitar* .. 1,737
2. Lionel Hampton, *vibes* 1,376
3. Herbie Mann, *flute* ... 1,042
4. Jimmy Smith, *organ* . 1,028
5. George Harrison, *sitar*. 658
6. Paul McCartney, *electric bass* 625
7. Booker T., *organ* 583
8. Earl Grant, *organ* 446
9. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica* 380
10. Milt Jackson, *vibes* ... 358
11. Cal Tjader, *vibes* 344
12. Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn* 290
13. Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch, flute* 190
14. Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn* 175
15. Mongo Santamaria, *bongos* 174
16. Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe* 160
17. John Sebastian, *harmonica* 157
18. Paul Horn, *flute* 130
19. Groove Holmes, *organ* 126
20. Terry Gibbs, *vibes* ... 118
21. Gary Burton, *vibes* ... 117
22. Art Van Damme, *accordion* 107
23. Al Kooper, *organ* 106

MALE VOCALIST

1. Frank Sinatra 2,265
2. Lou Rawls 963
3. Dean Martin 577
4. Tony Bennett 547
5. Ray Charles 532
6. Andy Williams 485
7. Bob Dylan 423
8. Paul McCartney 385
9. Johnny Mathis 357
10. Mick Jagger 310
11. Sammy Davis Jr. 309
12. Jack Jones 248
13. Elvis Presley 230
14. Donovan 222
15. Ed Ames 220
16. Mel Tormé 211
17. Harry Belafonte 181
18. Eric Burdon 176
19. Johnny Rivers 165
20. Frankie Valli 157
21. Joe Williams 136
22. Otis Redding 124
23. James Brown 122
24. John Gary 114
25. Gene Pitney 111
25. Glenn Yarbrough 111
27. Trini Lopez 110

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Petula Clark 1,275
2. Nancy Wilson 1,061
3. Dionne Warwick 1,040
4. Barbra Streisand 1,023
5. Ella Fitzgerald 910
6. Aretha Franklin 686
7. Nancy Sinatra 637
8. Grace Slick 431
9. Astrud Gilberto 403
10. Joan Baez 377
11. Eydie Gormé 312
12. Cass Elliott 221
13. Peggy Lee 207
14. Lainie Kazan 191
15. Carmen McRae 168
15. Nina Simone 168
15. Dusty Springfield 168
18. Marianne Faithfull .. 162
19. Bobbie Gentry 160
20. Vikki Carr 157
21. Sarah Vaughan 151
22. Janis Joplin 146
23. Janis Ian 145
24. Lana Cantrell 112

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

1. Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass 4,129
2. Dave Brubeck Quartet 1,169
3. Ramsey Lewis Trio .. 880
4. Booker T. and the MG's 396
5. Cannonball Adderley Quintet 364
6. Ventures 356
7. Modern Jazz Quartet . 311
8. Miles Davis Quintet .. 246
8. Charles Lloyd Quartet 246
10. Jr. Walker and the All-Stars 240
11. Stan Getz Quartet ... 234
12. Jimmy Smith Trio ... 212
13. Oscar Peterson Trio .. 200
14. Herbie Mann Sextet . 195
15. Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet 189
16. Wes Montgomery Trio 160
17. George Shearing Quintet 142
18. Peter Nero Trio 131
19. Vince Guaraldi Trio . 125
20. Cal Tjader Quintet .. 116
21. Charlie Byrd Trio ... 113
22. Louis Armstrong All-Stars 101

VOCAL GROUP

1. Beatles 2,060
2. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 1,043
3. Diana Ross and the Supremes 980
4. Mamas and the Papas 780
5. Association 585
6. Peter, Paul and Mary . 486
7. Temptations 390
8. Jefferson Airplane ... 361
9. Rolling Stones 327
10. Simon and Garfunkel 290
11. Four Freshmen 255
12. Swingle Singers 233
13. Ray Charles Singers .. 232
14. Righteous Brothers .. 225
15. Four Seasons 211
16. 5th Dimension 164
16. Young Rascals 164
18. Four Tops 156
19. Paul Butterfield Blues Band 153
20. Beach Boys 150
21. Jackie Cain and Roy Kral 147
22. Anita Kerr Singers ... 136
23. New Christy Minstrels 131
24. Double Six of Paris .. 125
25. Johnny Mann Singers 122
26. Smokey Robinson and the Miracles 112
27. Lovin' Spoonful 104
28. Monkees 100

sights & sounds of '68

(continued from page 134)

to check out a newly introduced line from the AKG factory in Austria. AKG's ultralightweight models K-20 ($19.50) and K-60 ($39.50) depart from the usual principle of sealing off outside noise in favor of one that keeps the headphone wearer in partial sonic contact with the surrounding sounds. For his-and-her listening in the wee hours, Koss proffers the Model T-10 chairside listening station ($19.95), a remote-control unit with separate volume controls for each of two sets of headphones.

If you haven't the penchant or patience for assembling your own component rig, a factory-packaged compact system is probably just the ticket. This breed of equipment has progressed far beyond the original concept of stereo in a suitcase. The basic idea of combining a central turntable-tuner-amplifier module with two compatible speakers still stands, but today the accent is on luxury. For the listener with $1100 to spend, Pioneer markets a lordly rig that comes equipped with a pair of the above-mentioned IS-80 integrated amplifier-speakers and a companion module housing a heavy-duty turntable, FM tuner and preamplifier. Benjamin's Model 1050 ($550), though costing less money, also offers the highest of fidelity. Its central module incorporates the prestigious Miracord 50 automatic turntable with an 85-watt AM/FM receiver. As an optional extra, Benjamin makes available a cassette tape recorder (more about cassettes later) that can be mounted in the base ($139.50). Harman-Kardon is also putting out a cassette-equipped compact (Model SC 2520, $479), while Bogen takes a slightly different approach and features a Stereo 8 tape cartridge player in its top-ranking Model MSC-1 ($521.95). Because demand for these convenient modular systems continues to climb, production is high and there's a bounteous choice of merchandise, with such stalwarts as Fisher, Scott, Sony and KLH worthily represented in addition to those manufacturers already noted. It's definitely a buyers' market, and we recommend that you engage in some earnest comparison shopping and listening before you pull out your checkbook.

And now the time has come to talk of tape—and what a mouthful it is. In addition to a lavish outpouring of reel-to-reel gear (both audio and video), an abundance of cartridge and cassette equipment is also at hand for men of action who don't want to be bothered with tape threading, rewinding and handling.

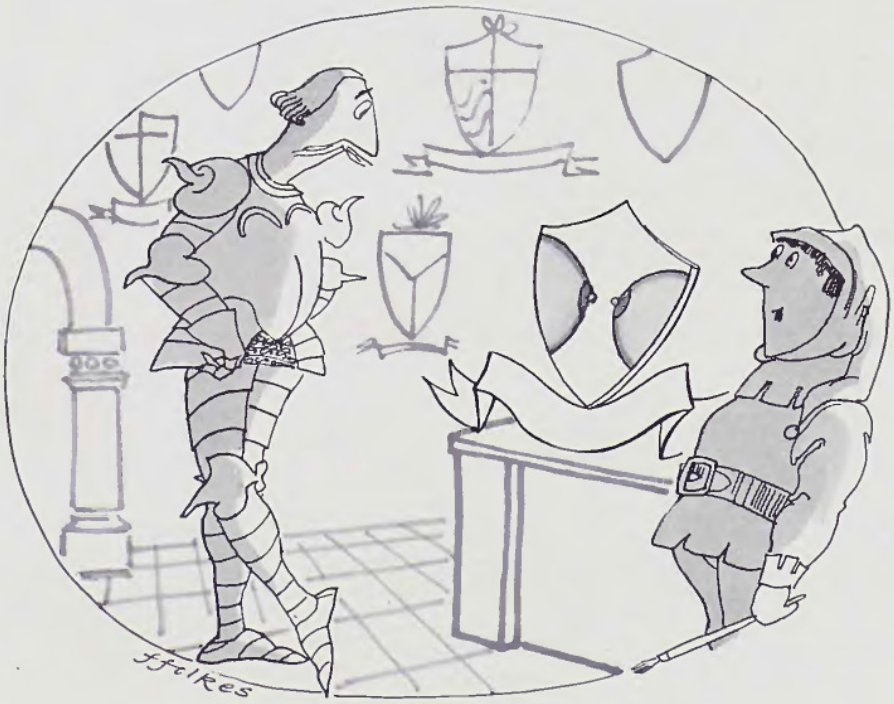
The tape cartridge was originally contrived for use on the highway. About a year and a half ago, it moved into the big time, when R. C. A. Victor and Ford put their combined corporate weight behind Lear Jet's Stereo 8 system. Since then, Stereo 8 has been espoused by all leading record labels and auto makers, and it's now firmly established as the preferred medium for mobile stereo. In case you're not familiar with this type of continuous loop sound system, here's how it works: Quarter-inch tape emerges from the core of a single coil, passes the playback head and returns to the outer circumference of the same coil. The eight tracks of recorded material on the tape accommodate up to 80 minutes of programing and the switch-over from one pair of stereo tracks to the next is accomplished automatically.

Stereo 8 cartridges are remarkably easy to use (push them into a slot and they begin to play), but the system is not without certain disadvantages. A tape cartridge cannot be put into reverse (it's like trying to stuff toothpaste back into the tube). This means that you've got to take Stereo 8 programing as it comes. If you've just enjoyed the Beatles' *A Day in the Life* and want to hear a repeat performance, you'll have to be patient. Even on more expensive sets, the tape must reach the end of the track before you can activate the mechanism for the song to come around again. Another point to remember is that the system is basically designed for playback, not for recording. You can choose from a hefty catalog of commercial recordings, but it's difficult to make your own.

On the highway, none of this really matters, and the cartridge player can be recommended for your car without reservation (it's best to get the rig factory-installed). Whether you'll also want it *chez vous* depends on your reactions to its advantages and its limitations. If your response is positive, R. C. A. Victor has a compact and inexpensive playback module (the Mark 8, $69.95) to hook into your component rig. Another useful adjunct for Stereo 8 buffs is the Roberts Model 778-X ($429.95), which has recording as well as playback capability for both reel-to-reel and cartridge tape.

Hotly competitive with Stereo 8, the recent cassette system developed by Philips in Holland has captured the fancy of hi-fi buffs from coast to coast. According to industry guesstimates, cassettes will outsell cartridges two to one in 1968. This rosy prognosis betokens some notable technological superiorities. The reel-to-reel cassette is specifically made for recording as well as for playback, operates at both fast rewind and fast forward and embodies an ingenious tape index that tells at a glance your whereabouts on a tape. To top it all, a cassette is only one fourth the size of an equivalent cartridge. All this has been accomplished by reducing the tape to an eighth-inch width and devising an ingenious plastic mechanism for housing the two tiny reels.

Manufacturers here and abroad have jumped on the cassette band wagon and there's now quite a selection of recorder/playback units on the American market from which to choose. Smallest of the lot is Sony's mono-only Model TC-50 ($112.50), which includes a built-in mike and speaker within its coat-pocket-sized



"So far so good. Now how about the motto?"

format. The mono-only Norelco Carry-Corder 150 ($69.50), although slightly larger and heavier, is also eminently portable. Stereo turns up in the cassette systems designed for home use. You're best off with a deck that plays through a good component setup, thus combining the cassette's ease-of-handling with the superior sonic performance of separate amplification and speaker gear. One such deck is the Ampex Micro 50 ($139.95), a trim, walnut-encased model that features push-button operation, a VU meter, digital counter and pause control. It should be noted, incidentally, that blank cassettes for do-it-yourself taping are available with playing time of 60, 90 and 120 minutes. They're all the same size; only the thickness of the tape varies. Prerecorded cassettes of both pop and classical music are also being produced by most of the major record companies. While the fidelity of a cassette (or the Stereo 8s) occasionally leaves something to be desired, we feel that the compactness and simplicity of operation more than compensate for a somewhat narrower frequency response and a slight tape hiss.

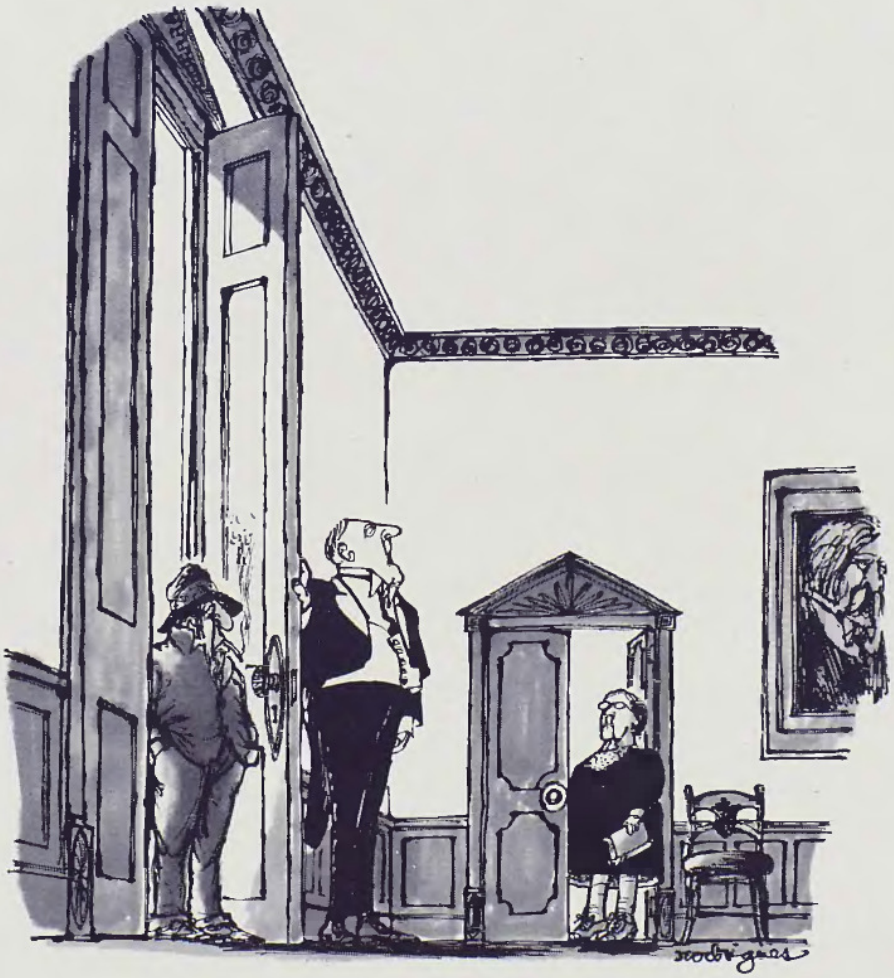
Audiophiles who opt for the distortion-free performance of open-reel tape and the convenience of a cassette will wish to give the new automated reel-to-reel equipment that's now—or soon will be—on the market a whirl. Front-runner in the automation sweepstakes is Sony's forthcoming Model 760, a recorder/playback that not only threads tape and reverses direction by itself but also changes its own reels. All you do is stack up to five reels on the spindle, actuate the automatic-play control and let the mechanism take over. The 760 won't be ready until this fall; the price will be $595. Meanwhile, there is a handsomely automated tape deck available right now from Bell & Howell. The Model 2291 ($349.95) eschews automatic reel change but does offer automatic threading and reverse, along with such other useful features as pause and search controls and a power-assisted master control knob for all tape transport functions. Autothread and reverse are also available from Ampex in its three-speed Model 1161A ($399.95, with slide-on speakers).

To keep matters in perspective, we should observe at this point that threading a piece of tape past a head assembly does not entail awesome feats of dexterity. And, as an added incentive, there's a huge array of reel-to-reel equipment available, ranging all the way from the sublime to the serviceable. In the former category we put the Crown SX800 ($1495), a rugged professional instrument with 10½-inch reels, hysteresis synchronous-drive motor, magnetic braking and completely separated record and playback preamps. The big news of this system is its computerlike control for the tape transport—a four-button device that allows you to make any shift, even from fast forward to fast reverse, without risk of tape breakage. Crown's transport mechanism can also be remote-controlled for armchair operation. Another top-of-the-line tape deck—TEAC's Model A-6010 ($699.50)—automatically reverses the tape at the end of the reel. Roberts' Model 5000 ($599.95) also belongs in the stellar class; the deck accommodates 10½-inch reels and features the famed Akai crossfield recording head.

A short move down the price scale brings us to a number of tempting intermediate models from suppliers of long standing. Tandberg has completely transistorized its Series 12 recorder ($498) for improved electronic performance. As befits its Scandinavian provenience, the Series 12 comes encased in hand-finished teak. Uher has also completely transistorized its Model 9000-L deck ($400), which packs into an extremely compact module such refinements as a hysteresis synchronous-drive motor that keeps the rpm speed constant even when voltage fluctuates. Sony's Model 560D deck ($349.50) comes equipped with a servo-control AC-DC motor for variable pitch adjustments, as well as a flutter filter, noise-suppressor switch and an automatic reverse system.

The low-price tape-deck field has been invaded by two long-experienced turntable manufacturers—BSR, with its three-speed TD-1020 deck from England ($129.95); and Dual, with its TG 27 deck from Germany ($199.50), the latter featuring push-button controls and sound-on-sound recording. Automatic reverse at a budget price can be found in Concord's Reverse-A-Track deck ($199.50); while excellent value has been built into such basic machines as the Viking 423 ($249.50), Wollensak 5720 ($189.95) and Panasonic RS-766US ($149.95). All offer three-speed transport, dual VU meters, digital tape counters and a full complement of input and output jacks.

Adventurous tapists now have the fascinating world of sight and sound to conquer. Video tape recorders are still a bit costly, but they're getting better all the time and one of these days everybody will own one. Unfortunately, the hoped-for standardization of video tape record-



". . . It's your pusher, madam. . . ."

"Now, just a minute!"

ers has not yet come to pass, and it looks as if we're in for a battle of the speeds reminiscent of the imbroglio over 33 and 45 rpm. The Ampex people are plumping for one-inch tape at a transport speed of 9.6 ips. This format is embraced in the just-announced Model 5000 deck ($995), which will produce video tapes that are fully interchangeable with any other one-inch Ampex video tape recorder. Sony favors half-inch tape at a transport speed of 7½ ips. The firm's well-established CV-200D video-tape-recorder deck ($695) is now joined by a 12-pound battery-operated recorder and camera for on-location work ($1250, including zoom lens, microphone and battery charger). Full interchangeability is also guaranteed within the Sony family of video tape recorders. Just to cloud matters further, the Craig Model 6401 deck ($1035) runs half-inch tape at 9½ ips, while Panasonic's Model NV-8000 ($1000) spins along at 12 ips.

If you've been considering purchasing a color-TV set, don't buy until you check out the new portables now on the market. Screen sizes vary, as do style and quality, so it's impossible to list all models here. For a starter, you might wish to consider the following three: GE's 10-diagonal-inch Portacolor ($269.95), Panasonic's 14-diagonal-inch Buckingham ($379.95) or Toshiba's 15-diagonal-inch Model C1S ($349.50). For those of you who'd prefer to rally round a console, there are plenty of them available in a multitude of wood hues and cabinet styles. Packard Bell's walnut-finished Scandinavian-style Narvik ($700) features both a tambour door that completely closes off the tube and control panel when not in use and a swivel base for multidirectional viewing with a minimum of effort. Two other entries in the uncommon market of console sets are Admiral's walnut-finished Lisbon (Model L5438, $650) and Zenith's Danish-walnut Ekstrom ($749.95).

That about wraps it up. Clearly, there's a plentiful supply of electronic accouterments available for solo or social evenings in your digs. Prices quoted are list. In the case of many brands, discounts from retailers are the order of the day. Before buying, shop for price as well as for quality of sound. But think twice before purchasing gear made by a company you have never heard of. Parts may be hard to come by and the workmanship shoddy. If you stick to name-brand merchandise, it's difficult to go wrong.

PIMP'S REVENGE

(continued from page 126)

beneficial but because it's also a matter of communal responsibility; not only hers for me now that I've had a most serious operation, or both of us for her starving father, but also in reference to my aged mother, a woman of eighty-three who is seriously in need of proper nursing care. I understand you're an American, *signore*. That's one thing, but Italy is a poor country. Here each of us has to be responsible for the welfare of four or five others or it doesn't work and we all go under."

He spoke calmly, philosophically, a little breathlessly, as if his recent operation now and then caught up with him. And his intense small eyes wandered in different directions as he talked, as though he suspected Esmeralda might be hiding in the room.

F, after his first indignation, listened with interest although disappointed the man had not turned out to be a wealthy picture buyer.

"She's had it with whoring," he said.

"*Signore*," Ludovico said with emotion, "it's important to understand. The girl owes me much. She was seventeen when I came across her, a peasant girl living a wretched existence. I'll spare you the details because they'd turn your stomach. She had chosen this profession, the most difficult of all as we know, but lacked the ability to handle herself. I met her by accident and offered to help her, although this sort of thing wasn't in my regular line of work. To make the story short, I devoted many hours to her education and helped her find a better clientele—to give you an example, recently one of her newest customers, a wealthy cripple she sees weekly, offered to marry her, but I advised against it because he's really a *contadino*. Anyway, I took measures to protect her health and well-being. I advised her to go for medical examinations, scared off badly behaved customers with a toy pistol and tried in every way to reduce indignities and hazards. Believe me, I am a protective person and gave her my sincere affection. I treat her as if she were my own daughter. She isn't by chance in the next room? If she is, why doesn't she come out and talk frankly?"

He pointed with his cane at the alcove curtain.

"That's the kitchen," said F. "She's out shopping."

Ludovico paused, bereft, blew on his fingers, his eyes momentarily glazed as his glance mechanically wandered around the room. He seemed then to come to and gazed at some of F's pictures with sudden interest. In a moment his features were animated.

"Naturally, you're a painter! Pardon me for overlooking it, a worried man is

half blind. Besides, somebody told me you were an insurance agent."

"No, I'm a painter."

The pimp borrowed F's last cigarette, took a few puffs as he studied the pictures on the wall with tightened eyes, then put out the barely used butt and pocketed it.

"It's a remarkable coincidence." He had once, it turned out, been a frame maker and later part owner of a small art gallery on the Via Strozzi, and he was of course familiar with painting and the painting market. But the gallery, because of the machinations of his thieving partner, had failed. He hadn't reopened it for lack of capital, and it was shortly afterward he had become seriously ill and had to have a lung removed.

"That's why I didn't finish your cigarette, though I still have a craving for a puff or two."

Ludovico coughed badly—F believed him.

"In this condition, naturally, I find it hard to make a living. Even frame making wears me out. That's why it's advantageous for me to work with Esmeralda."

"Anyway, you certainly have your nerve," the painter replied. "I'm not just referring to your coming up here and telling me what I ought to do vis-à-vis someone who happens to be here because she asked to be, but I mean actually living off the proceeds of a girl's body. All in all, it isn't much of a moral thing to do. Esmeralda might in some ways be indebted to you, but she doesn't owe you her soul."

The pimp leaned with dignity on his cane.

"Since you bring up the word, *signore*, are you a moral man?"

"In my art I am."

Ludovico sighed. "Ah, maestro, who are we to talk of what we understand so badly? Morality has a thousand sources and endless means of expression. As for the soul, who understands its mechanism? Remember, the thief on the cross was the one who rose to heaven with our Lord." He coughed at length. "Maybe I expressed myself poorly before. This is a complicated world. Keep in mind that the girl of her free will chose the calling she is engaged in, not I. She was in it without finesse or proficiency, which makes it almost impossible to succeed in such an enterprise, although she is of course adequate. Her advantage is her youth and a certain directness, but she needs advice and managerial assistance. Have you seen the hat she wears? Twice I tried to burn it. Obviously she lacks taste. The same is true for her clothes, but she's very stubborn to deal with. Still, I devoted myself to her and managed to improve conditions, for which I received a modest but necessary commission. Considering the circumstances, how can this be an evil thing? The basis of morality is recognizing one another's needs and cooperating. Mutual generosity is nothing to criticize other people for. After all, what did Jesus teach?"

Ludovico had removed his hat. He was bald with several gray hairs parted in the center.

He seemed, now, depressed. "You aren't in love with this girl, are you, maestro? If so, say the word and I disappear. Love is love, after all. I don't forget I am an Italian."

F thought for a minute.

"Not as yet, I don't think."

"In that case, I hope you will not interfere with her decision?"

"What decision do you have in mind?"

"As to what she will do after I speak to her."

"You mean if she decides to leave?"

"Exactly."

"That's up to her."

The pimp ran a relieved hand over his perspiring head and replaced his hat. "The relationship may be momentarily convenient, but for a painter who has his work to think of, you'll be better off without her."

"I didn't say I wanted her to go," said F. "All I said was I wouldn't interfere with her decision."

Ludovico bowed. "Ah, you have the objectivity of a true artist."

On his way out, he tossed aside the alcove curtain with his cane and uncovered F's painting on the kitchen table.

He was at first unable to believe his eyes. Standing back, he had a better look. "*Straordinario*," he murmured and kissed his fingertips.

F snatched the canvas, blew the dust off and carefully tucked it away behind his bureau.

"It's work in progress," he explained. "I don't like to show it yet."

"Obviously it will be a very fine painting, one sees that at a glance. What do you call it?"

"*Mother and Son*."

"In spirit, it's pure Picasso."

"Is it? What do you mean?"

"I refer to his remark: 'You paint not what you see but what you know is there.'"

"That's right," F said, his voice husky.

"We all have to learn from the masters. There's nothing wrong with trying to do better that which they do best themselves. Thus new masters are born."

"Thank you."

"When you finish, let me know. I am acquainted with people who are interested in buying fine serious contemporary work. I could get you an excellent price,

"I didn't marry Frank for his money, but I'm divorcing him for it."

of course for the usual commission. Anyway, it looks as though you are about to give birth to a painting of extraordinary merit. Permit me to congratulate you on your talent."

F blushed radiantly.

Esmeralda returned.

Ludovico fell to his knees.

"Go fuck yourself," she said.

"Ah, *signorina*, my misfortune is your good luck. Your friend is a superb artist. You can take my word for it."

• • •

How do you paint a Kaddish?

Here's Momma sitting on the stoop in her cotton house dress, awkward at having her picture taken yet with a dim smile on the dry old snapshot turning yellow that Bessie sent me years ago. Here's the snap, here's the painting of the same idea, why can't I make one out of both? How do you make art of an old photo, so to say? A single of a double image, the one in and the one out?

The painting, 51 x 38, was encrusted in places (her hands and feet) (his face) almost a quarter of an inch thick with paint, layer on layer giving it history, another word for thick past in the paint itself. The mystery was why in the five years he had been at it, on and off because he had to hide it away when it got to be too much for him, he hadn't been able to finish it though most of it was done already, except Momma's face. Five years' work here, mostly as he had first painted it, though he often added dibs and dabs, touches of brush or palette knife on the dry forms. He had tried it every which way, with Momma alone, sitting or standing, with or without him; and with Bessie in or out, but never Poppa, that living ghost; and I've made her old and young, and sometimes resembling Annamaria Oliovino, or Theresa, the chambermaid in Milan; even a little like Susskind, when my memory gets mixed up, who was a man I met when I first came to Rome; Momma apart and he apart, and then trying to bring them together in the tightly woven paint so they would be eternally mother and son as well as unique forms on canvas. So beautifully complete the idea of them together that the viewer couldn't help but think no one has to do it again because it's been done by F and can't be done better; in truth, a masterwork. He had painted her sad and happy, tall, short, realistic, expressionistic, cubistic, surrealistic, even in action splotches of violet and brown. Also in black and white, stark like Motherwell. Once he had molded a figure in clay from the old photo and tried to copy it, but that didn't work either.

The faces were changed almost every day he painted, his as a young boy, hers as herself (long since departed); but now though for a year he had let the boy be, his face and all, he was still never satisfied with hers—something always missing—for very long after he had put it down; and he daily or nightly scraped it off (another lost face) with his rusty palette knife, and tried once again the next day; then scraped that face the same night or the day after; or let it harden in hope for two days and then frantically, before the paint stiffened, scraped that face off, too. All in all he had destroyed more than a thousand faces and conceived another thousand for a woman who could barely afford one; yet couldn't settle on her true face—at least true for art. What was true for Bessie's old photo was true enough—you can't beat Kodak, but reduced on canvas, too much left out. He sometimes thought of tearing up the old snapshot so he would have only memory (of it?) to go by, but couldn't bring himself to destroy this last image of her. He was afraid to tear up the snap and went on painting the face on the dumpy body on the chair on the stoop, little F standing blandly by her side knowing she had died though pretending, at least in paint, that he didn't; then scraping it off as the rest of the painting slowly thickened into a frieze.

I've caught the boy, more or less, and sometimes I seem to have her for a few minutes, though not when I look at them together. I don't paint her face so that it holds him in her presence. It comes out at best like two portraits in space and time. Should I stand him on the left instead of right? I tried it once and it didn't work; now I have this hard-as-rock-quarter-of-an-inch investment in the way they are now, and if I scrap either of them (chisel? dynamite?), I might as well throw out the canvas. I might as well scrap what's left of my life if I have to start over again.

How do you invent whoever she was? I remember so little, her death, not even the dying, just the end mostly, after a sickness they easily cure nowadays with penicillin. I was about six or seven, or maybe ten, and as I remember, didn't cry at the funeral. For years that never bothered me much, but when Bessie sent me the snap and I began painting Momma's pictures, I guess it did. Maybe I held it against her, I mean dying; either that or I am by nature a nonmourner, born that way whether one wants it or not. The truth is I am afraid to paint, like I might find out something.

I have not said Kaddish, though I could have looked up the words.

What if she were still a wandering figure among the stars, unable to find the Pearly Gates?

He hid the canvas and turned then to the statuette of the Madonna without child. Esmeralda liked to see the chips fly as the Holy Mother rose out of wood.

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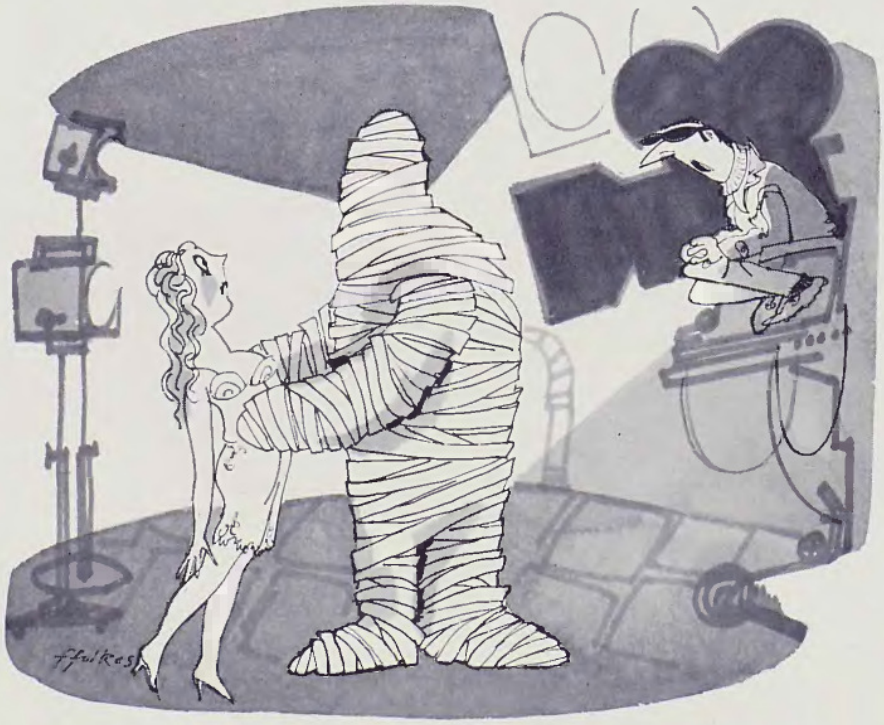
The girl had coffee with milk in the morning, slept on a borrowed cot in the kitchen alcove and stayed out of his way while he was painting. The back of the canvas was what she saw when she came into the studio each morning for a few



"You love her, McBride. Make me believe you love her!"

lire to shop with. It was understood she was not to try to look as he painted. "*Malocchio*," he said, and she nodded and withdrew on tiptoe. Because he found it uncomfortable to work with someone around, after a few days he had thought of asking her to leave, but when he considered how young she was, hardly grown up, like a young child's big sister, he changed his mind. Only once she indirectly referred to the painting, asking what was the snapshot he pored over so much. "Mind your business," F said; she shrugged and withdrew. In the kitchen she was slowly reading a love-story serial in a movie magazine. She shopped, cooked, kept the studio clean, although she did not bathe as often as he. In the kitchen, as he was painting she sewed, mended his socks, underwear, and altered her dresses. She had not much clothing, a sweater and skirt and two trollop's dresses, from one of which she removed two silver roses, from the other some rows of purple sequins. She raised the necklines and lowered the hems. She owned a tight black sweater that looked good on her because of her bosom, long neck, dark eyes; also a few pieces of patched underwear, nothing enticing but a red chemise, not bad but too red, some baubles of jewelry she had bought on the Ponte Vecchio, and a modest pair of house shoes. Her gold high heels she had wrapped in newspaper and put away. How long for does she think? F thought. And the girl was a talented cook. She fed him well, mostly on macaroni, green vegetables cooked in olive oil, and now and then some tripe or rabbit. She did very well with a few lire, and, all in all, two lived cheaper than one. She made few complaints, though she could be sullen when, lost in his work or worry about his work, he paid scant attention to her for days. She obliged in bed when he wanted her, could be tender, and generally made herself useful. Esmeralda once suggested she would pose for him in the nude, but F wouldn't hear of it. Heavy-armed and long-footed, at times she reminded him of Bessie as he remembered her as a girl, though they weren't really much alike.

One October morning F sprang out of bed, terribly inspired. Before breakfast he got the painting out of its hiding place to finish it off once and for all, only to discover that Bessie's snapshot was gone from the easel ledge. He shook Esmeralda awake, but she hadn't seen it. F rushed downstairs, dumped the garbage bag on the sidewalk and frantically searched amid the hard spaghetti strings and mushy melon rinds, as the landlord, waving both arms, threatened suit. No luck. Upstairs, he hunted through the studio from top to bottom, Esmeralda diligently assisting, but they found nothing. He spent a terrible morning, not a single stroke painted.

"Someone to see you, Senator, from the gun lobby."

"But why do you need a picture to paint from, it's all so ridiculous."

"Are you sure you didn't take it?"

"Why would I take it? It's not a picture of me."

"To teach me a lesson or something?"

"Don't be a fool," she said.

He trembled in rage and misery.

In his presence she searched through his chest of drawers—he had been through them a dozen times—and on top, under a book on Uccello he had been reading, discovered the lost snapshot.

F blushed.

"I forgive your dirty suspicions," she said, her eyes clouding.

"Not that I deserve it," he admitted.

After lunch she tried on the floppy hat she had worn when he had met her, to see how she could alter it.

The sight of the velvet hat on her excited his eye. F had another inspiration.

"I'll paint you in it—at least a drawing."

"What for? You said it's ugly on me."

"It's unique is why. Many a master in the past was enticed by a hat to do a portrait of the face beneath."

"Oh, all right," Esmeralda said. "It's immaterial to me, though. I thought you'd want to be getting back to your painting."

"The day's shot for that."

She agreed to pose. He did a quick charcoal for a warm-up that came out entrancing, especially the hat. He began then to sketch her in pencil, possibly for a painting.

As he was drawing, F asked, "How did you manage to fall into prosti—— Your former profession? What I mean is, was it Ludovico's doing?"

"Prosti—— Profession," she mimicked. "Once you've cackled, lay the egg."

"I was trying to be considerate."

"Try again. Keeping your mouth shut about certain things is a better consideration; still, if it's only your curiosity you're out to satisfy, I'll tell you why. Ludovico had nothing to do with it, at least then, although he was one of my earliest customers and still owes me money for services rendered, not to mention certain sums he stole outright. He's the only pure bastard I know, all the others have strains of decency, not that it makes much difference. Anyway, it was my own idea, if you want to know. Maybe I was working up to be an artist's mistress."

F, letting the irony pass, continued to sketch her.

"One thing I'll tell you, it wasn't because of any starving father, if that's what he's told you. My father is a farmer in Fiesole, he stinks of manure and is incredibly stingy. All he's ever parted with is his virginity. He's got my mother and sister drudging for him and is sore as a castrated bull that I escaped. I ran away because I was sick to my teeth of being a slave. What's more, he wasn't above giving me a feel now and then when he had nothing better to do. Thanks to him I can barely read and write. I turned to whoring because I

don't want to be a maid and I don't know anything else. A truck driver on the *autostrada* gave me the idea. But in spite of my profession, I'm incredibly shy, that's why I let Ludovico pimp for me."

She asked if she could see the drawing of herself, and when she had, said, "What are you going to call it?"

He had thought, *Portrait of a Young Whore*, but answered, "*Portrait of a Young Woman*. I might do an oil from it."

"It's immaterial to me," Esmeralda said, but he saw she was pleased.

"The reason I stayed here is I thought you'd be kind to me. Besides, if a man is an artist, I figured he must know about life. If he does, maybe he can teach me something. So far, all I've learned is you're like everybody else, shivering in your pants. That's how it goes, when you think you have nothing, there's somebody with less."

F made three more drawings on paper, with and without the hat, and one with the black hat and Esmeralda holding marigolds.

The next morning he carved half a wooden Madonna in a few hours, and to celebrate, took Esmeralda to the Uffizi in the afternoon and explained some of the great works of art to her.

She didn't always understand his allusions, but was grateful. "You're not so dumb," she said.

"One picks up things."

That evening they went to a movie and afterward stopped for a *gelato* and espresso in a café off the Piazza della Signoria. Men looked her over. F stared them down. She smiled at him tenderly. "You're a lot more relaxed when you're working on the Madonnas. When you're painting with that snapshot in front of you, you haven't the civility of a dog."

He admitted there was some truth to it.

She confessed she had stolen a long look at his picture when he was downstairs going through the garbage bag for the snap.

To his surprise, he did not condemn her.

"What did you think of it?"

"Who is she, the one without the face?"

"My mother, she died young."

"What's the matter with the boy?"

"What do you mean?"

"He looks kind of sad."

"That's the way it's supposed to be. But I don't want to talk about it anymore. The worst thing you can do when you're painting is talk about it."

"To me it's as though you were trying to paint yourself back in your mother's arms."

He was momentarily stunned. "Do you think so?"

"It's obvious to me. A mother's a mother, a son's a son."

"On the other hand, it might be like an attempt on my part to release her from the arms of death. But that sort of stuff doesn't matter much. It's first and foremost a painting, a potentially first-class work if I ever get it done. If I could complete it the way I sometimes see it in my mind's eye, I bet it could be something extraordinary. You know, if a man does only one such painting in his lifetime, he can call himself a success. I sometimes think that if I could paint such a picture, much that was wrong in my life would rearrange itself and add up to more, if you know what I mean."

"In what way?"

"I could forgive myself for past errors."

"Not me," Esmeralda said. "I'd have to paint ten great pictures."

She laughed at the thought.

As they were crossing the bridge, Esmeralda said, "You're really nutty. I don't see why a man would give up five years of his life just to paint one picture. If it was me, I'd put it aside and do something I could sell."

"I do once in a while, like this portrait of you I'm working on now, but I always go back to *Mother and Son*."

"Why does everybody talk about art so much?" she asked. "Even Ludovico, when he's not adding up his accounts, he's talking about art."

"Art's what it must be, which is beauty, and more, which is mostly mystery. That's what people talk about."

"In this picture you're painting of me, what's the mystery?"

"The mystery is that you've been captured, yet there's more—you've become art."

"You mean it's not me anymore?"

"It never was. Art isn't life."

"Then the hell with it. If I have my choice, I'll take life. If there's not that, there's no art."

"Without art there's no life to speak of, at least for me. If I'm not an artist, then I'm nothing."

"My God, aren't you a man?"

"Not really, without art."

"Personally, I think you've got a lot to learn."

"I'm learning," F sighed.

"What's so great about mystery?" she then asked. "I don't like it. There's enough around without making more."

"Being involved in it."

"Explain that to me."

"It's complicated, but one thing would be that a man like me—you understand—is actually working in art. The idea came to me late, I wasted most of my youth. The mystery of art is that more is there than you put down and every stroke adds to it. You look at your painting and see this eye staring at you though all you've painted is an old tree. It's also a mystery to me why I haven't been able to finish my best painting, though I am dying to."

"If you ask me," Esmeralda said, "my idea of a mystery is why I am in love with you, though it's clear to me you don't see me for dirt."

She burst into tears.

A week later Ludovico, come for a morning visit wearing a pair of new yellow gloves, saw the completed portrait of Esmeralda, 48 x 30, with black hat, long neck and marigolds. He was bowled over.

"Fantastic. If you pay me half, I can get you a million lire for this work of art."

"But I can't go with you to your planet! These are my peak earning years!"

F agreed, so the pimp, crossing himself, left with the painting.

• • •

One afternoon when Esmeralda was out, Ludovico, breathing badly after four flights of stairs, appeared in the studio lugging a tape recorder he had borrowed for an interview with F.

"What for?"

"To keep a record for the future. I'll get it printed in *International Arts*. My cousin is assistant to the business manager. It will help you get a gallery for your first one-man show."

"Who needs a gallery if all I can show is unfinished canvases?"

"You'd better increase your output. Sit down here and talk into the microphone. I've turned it on. Don't worry about the machine, it won't crawl up your leg. Just relax and answer my questions candidly. Also don't waste time justifying yourself. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

LUD: Very well. Ludovico Belvedere speaking, interviewing the painter Fidelman. Tell me, Arturo, as an American, what does painting mean to you?

F: It's my whole life.

LUD: What kind of person do you think an artist is when he's painting? Do you think he's a king or an emperor, or a seer or a prophet?

F: I don't know for sure. I often feel like a constipated witch doctor.

LUD: Please talk with good sense. If you're going to be scatological, I'll have to stop the machine.

F: I didn't mean anything bad.

LUD: As an American painter, what do you think of Jackson Pollock? Do you agree that he is a liberating influence?

F: He hasn't freed me. The truth is you have to free yourself.

LUD: Try to respond to the question. We're talking about painting, not your personal psychology. Jackson Pollock, as any cultured person will tell you, has changed the course of modern painting in the world. Don't think we don't know about him in this country, we're not exactly backward. We can all learn from him, including you. Do you agree that anyone who works in the modes of the past has only leavings to work with?

F: Only partly, the past is pretty rich.

LUD: Never mind. I go now to the next question. Who is your favorite painter?

F: Ah—well, I don't think I have one, I have many.

LUD: If you think that's an advantage, you're wrong. There's no need of *hubris*. If an interviewer asked me that question, I would reply "Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo," or someone else, but not the entire pantheon of painters.

F: I answered honestly.

LUD: Anyway, to go on, what is your avowed purpose in art?

F: To do the best I can. To do more than that. My momentary purpose is to create my uncreated masterpiece.

LUD: The one of your mother?

F: That's right, *Mother and Son*.

LUD: But where is your originality? Why are you so concerned with subject matter?

F: I reject originality.

LUD: What's that? Please explain yourself.

F: Maybe I'm not ready, not yet.

LUD: Mother of God! How old are you?

F: Forty-one plus.

LUD: Then why are you so cautious and conservative? I'm fifty-two and have the mind of a youth. Tell me, what's your opinion of pop art? Think before you speak.

F: If it stays away from me, I'll stay away from it.

LUD: (*garbled*)

F: What did you say?

LUD: I said nothing.

F: I heard you mutter something.

LUD: Please attend to the question at hand. I wish you would explain to me clearly why you paint.

F: With my paintings I try to stop the flow of time.

LUD: That's a ridiculous statement, but go on anyway.

F: I've said it.

LUD: Say it more comprehensibly. The public will be reading this.

F: Well, art is my means for understanding life and trying out certain assumptions I have. I make art, it makes me.

LUD: We have a proverb: "The bray of an ass can't be heard in heaven."

F: Frankly, I don't like some of your remarks.

LUD: Are you saying the canvas is the alter ego of the artist's miserable self?

F: That's not what I said and I don't like what you're saying.

LUD: I'll try to be more respectful. Maestro, once you spoke to me of your art as moral. What did you mean by that?

F: Did I? It's just a thought I had, I guess. I suppose I mean that maybe a painting sort of gives value to a human being as he responds to it. You might say it enlarges his consciousness. If he feels beauty it makes him more than he was, it adds, you might say, to his humanity.

LUD: What do you mean "responds"? A man responds in rape, doesn't

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he? Doesn't that enlarge the consciousness, as you put it.

F: It's a different response. Rape isn't art.

LUD: An emotion is an emotion, no matter how it arises. In itself it is not moral or immoral. Suppose someone responds to the sunset on the Arno? Is that better or more moral than the response to the smell of a drowned corpse? What about bad art, suppose the response is with more feeling than to a great painting—does that prove bad art is moral, as you call it?

F: I guess not. All right, then maybe the painting in itself doesn't have it, but putting it another way, maybe the artist does; that is, he does when he's painting—creating form, order. Order protects us all, doesn't it?

LUD: Yes, the way a prison does. Remember, some of the biggest pricks, if you will excuse the use of this word, have been great painters. Does that necessarily make them moral men? Of course not. What if a painter kills his grandfather and then paints a beautiful Ascension?

F: Maybe I'm not putting it right. Maybe what I'm trying to say is that I feel most moral when I'm painting, like through being engaged with truth.

LUD: So now it's what you feel. I speak with respect, maestro, but you do nothing but assault me with garbage.

F: Look, Ludovico, I don't understand, if you don't mind my saying so, why you brought this machine up here in the first place if all you want to do is insult me. You could have done that without the tape. Now take it away, it's using up work time.

LUD: Please speak with respect where respect is due. I am not a servant, maestro. I may have been forced into menial work through circumstance, but Ludovico Belvedere has kept his dignity. Don't think that because you are an American you can go on trampling on the rights of Europeans. You have caused me unnecessary personal discomfort and grief by interfering with a business relationship between this unfortunate girl and myself, and the lives of four people have been seriously affected. You don't seem to realize the harm you are doing——

END OF INTERVIEW.

F had jumped on the tape recorder.

Ludovico broke down. He asked for mercy.

F said mercy for what.

• • •

Each morning he awoke earlier to paint; waiting for dawn though the light from the streaked sky was, of course, impossible. He had lately been capable of very little patience with the necessities of daily life; wash, dress, eat, even go to the toilet; and the matter became most inconvenient when his nervous impatience seeped into the painting itself. It had become a burdensome business to take the canvas from its hiding place behind the *armadio* and arrange it on the easel, select and mix his paints, tack up the old snapshot (most unbearable) and begin work. He could have covered the canvas on the easel every night and left the snapshot tacked on permanently, but was obsessed to remove it each time after he put the paints away, soaked the brushes in turpentine, cleaned up. Formerly, just picking up a brush and standing in thought, or reverie, or sometimes blankly, before a painting would ease interior constrictions to the point where he would relax sufficiently to enjoy the work; and once he had painted for an hour, which sometimes came to no more than a stroke or two, he felt well enough to permit himself to eat half a roll and swallow an espresso Esmeralda had prepared, and afterward go with lit butt and magazine to the *gabinetto*. But now there were days he stood in terror in front of *Mother and Son* and shivered with every stroke he put down.

He painted out of anguish, a dark color. The canvas remained much the same, the boy as he had been, the fickle mother's face daily changing; daily he scraped it off as Esmeralda moaned in the kitchen; she had learned the sound of palette knife on canvas. It was then that F decided to use the girl as a model for his mother. Though she was only 18, it might help to have a living model for Momma as a young woman, though she was touching middle age when Bessie took the photo, and was of course another sort of person; still, such were the paradoxes of art. Esmeralda agreed and stripped herself to the skin, but the painter sternly ordered her to dress; it was her face he was painting. She did as he demanded and patiently posed, sweetly, absently, uncomplaining, for hours, as he, fighting against his need for privacy in the creative act, tried anew to invent the mother's face. I've done all I can with imagination, I mean on top of the snapshot. And though at the end of the day he scraped her face off as the model wept, F urged her to be calm because he now had a brand-new idea: to paint himself not with Momma anymore but Bessie instead, *Brother and Sister*.

". . . And what's your minor?"

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Esmeralda's face lit up because "then you'll stop using the snapshot." But F replied, "Not exactly." He still needed it as a tool to get the true relationship of them "in space as well as psychology."

As they were into the spaghetti at supper, the girl wanted to know whether all artists had it so hard.

"How hard?"

"So that it takes them years to paint a picture?"

"Some do and some don't. What's on your mind?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said.

He threw down his fork. "Are you doubting my talent, you whore?"

She got up and went into the *gabinetto*.

F lay on his bed, his face engulfed in a pillowful of black thoughts.

After a while Esmeralda came out and kissed his ear.

"I forgive you, *tesoro*, I want you to succeed."

"I will," he cried, springing up from the bed. The next day he rigged up a young boy's costume—blouse and knee pants, and painted in it to get to the heart of bygone days, but that didn't work so he went back to putting Esmeralda into the painting, and scraping her face off each night.

To live, to paint, to live in order to paint, he had to continue carving Madonnas; being impatient he made them more reluctantly. When Esmeralda pointed out they still had some sauce but no spaghetti, in three days he hurried out a statuette, then hurried it over to Panenero's shop. The woodworker unfortunately couldn't use it. "My apprentices," he shrugged, "are turning them out by the barrelful. Frankly, they model each stroke on yours and work fast. Eh, that's what's happened to craft in these times. So the stuff piles up and the tourists won't appear till spring. It's a long time till the *Hackensacks* and *Lederhosen* come over the Alps, maestro. Still, because it's you and because I admire your skill, I'll offer you two thousand lire, take it or leave it. This is my busy day."

F left without a word, in afterthought wondering whose yellow gloves he had seen lying on the counter. On his way along the riverbank he flung the Madonna into the Arno. She struck the green water with a golden splash, sank, then rose to the surface, and turning on her back, floated downstream, eyes to the blue sky.

He carved two more Madonnas, finely wrought pieces and peddled them himself to shops on the Vie Tornabuoni and della Vigna Nuova. No luck. The shelves were crammed full of religious figures, though one of the merchants offered him 6000 lire for a Marilyn Monroe, nude if possible.

"I have no skill for that sort of thing."

"What about John the Baptist in shaggy skins?"

"What about him?"

"I offer five thousand."

"I find him an uninteresting figure."

Esmeralda then tried selling the statuettes. F wouldn't let her offer them to Panenero; so the girl, holding a Holy Mother in each arm, stood in the Piazza del Duomo and finally sold one to a huge German priest for 1200; and the other she gave to a widow in weeds at Santa Maria Novella, for 800 lire. F, when he heard, ground his teeth, and though she pleaded with him to be reasonable, swore he would carve no more.

He worked at odd jobs, one in a laundry, that tired him so he couldn't paint at night. One morning he tried chalking blue-robed Madonnas with Child, after Raphael, on the sidewalks before the Baptistery, Santa Chiara, the Stazione Centrale, where he was almost arrested. Passers-by stopped to watch him work but moved on quickly when he passed the hat. A few tossed small coins upon the image of the Holy Mother and F collected them and went to the next spot. A brown-robed monk in sandals followed him.

"Why don't you look for productive work?"

"Advice is cheap."

"So is your art."

He went to the Brancacci Chapel and sat the rest of the day staring in the half dark at the Masaccio frescoes. Geniuses made masterworks. If you weren't greatly gifted the way was hard, a masterwork was a miracle. Still, somehow or other, art abounded in miracles.

He borrowed a fishing pole from an artist neighbor and fished, amid a line of men with bent rods, off the Ponte Trinita. F tied the rod to a nail on the railing and paced back and forth, returning every few minutes to check his lines as the float bobbed in the Arno. He caught nothing, but the old fisherman next to him, who had pulled in eight fish, gave him a one-eyed crippled eel. It was a cloudy November day, then rainy, patches of damp appearing on the studio ceiling. The cornucopia leaked. The house was cold, Fabio wouldn't turn on the heat till December. It was hard to get warm. But Esmeralda made a tasty crippled-eel soup. The next night she cooked a handful of borrowed *polenta* that popped in the pot as it boiled. For lunch the next day there was stale bread and half an onion apiece. But for Sunday supper she served boiled meat, green beans and a salad of beet leaves. He suspiciously asked how come, and she admitted she had borrowed a few hundred lire from Ludovico.

"How are we supposed to pay him back?"

"We won't, he owes me plenty."

"Don't borrow from him anymore."

"I'm not afraid of him, he's afraid of me."

"I don't like him coming around. I'm at my most dishonest among dishonest men."

"Don't trust him, Arturo," she said, frightened. "He'd knife you if he could."

"He won't get the chance."

Afterward she asked, "Why don't you

carve a Madonna or two? Two thousand lire now and then is nothing to spit at. Besides, you do beautiful work in wood."

"Not for the price, it's not worth my time."

The landlord, wearing a woman's black shawl, entered without knocking, shouting for his rent.

"I'll get the municipality to throw you both out, the *puttana* and you. You're fouling up this house with your illicit activities. Your friend told me what goes on here. I have all the necessary information."

"You know what you can do with it," said F. "If we weren't here the flat would go to ruin. Look at the ceiling leaking. It was empty for six years before I moved in and you'll never rent it if I move out."

"You're no Florentine," Fabio shouted. "You're not even an Italian."

F got himself a badly paid job as journeyman assistant in a woodworking establishment, not Panenero's. He worked long hours turning out delicate tapered legs for antique tables and did no painting. In the street, going back and forth from work, he looked for odds and ends people might have dropped. At home he saved pieces of string tied together and rolled into a ball. He switched off the light after Esmeralda had washed the supper dishes, watched carefully what she cooked, and ate, and doled out shopping money sparsely. Once she sold six inches of her hair to a man with a sack who had knocked on the door, so she could buy herself some warm underwear.

Finally she could stand it no longer. "What are you going to do?"

"What can I do that I haven't?"

"I don't know. Do you want me to go back to my work?"

"I never said so."

"If I don't, you'll be like this forever. It's what you're like when you're not painting."

He remained mute.

"Why don't you speak?"

"What can I say?"

"You can say no."

"No," he said.

"It sounds like yes."

He went out for a long walk and for a while hung around the *palazzo* where Dostoievsky had written the last pages of *The Idiot*. It did no good. When he returned he said nothing to Esmeralda. In fact, he did not feel too bad, though he knew he ought to. In fact, he had been thinking of asking her to go to work, whatever she might do. It's circumstances, he thought.

Esmeralda had got out her black hat, the two dresses and her gold shoes. On the velvet hat she sewed the silver roses. She raised the hems of the dresses above her knees and lowered the necklines to expose the rounded tops of her hard breasts. The purple sequins she threw into the garbage.

"Anyway, I'll need protection," she said.

"How do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. I don't want those bastards hurting me or not paying in full. It's blood money."

"I'll protect you," F said.

He wore dark glasses, a black velour hat pulled low over one eye and a brown overcoat with a ratty fur collar, buttoned tight under the chin and extending to his ankles. He thought of growing a beard but gave that up. His bristly reddish mustache was thicker than it had ever been. And he carried a snappy cane with a slender sword inside.

They went together to the Piazza della Repubblica, almost merrily. "For art," she said, then after a moment, bitterly, "art, my ass."

She cursed him from the depth of her heart and then forgave him. "It's my nature," she said. "I can't bear a grudge."

"Neither can I," F said.

He promised to marry her once he had finished the painting.

• • •

F paints all morning after Esmeralda has posed; she bathes, does her nails and toes and makes herself up with thick mascara. After a leisurely lunch, they leave the house and go across the bridge to the Piazza della Repubblica. She sits on a bench with her legs crossed high, smoking; and F is at a bench nearby, sketching in a pad in which he sometimes finds himself drawing dirty pictures: men and women, women and women, men and men. But he doesn't consort with the other pimps, who sit together playing cards; nor does Esmeralda talk with the other whores, they call her hoity-toity. When a man approaches to ask whether she happens to be free she nods, or looking at him through her short veil, says yes as though she could just as well have said no. She gets up, the other whores regarding her with their eyes and mouths, and wanders with her client into one of the crooked side streets, to a tiny room they have rented close by so there's no waste of man hours getting back to the piazza. The room has a bed, a water bowl, a chamber pot.

When Esmeralda rises from the bench, F slips his drawing pad into his overcoat pocket and leisurely follows her. Sometimes it is a beautiful late-fall afternoon and he takes deep breaths as he walks. On occasion he stops to pick up a pack of Nazionales, and if he's a little hungry, for an espresso and a bit of pastry. He then goes up the smelly stairs and waits outside the door, sketching little pictures in the dim electric glow, as Esmeralda performs; or files his fingernails. It takes, as a rule, 15 or 20 minutes for the customer to come out. Some would like to stay longer but can't if they won't pay for it. As a rule there are no arguments. The man dresses and sometimes leaves a tip if it has been most enjoyable. Esmeralda is still dressing, bored with getting in and out of her clothes. Only once thus far has she had to call F in, to deal with a runt who said it hadn't been any good so no sense paying.

F enters with the sword drawn out of his cane and points it at the man's hairy throat. "Pay," he says, "and beat it." The runt, gone two shades whiter, hurriedly leaves, assisted by a boot in the pants. Esmeralda watches without expression. She hands F the money—usually 2000 lire, sometimes 3000; and if she can get it from a wealthy-type client, or an older man especially fond of 18-year-old girls, 7000 or 8000. That sum is rare. F counts the money—often in small bills—and slips it into his wallet, wrapping a fat rubber band around it. In the evening they go home together, Esmeralda doing her shopping on the way. They try not to work at night unless it's been a bad day. In that case they go out after supper, when the piazza is lit in neon signs and the bars and cafés are doing business; the competition is stiff—some very beautiful women in extraordinary clothes. F goes into the bars and seeks out men who seem to be alone. He asks them if they want a pretty girl, and if one shows interest, leads him to Esmeralda. When it's rainy or freezing cold, they stay in and play cards, or listen to the radio. F has opened an account in the Banco di Santo Spirito so they can draw from it in the winter if Esmeralda should be sick and can't work. They go to bed after midnight. The next morning F gets up early and paints. Esmeralda sleeps late.

One morning F paints with his dark glasses on, until she wakes up and screams at him.

Later, when she is out buying material for a dress, Ludovico strides into the studio, incensed. His usually pale face is flushed. He shakes his Malacca at F.

"Why wasn't I informed that she had gone back to work? I demand a commission. She took all her instruction from me!"

F is about to run him out of the room by the seat of his overcoat but then has this interesting thought: Ludovico could take her over while he stays home to paint all day, for which he would pay him ten percent of Esmeralda's earnings.

"*Per cortesia*," says the pimp haughtily. "At the very least twenty-five percent. I have many obligations and am a sick man besides."

"Ten is all we can afford, not a penny more."

Esmeralda returns with a package or two and when she comprehends what the argument is, swears she will quit rather than work with Ludovico.

"You can do your own whoring," she says to F. "I'll go back to Fiesole."

He tries to calm her. "It's just that he's

"So what happened to the first-run movie?"

so sick is the reason I thought I'd cut him in."

"Sick?"

"He's got one lung."

"He has three lungs and four balls."

F heaves the pimp down the stairs.

In the afternoon he sits on a bench not far from Esmeralda's in the Piazza della Repubblica, sketching himself on his drawing pad.

• • •

Esmeralda burned Bessie's old snapshot when F was in the toilet. "I'm getting old," she said, "where's my future?" F considered strangling her but couldn't bring himself to; besides, he hadn't been using the photo since having Esmeralda as model. Still, for a time he felt lost without it, the physical presence of the decaying snap, his only visible link to Ma, Bessie, the past. Anyway, now that it was gone, it was gone, a memory become intangible again. He painted with more fervor yet detachment; fervor to complete the work, detachment toward image, object, subject. Esmeralda left him to his devices, went off for most of the afternoon and handed him the lire, fewer than before, when she returned. He painted with new confidence, amusement, wonder. The subject had changed from *Mother and Son* to *Brother and Sister* (Esmeralda as Bessie), to, let's face it, *Prostitute and Procurer*. Though she no longer posed, he was becoming clearer in his inner eye as to what he wanted. Once he retained her face for a week before scraping it off. I'm getting there. And though he considered sandpapering his own face off and substituting Ludovico as pimp, the magnificent thing was that in the end he kept himself in. This is my most honest piece of work. Esmeralda was the now-19-year-old prostitute; and he, with a stroke here and there aging himself a bit, a 15-year-old procurer. This was the surprise that made the painting. And what it means, I suppose, he thought, is I am what I became from a young age. Then he thought, It has no meaning, a painting's a painting.

The picture completed itself. F was afraid to finish it: What would he do next and how long would that take? But the picture was, one day, done. It assumed a completion: This woman and man together, prostitute and procurer. She was a girl with fear in both black eyes, a vulnerable neck and a steely small mouth; he was a boy with tight insides, on the verge of crying. The presence of each protected the other. A Holy Sacrament. The form leaped to the eye. He had tormented, ecstatic, yet confused feelings, but at last felt triumphant—it was done! Though deeply drained, moved, he was satisfied, completed—ah, art!

He called Esmeralda to look at the painting. Her lips trembled, she lost color, turned away, finally she spoke. "For me it's me. You've caught me as I am, there's no doubt of it. The picture is a marvel." She wept as she gazed at it. "Now I can quit what I'm doing. Let's get married, Arturo."

Ludovico, limping a little in his squeaky shoes, came upstairs to beg their pardons, but when he saw the finished painting on the easel, stood stiff in awe.

"I'm speechless," he said. "What more can I say?"

"Don't bother," said Esmeralda, "nobody wants your stinking opinion."

They opened a bottle of wine and Esmeralda borrowed a pan and baked a loin of veal, to celebrate. Their artist neighbors came in: Vitelli, an illustrator and his dark meager wife; it was a festive occasion. F afterward related the story of his life and they all listened, absorbed. When the neighbors left and the three were alone, Ludovico objectively discussed his weak nature.

"Compared to some I've met in the streets of Florence, I'm not a bad person, but my trouble is I forgive myself too easily. That has its disadvantages because then there are no true barriers to a harmful act if you understand my meaning. It's the easy way out, but what else can you do if you grew up with certain disadvantages? My father was criminally inclined and it's from him I inherited my worst qualities. It's clear enough that goats don't have puppies. I'm vain, selfish, though not arrogant, and given almost exclusively to petty evil. Nothing serious but serious enough. Of course I've wanted to change my ways, but at my age what can one change? Can you change, maestro? Yet I readily confess who I am and ask your pardon for any inconvenience I might have caused you. Either of you."

"Drop dead," said Esmeralda.

"The man's obviously sincere," F said, irritated. "There's no need to be so cruel."

"Come to bed, Arturo." She entered the *gabinetto* as Ludovico went on with his confession.

"To tell the truth, I am myself a failed artist, but at least I contribute to the creativity of others by offering fruitful suggestions, though you're free to do as you please. Anyway, your painting is a marvel. Of course it's Picassoid, but you've outdone him in some of his strategies."

F expressed thanks and gratitude.

"At first glance I thought that since the bodies of the two figures are so much thicker than their faces, especially the girl's, this destroyed the unity of surface, but when I think of some of the impastos I've seen, and the more I study your painting, the more I feel that's not important."

"I don't think it'll bother anybody so long as it looks like a spontaneous act."

"True, and therefore my only criticism is that maybe the painting suffers from an excess of darkness. It needs more light, I'd say a soupçon of lemon and a little red, not more than a trace. But I leave it to you."

Esmeralda came out of the *gabinetto* in a red nightgown with a black-lace bodice.

"Don't touch it," she warned. "You'll never make it better."

"How would you know?" F said.

"I have my eyes."

"Maybe she's right," Ludovico said, with a yawn. "Who knows with art? Well, I'm on my way. If you want to sell your painting for a handsome price, my advice is take it to a reliable dealer. There are one or two in the city whose names and addresses I'll bring you in the morning."

"Don't bother," Esmeralda said. "Nobody needs your assistance."

"I want to keep it around for a few days to look at," F confessed.

"As you please." Ludovico tipped his hat good night and left limping. F and Esmeralda went to bed together. Later she returned to her cot in the kitchen, took off her red nightgown and put on an old one of white muslin.

F for a while wondered what to paint next. Maybe a sort of a portrait of Ludovico, his face reflected in a mirror, with two sets of aqueous sneaky eyes. He slept soundly but in the middle of the night awoke depressed. He went over his painting inch by inch and it seemed to him a disappointment. Where was Momma after all these years? He got up to look, and doing so, changed his mind; not bad at all, though Ludovico was right, the picture was dark and could stand a touch of light. He laid out his paints and brushes and began to work, almost at once achieving the effect he sought. And then he thought he would work a bit on the girl's face, no more than a stroke or two around the eyes and mouth, to make her expression truer to life. More the prostitute, himself a little older. When the sun blazed through both windows, he realized he had been working for hours. F put down his brush, washed up and returned for a look at the painting. Sickened to his gut, he saw what he felt: He had ruined it. It slowly drowned in both his eyes.

Ludovico came in with a well-dressed paunchy friend, an art dealer. They looked at the picture and both laughed.

Five long years down the drain. F squeezed a tube of black on the canvas and with a thick brush smeared it over both faces in all directions.

When Esmeralda pulled open the curtain and saw the mess, moaning, she came at him with the bread knife. "Murderer!"

F twisted it out of her grasp, and in anguish, lifted the blade into his gut.

"This serves me right."

"A moral act," Ludovico agreed.

SPORTY AND SPECIAL

(continued from page 110)

limited-slip differential, tilting steering wheel, collapsible spare tire, shoulder harnesses, automatic speed control, extra instruments and two-tone paint. There are only face-lift body changes from last year's model. Mustang is reaching toward a sales total of 1,700,000 units, a knock if you're looking for exclusivity, a plus if you believe with most people that the longer a model runs, the fewer the bugs it harbors.

The Torino is new from Ford, replacing the Fairlane GT in convertible and two-door hardtop. Twin bucket seats are optional; so is the new 427 engine at 390 hp. The convertible shows the new back window, which looks like plastic and isn't—it's pliable glass, which sounds like a monumental contradiction in terms, but the stuff *does* bend without breaking and, of course, won't scratch.

Pretty much the same is the Thunderbird, except that it, too, can use the 390-hp engine as option to the standard 315. Bucket seats are an option now, with the car a full six-seater. The Dearborn name-makers-up intend to soften the blow for bucket lovers by calling the new thing a "flight bench." The Landau models have alligator-pattern vinyl roofs. I asked Gustave Reuter, one of the few great custom coachmakers still with us, what he would have to charge to replace this with real skin. He ventured $12,500 as a fair price, considering that his friendly local alligator dealer would charge him $180 per square foot for the hide. And he would recommend keeping it out of the rain. So T-bird Landau owners are getting a bargain, since the vinyl can't be told from the genuine stuff at ordinary passing speeds and distances. You can have the Thunderbird in a dozen new colors this year, out of a total of 20.

Plymouth's Barracuda is a good example of the rubber-incinerating performance $3000 or so will, incredibly, buy today. The 230-hp, 318-cubic-inch engine is standard, with the 275/340 engine in the Barracuda S. If you are serious about it all, you can have the 383-cubic-incher, which will deliver 300 horses at 4400 rpm. With this, if you don't mind the hard ride that comes with the mandatory heavy-duty suspension, you can go bear hunting with anybody.

A new supercar entrant is Plymouth's Road Runner, a tight-looking coupe on the Belvedere chassis. It goes with the 383-cubic-inch engine, and if that isn't enough—it should be for most people—it will take the mighty hemi 426. Everything under the car is heavy-duty: springs, fat torsion bars, 11-inch drum brakes, wide-oval tires. It also has a very funny horn note. The Plymouth GTX, now with power steering, is one of the best-handling of all S-cars, and carries as much go as any.

A *gran turismo* car designed for American road conditions is the notion behind the Dodge Charger; or, to put it another way, it's meant to be a full-size sports car. Go it will, certainly in the R/T (for Road/Track) version, carrying the optional 426-cubic-inch hemi engine, one of the great U. S. power plants. Indeed, it will get to 105 miles an hour in a standing quarter mile. The Charger has a good deal of flair about it, with a racing-type tank filler cap on the left rear fender, instruments—there are no idiot lights—canted to point toward the driver (a real good Italian notion of a few seasons back) and a new striping idea—round and round instead of fore and aft.

The Dodge Dart, a much-liked regular/compact car—as against the old compact/compacts—is new in the GT Sport model, running a new 340-cubic-inch engine, with the man-eating 383 also available. For bodies, there are hardtop, convertible, two-door and four-door sedans. The Coronet R/T runs the 440-cubic-inch engine or the 426 hemi.

The Toronado by Oldsmobile, deservedly a sensation when it came on the scene to prove that front-wheel drive *could* be used with a big engine in a big car, externally stands pretty much in last year's posture, except that the front fenders, held by some to be pedestrian slicers, have been rounded off. Toronado uses the same body shell as the Buick Riviera and the Cadillac Eldorado. All Oldsmobiles are carrying slower-running engines for '68; for example, a working range of 800–2900 rpm instead of 1000–3500. The idea is to show a fuel saving without power loss by using bigger engines with softer camshafts and leaner carburetion tied to very low final-drive ratios. The end product is quieter, too.

The Ram Air option goes for all Oldsmobiles; but, of course, it can't do a lot for you until you're going pretty fast, when it will make you go faster. It will be useful on the monster 4-4-2 with the 400-cubic-inch engine. The 4-4-2, restyled

"Why, no! I'm Max Casanova the butcher!"

for 1968, is now the top of the F-85 line. The "S" Cutlass offers 12 engine-transmission setups. (It was on the Cutlass that Olds tried out the slower-turning engine idea, with the Turnpike Cruiser designation.) Also common to all models in the line is a nifty fuel-tank filler tube that will collapse on impact instead of rupturing the tank by ripping itself out, and a horn-button thing that runs continuously around the bottom of the steering wheel and is integral with it: Anywhere you squeeze, comes beep. Bugatti tried for the same thing, but didn't quite make it, with the four underneath horn buttons he put on the deluxe Type 41 in 1927. Oldsmobile shift levers collapse, too, and there's no metal showing on the backs of front seats.

Pontiac's Firebird is too new to need much change-over. It still has the hood-mounted tachometer, one of the cutest gimmicks of the decade, and there's been fiddling with the instrument panel. The rear shocks are biased now—one in front of, one behind the rear axle, to hold down hop under full power, a good notion, when you consider that 330 hp is optionally on tap—a 175-hp six is standard. The GTO, the one with the magic-stuff bumper in front, has new wideness on the ground—five feet even—which puts the over-all width of the car to a hair this side of 75 inches. An optional 400-cubic-inch V8 for the GTO produces 265 hp on regular fuel.

There's a new Cougar at Lincoln-Mercury, the GT-E, marked by a muscle-bulged hood, special paint, tough, competition suspension, flat-spoke steel wheels, power brakes and steering, wide-oval tires and the aforementioned 427-cubic-inch, 390-hp engine. The Cyclone, in the Montego series, is a fastback, with a rear window almost flat enough for a poker game and a 302-cubic-inch V8 as standard. There's a Cyclone GT with performance suspension and the 390-cubic-inch V8.

Boss of the production S-cars, by reason of longevity, evolution and muscle, remains the Corvette; and the 1968 is obviously and indisputably better in many ways than the 1967, reflecting the unremitting creative effort Zora Arkus-Duntov has put into the model for so long. The body, a refinement of the Mako Shark, is smoothly sculptured—except for the pop-up head lamps, and they're out only in the dark—and the car overall is two inches lower and seven inches longer. It comes as a coupe and a convertible with a soft or a removable hardtop backed up by a roll bar. Seven-inch wheels are standard; the automatic transmission is three-speed instead of two-speed—a blessing. Power is the same, running to the 427/435 V8; handling and comfort are both better than before. All in all, a very good thing.

Carroll Shelby turned out about 3300 Shelby GTs last year, six times his first-year (1965) total, and it wasn't enough. New arrangements, including production in Michigan instead of in California, have been put in train, and Shelby Cobra GT350-500s (the Cobra in its AC-body form is no more) will soon be more numerous in the land. The vehicle is offered as fastback and convertible, the convertible with a Targalike roll bar. The GT 350 runs the 302-cubic-inch engine, at 250 hp; the optional supercharger (centrifugal) boosts this to 335. The GT 500 has the 428/360 V8 as standard; as option, the 427 at 400 hp. Roof-suspended shoulder safety harnesses are standard, and many first-time Cobra drivers will be glad of it when they realize the size of the gate the accelerator pedal opens: Suddenly, everything is straight downhill. Steep, too.

Minor metalwork changes show on Buick's Riviera—it looks a lot longer, for one thing—and the rear suspension has been worked over with a view to better ride and less noise. The Riviera has always put out an excellent ride in almost dead silence; yet notable improvement has been made. Hidden head lamps still, buried wipers and no-vent windows. The GS 400 mounts the coupe on a shorter wheelbase this year, a sharp-looking effect.

Cadillac, which has produced many firsts down the years, including the first production electric self-starter, nevertheless doesn't make changes quickly. As befits a full-luxury carriage maker, Cadillac tends to stay with a good thing. It stayed with its last engine for 20 years, and the new one for the '68 Eldorado is fairly startling—the biggest in the world for passenger use, at 472 inches, and putting out the most torque, a fantastic 525 pounds. At 375 hp, it's relatively unstressed, just stroking along. The engine is all-new, from cast instead of forged crankshaft to a temperature gauge that senses metal heat as soon as it appears, rather than waiting for the water to warm up and bring the message. The car looks smaller to the driver than to the man on the sidewalk, handles extremely well for its type and, of course, has automatic everything. Worrying factor: You have to make up your mind from a list of 129 interior-trim combinations, 64 in cloth, 65 in leather.

Lincoln's Continental Mark III, delayed by the Ford strike, will be introduced this month and will show pretty much as it was in two previous incarnations, still one of the world's primary luxury motorcars. I imagine that the leather upholstery will still come from cattle raised in unfenced pastures, to prevent the odd barbed-wire mark. I hope so. That's the one fact I remember from the introduction of the Mark II, back there when Ike was President or whenever. Hard to forget something like that.

"Now, do let us know the moment the airline finds our luggage."

LET YOURSELF GOO

(continued from page 114)

juice may be larger than the others, if desired. Dessert may be assembled before dinner, adding whipped cream just before serving.

CREPES SOUFFLÉS WITH CURAÇAO
(Serves four to six)

3 eggs
½ cup milk
¼ cup cold water
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup flour, instantized
2–3 tablespoons clarified butter or salad oil

Put eggs, milk, water, salt and flour into blender and blend at high speed 20–30 seconds. Scrape sides of blender if necessary. Heat about a teaspoon butter over moderate flame in a heavy pan 6 in. in diameter. Drain off any excess butter. Pour about 3 tablespoons crepe batter into pan, tilting pan so that crepe batter covers bottom completely. Adjust flame if necessary to prevent overrapid browning. When lightly browned, turn with spatula and brown other side. Remove from pan, set aside and continue in this manner until all crepe batter is used. If crepes are to be used the following day, cover and store in refrigerator.

FILLING FOR CREPES

1 cup milk
3 tablespoons flour, instantized
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg white

Put milk, flour, butter, salt and sugar in heavy small saucepan, mixing with wire whip until no lumps of flour remain. Heat over moderate flame, stirring constantly, until thick. Remove from fire. Beat egg yolks well. Add a few tablespoons sauce to yolks and pour into pan. Return to a moderate flame, stirring constantly, until thick—about 1 to 2 minutes. Add vanilla and set sauce aside until serving time. Just before filling crepes, beat egg white until stiff and fold into sauce. Spread about 2 tablespoons filling on each crepe and roll up, enclosing filling. Place crepes in a single layer in a buttered shallow casserole or au-gratin dish. Bake in oven preheated at 375° until heated through—about 8–10 minutes.

SAUCE FOR CREPES

¼ cup butter
2 tablespoons sugar
2 ozs. fresh orange juice
4 ozs. curaçao

Heat butter, sugar and orange juice until butter melts. Pour over crepes. Turn crepes to coat all sides completely. Heat curaçao over a trivet flame. Pour over crepes and set ablaze. Serve when flames subside.

"Stop crying, Momma! I only said I got laid off!"

CRÈME BRULÉE WITH PECANS
(Serves four)

1 cup heavy cream
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup sugar
5 egg yolks, well beaten
2 tablespoons oloroso sherry
2 ozs. shelled pecans
Brown sugar

Heat cream and milk to boiling point, but do not boil. Add salt and sugar, stirring until sugar dissolves. Slowly pour cream mixture into egg yolks, beating well. Heat, stirring constantly, in top section of double boiler over simmering water until custard thickens. Avoid overcooking or custard may curdle. Stir in sherry. Pour into a greased shallow heatproof casserole. Chill in refrigerator overnight, if possible, keeping casserole covered. Put pecans in blender and blend until finely chopped. Sprinkle evenly over custard. (Crushed pecans tend to lump; break them apart with finger tips.) Cover pecans thoroughly and evenly with about ¼ in. brown sugar, smoothing top with tines of a fork. Place under preheated broiler flame until sugar turns medium brown; avoid charring. Chill in refrigerator until serving time. May be served as is or with sweetened whipped cream.

One needn't be carried away to the Mack Sennett extremes pictured on pages 111–113 to properly appreciate the rich variety of final-act fare at his beck. So bring on the desserts and damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

THE HAT ACT

applause. Stuffs rabbit hurriedly back into hat. Snaps fingers. Reaches in, extracts another hat, precisely like the one from which it came.

Applause.

Places second hat alongside first one. Snaps fingers over new hat, withdraws a third hat, exactly like the first two.

Light applause.

Snaps fingers over third hat, withdraws a fourth hat, again identical. *No applause.* Does not snap fingers. Peers into fourth hat, extracts a fifth one. In fifth, he finds a sixth. Rabbit appears in third hat. Magician extracts seventh hat from sixth. Third-hat rabbit withdraws a second rabbit from first hat. Magician withdraws eighth hat from seventh, ninth from eighth, as rabbits extract other rabbits from other hats. Rabbits and hats are everywhere. Stage is one mad turmoil of hats and rabbits.

Laughter and applause.

Frantically, magician gathers up hats and stuffs them into each other, bowing, smiling at audience, pitching rabbits three and four at a time into wings, smiling, bowing. It is a desperate struggle. At first, it is difficult to be sure he is stuffing hats and pitching rabbits faster than they are reappearing. Bows, stuffs, pitches, smiles, perspires.

Laughter mounts.

Slowly the confusion diminishes. Now there is one small pile of hats and rabbits. Now there are no rabbits. At last there are only two hats. Magician, perspiring from overexertion, gasping for breath, staggers to table with two hats.

Light applause, laughter.

Magician, mopping brow with silk handkerchief, stares in perplexity at two remaining hats. Pockets handkerchief. Peers into one hat, then into other. Attempts tentatively to stuff first into second, but in vain. Attempts to fit second into first, but also without success. Smiles weakly at audience. *No applause.* Drops first hat to floor, leaps on it until crushed. Wads crushed hat in fist, attempts once more to stuff it into second hat. Still, it will not fit.

Light booing, impatient applause.

Trembling with anxiety, magician presses out first hat, places it brim up on table, crushes second hat on floor. Wads second hat, tries desperately to jam it into first hat. No, it will not fit. Turns irritably to pitch second hat into wings.

Loud booing.

Freezes. Pales. Returns to table with both hats, first in fair condition, brim up; second still in a crumpled wad. Faces hats in defeat. Bows head as though to weep silently.

Hissing and booing.

(continued from page 127)

Smile suddenly lights face. Smooths out second hat and places it firmly on his head, leaving first hat bottom-side up on table. Crawls up onto table and disappears feet first into hat.

Surprised applause.

Moments later, magician's feet poke up out of hat on table, then legs, then torso. Last part to emerge is magician's head, which, when lifted from table, brings first hat with it. Magician doffs first hat to audience, shows it is empty. Second hat has disappeared. Bows deeply.

Enthusiastic and prolonged applause, cheers.

Magician returns hat to head, thumps it, steps behind table. Without removing hat, reaches up, snaps fingers, extracts rabbit from top of hat.

Applause.

Pitches rabbit into wings. Snaps fingers, withdraws dove from top of hat.

Sprinkling of applause.

Pitches dove into wings. Snaps fingers, extracts lovely assistant from top of hat.

Astonished but enthusiastic applause and whistles.

Lovely assistant wears high feathery green hat, tight green halter, tight green shorts, black net stockings, green high heels. Smiles coyly at whistles and applause, scampers bouncily off stage.

Whistling and shouting, applause.

Magician attempts to remove hat, but it appears to be stuck. Twists and writhes in struggle with stuck hat.

Mild laughter.

Struggle continues. Contortions. Grimaces.

Laughter.

Finally, magician requests two volunteers from audience. Two large, brawny men enter stage from audience, smiling awkwardly.

Light applause and laughter.

One large man grasps hat, other clutches magician's legs. They pull cautiously. The hat does not come off. They pull harder. Still it is stuck. They tug now with terrific strain, their heavy faces reddening, their thick neck muscles taut and throbbing. Magician's neck stretches, snaps in two: Pop! Large men tumble apart, rolling to opposite sides of stage, one with body, other with hat containing magician's severed head.

Screams of terror.

Two large men stand, stare aghast at handiwork, clutch mouths.

Shrieks and screams.

Decapitated body stands.

Shrieks and screams.

Zipper in front of decapitated body opens, magician emerges. He is as before, wearing same black cape and same black silk hat. Pitches deflated decapitated body into wings. Pitches hat and head into wings. Two large men sigh with immense relief, shake heads as though completely baffled, smile faintly, return to audience. Magician doffs hat and bows.

Wild applause, shouts, cheers.

Lovely assistant, still in green costume, enters, carrying glass of water.

Applause and whistling.

She acknowledges whistling with coy smile, sets glass of water on table, stands dutifully by. Magician hands her his hat, orders her by gesture to eat it.

Whistling continues.

Lovely assistant smiles, bites into hat, chews slowly.

Laughter and much whistling.

She washes down each bite of hat with water from glass she has brought in. Hat at last is entirely consumed, except for narrow silk band left on table. Sighs, pats slender exposed tummy.

Laughter and applause, excited whistling.

Magician invites young country boy in audience to come to stage. Young country boy steps forward shyly, stumbling clumsily over own big feet. Appears confused and utterly abashed.

Loud laughter and catcalls.

Young country boy stands with one foot on top of other, staring down red-faced at his hands, twisting nervously in front of him.

Laughter and catcalls increase.

Lovely assistant sidles up to boy, embraces him in motherly fashion. Boy ducks head away, steps first on one foot, then on other, wrings hands.

More laughter and catcalls, whistles.

Lovely assistant winks broadly at audience, kisses young country boy on cheek. Boy jumps as though scalded, trips over own feet and falls to floor.

Thundering laughter.

Lovely assistant helps boy to his feet, lifting him under armpits. Boy, ticklish, struggles and laughs helplessly.

Laughter (as before).

Magician raps table with knuckles. Lovely assistant releases giggling country boy, returns, smiling, to table. Boy resumes awkward stance, wipes his runny nose with back of his hand, sniffles.

Mild laughter and applause.

Magician hands lovely assistant narrow silk band of hat she has eaten. She stuffs band into her mouth, chews thought-

fully, swallows with some difficulty, shudders. She drinks from glass. Laughter and applause have fallen away to expectant hush. Magician grasps nape of lovely assistant's neck, forces her head with its feathered hat down between her stockinged knees. He releases grip and her head springs back to upright position. Magician repeats action slowly. Then repeats action rapidly four or five times. Looks questioningly at lovely assistant. Her face is flushed. She meditates, then shakes head negatively. Magician again forces her head to her knees, releases grip, allowing head to snap back to upright position. Repeats two or three times. Looks questioningly at lovely assistant. She nods. He drags abashed young country boy over behind lovely assistant and invites him to reach into lovely assistant's tight green shorts. Young country boy is flustered beyond belief.

Loud laughter and whistling resumes.

Young country boy, in agony, tries to escape. Magician captures him and drags him once more behind lovely assistant.

Laughter, etc. (as before).

Magician grasps country boy's arm and thrusts it forcibly into lovely assistant's shorts. Young country boy wets pants.

Hysterical laughter and catcalls.

Lovely assistant grimaces once. Magician, smiling, releases grip on agonizingly embarrassed country boy. Boy withdraws hand. In it, he finds he is holding magician's original black silk hat, entirely whole, narrow silk band and all.

Wild applause and foot stamping, laughter and cheers.

Magician winks broadly at audience, silencing them momentarily, invites young country boy to don hat. Boy ducks head shyly. Magician insists. Timidly, grinning pathetically, country boy lifts hat to head. It is full of water. Water spills out, runs down over his head and soaks him.

Laughter, applause, wild catcalls.

Young country boy, utterly humiliated, drops hat and turns to run off stage, but lovely assistant is standing on his foot. He trips and falls on his face.

Laughter, etc. (as before).

Country boy crawls abjectly off stage on his stomach. Magician, laughing heartily with audience, pitches lovely assistant into wings, picks up hat from floor. Brushes hat on sleeve, thumps it two or three times, returns it with elegant flourish to his head.

Appreciative applause.

Magician steps behind table. Carefully brushes off one space on table. Blows away dust. Reaches for hat. But again, it seems to be stuck. Struggles feverishly with hat.

Mild laughter.

Requests volunteers. Same two large men as before enter. One quickly grasps hat, other grasps magician's legs. They tug furiously, but in vain.

Laughter and applause.

First large man grabs magician's head under jaw. Magician appears to be protesting. Second large man wraps magician's legs around his waist. Both pull apart with great strain, their faces reddening, the veins in their temples throbbing. Magician's tongue protrudes, hands flutter hopelessly.

Laughter and applause.

Magician's neck stretches. But it does not snap. It is now several feet long. Two large men strain mightily.

Laughter and applause.

Magician's eyes pop like bubbles from sockets.

Laughter and applause.

Neck snaps at last. Large men tumble head over heels with respective bloody burdens to opposite sides of stage. Expectant amused hush over audience. First large man scrambles to feet, pitches head and hat into wings, rushes to assist second large man. Together they unzip decapitated body. Lovely assistant emerges.

Surprised laughter and enthusiastic applause, whistling.

Lovely assistant pitches deflated decapitated body into wings. Two large men ogle her and make mildly obscene gestures for audience.

Mounting laughter and friendly catcalls.

Lovely assistant invites one of two large men to reach into her tight green shorts.

Wild whistling.

Both large men jump forward eagerly, tripping over each other and tumbling to floor in angry heap. Lovely assistant winks broadly at audience.

Derisive catcalls.

Both men stand, face each other, furious. First large man spits at second. Second pushes first. First returns push, toppling second to floor. Second leaps to feet, smashes first in nose. First reels, wipes blood from nose, drives fist into second's abdomen.

Loud cheers.

Second weaves confusedly, crumples miserably to floor clutching abdomen. First kicks second brutally in face.

Cheers and mild laughter.

Second staggers blindly to feet, face a

"Evolution? Nonsense. What I believe is that the good Lord, in His wisdom, created us in His own image."

mutilated mess. First smashes groggy second back against wall, knees him in groin. Second doubles over, blinded with pain. First clips second with heel of hand behind ear. Second crumples to floor, dead.

Prolonged cheering and applause.

First large man acknowledges applause with self-conscious bow. Flexes knuckles. Lovely assistant approaches first large man, embraces him in motherly fashion, winks broadly at audience.

Prolonged applause and whistling.

Large man grins awkwardly, though somewhat obscenely, and embraces lovely assistant in unmotherly fashion.

Shouting and laughter, wild whistling.

Lovely assistant frees self from large man, turns plump hindquarters to him and bends over, her hands on her knees, her shapely legs straight. Large man grins at audience, pats lovely assistant's green-clad rear.

Wild shouting, etc. (as before).

Large man reaches inside lovely assistant's tight green shorts, rolls his eyes and smiles obscenely.

Wild shouting, etc. (as before).

Large man withdraws hand from inside lovely assistant's shorts, extracting magician in black cape and black silk hat.

Thunder of astonished applause.

Magician bows deeply, doffing hat to audience.

Prolonged enthusiastic applause, cheering.

Magician pitches lovely assistant and first large man into wings. Inspects second large man, lying dead on stage. Unzips him and young country boy emerges, flushed and embarrassed. Young country boy creeps abjectly off stage on his stomach.

Laughter and catcalls.

Magician pitches deflated corpse of second large man into wings. Lovely assistant re-enters, smiling, dressed as before in high feathery hat, tight green halter, green shorts, net stockings, high heels.

Applause and whistling.

Magician displays inside of hat to audience as lovely assistant points to magician. He thumps hat two or three times. It is empty. Places hat on table and invites lovely assistant to enter it. She does.

Vigorous applause.

Once she has entirely disappeared, magician extends both hands over hat, tugs back sleeves, exposing wrists, snaps fingers. Reaches in, extracts one green high-heeled shoe.

Applause.

Pitches shoe into wings. Snaps fingers over hat again. Reaches in, withdraws a second shoe.

Applause.

Pitches shoe into wings. Snaps fingers over hat. Reaches in, withdraws one long net stocking.

Applause and scattered whistling.

Pitches stocking into wings. Snaps fingers over hat. Reaches in, extracts a second black net stocking.

Applause and scattered whistling.

Pitches stocking into wings. Snaps fingers over hat. Reaches in, pulls out high feathery hat.

Increased applause and whistling.

Pitches hat into wings. Snaps fingers over hat. Reaches in, fumbles briefly.

Light laughter.

Withdraws green halter, displays it with grand flourish.

Enthusiastic applause, shouting, whistling.

Pitches halter into wings. Snaps fingers over hat. Reaches in, fumbles. Distant absorbed gaze.

Burst of laughter.

Withdraws green shorts, displays them with elegant flourish.

Tremendous crash of applause and cheering, whistling.

Pitches green shorts into wings. Snaps fingers over hat. Reaches in. Prolonged fumbling. Sound of a slap. Withdraws hand hastily, look of astonished pain on his face. Peers inside.

Laughter.

Head of lovely assistant pops out of hat, pouting indignantly.

Laughter and applause.

With difficulty, she extracts one arm from hat, then other arm. Pressing hands down against hatbrim, she wriggles and twists until one naked breast pops out of hat.

Applause and wild whistling.

The other breast.

More applause and whistling.

She wriggles free to the waist. She grunts and struggles, but is unable to free her hips. She looks pathetically but uncertainly at magician. He tugs and pulls, but she seems firmly stuck.

Laughter.

He grasps lovely assistant under armpits and plants feet against hatbrim. Strains. In vain.

Laughter.

Thrusts lovely assistant forcibly back into hat. Fumbles again. Loud slap.

Laughter increases.

Magician returns slap soundly.

Laughter ceases abruptly, some scattered booing.

Magician reaches into hat, withdraws one unstockinged leg. He reaches in again, pulls out one arm. He tugs on arm and leg, but for all his effort, cannot extract the remainder.

Scattered booing, some whistling.

Magician glances uneasily at audience, stuffs arm and leg back into hat. He is perspiring. Fumbles inside. Withdraws nude hindquarters of lovely assistant.

Burst of cheers and wild whistling.

Tugs desperately on plump hindquarters, but rest will not emerge.

Whistling diminishes, increased booing.

Jams hindquarters back into hat, mops brow with handkerchief.

Loud unfriendly booing.

Pockets handkerchief. Is becoming frantic. Grasps hat and thumps it vigorously, shakes it. Places it once more on table, brim up. Closes eyes as though in prayer, hands extended out over hat. Snaps fingers several times. Reaches in tenuously. Fumbles. Loud slap. Withdraws hand hastily in angry astonishment. Grasps hat. Gritting teeth, infuriated, hurls hat to floor, leaps on it with both feet. Something crunches. Hideous piercing shriek.

Screams and shouts.

Magician, aghast, picks up hat, stares into it. Pales.

Violent screaming and shouting.

Magician gingerly sets hat on floor. Kneels, utterly appalled and grief-stricken, in front of it. Weeps.

Weeping, moaning, shouting.

Huddles miserably over crushed hat, weeping convulsively. First large man and young country boy enter timidly, soberly, from wings. They are pale and frightened. They peer uneasily into hat. They start back in horror. They clutch their mouths, turn away and vomit.

Weeping, shouting, vomiting, accusations of murder.

Large man and country boy tie up magician, drag him away.

Weeping, retching.

Large man and country boy return, lift crushed hat gingerly and, trembling uncontrollably, carry it at arm's length into wings.

Momentary increase of weeping, retching, moaning, then dying away of sound to silence.

Country boy creeps onto stage, alone, sets up placard against table and, facing audience, creeps abjectly away.

THIS ACT IS CONCLUDED
THE MANAGEMENT REGRETS THERE
WILL BE NO REFUND.

"We'd rather you didn't smoke here, Senator."

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 48)*

aid for the unmarried—an aspect of the law that especially harms the young and the poor. If a Massachusetts doctor or pharmacist had been willing to test the law, I would not have felt it necessary to risk ten years of my life.

Sentence has been withheld until the Massachusetts Supreme Court rules on my case, which should be sometime this spring. Although my lawyer has taken the case at no cost to me, he eventually will need money to move the appeal forward. Since I'm not paid for my clinical services, I have virtually no income to keep them going or to support my wife and four children.

William R. Baird
Parents' Aid Society
Hempstead, New York

The battle to make birth-control aid available to all who need it has been remarkably successful in recent years, but Mr. Baird's experiences compellingly illustrate that the struggle is far from over. Statutes restraining, in one degree or another, the dispensing of contraceptives and contraceptive information still exist in more than 20 states and in the Federal (postal) obscenity statute. Even though the U. S. Supreme Court effectively struck down the most restrictive sections of these laws ("Griswold vs. Connecticut," 1965) and even though the existing laws are largely unenforced in most parts of the U. S., the availability of contraception for the unmarried and for the poor is still subject to the whim of local politicians, law-enforcement officials and other administrators. With the purpose of encouraging all possible legal opposition to these archaic statutes, the Playboy Foundation has offered to assist Mr. Baird. We will bring you further news about Mr. Baird's continuing litigation in "The Playboy Forum."

VOLUNTARY STERILIZATION

In Illinois there is no law forbidding voluntary sterilization of a human female. Yet there are no licensed doctors connected with reputable hospitals who will perform such an operation. I've heard of cases in which the need was pressing, because both the physical and the mental health of the woman would have been impaired by pregnancy. Nonetheless, the operation was denied.

I've been told by my doctors that pregnancy could be fatal for me, but even this circumstance is not sufficient to persuade a doctor to perform the operation.

How can we convince the medical profession that it is guilty of gross neglect in denying women an operation that is legal, harmless and, in many cases, desperately needed?

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

A lawyer points out, in a discussion of the legal and psychiatric problems of voluntary sterilization in The Journal of Urology, *that the main reason doctors refuse to perform such operations is fear that patients may later regret having requested the operation and sue the operating physician for "criminal mayhem." (This fear is increased by the psychiatric problems surrounding the subject. Sometimes unconscious self-destructive motives play a part in the patient's request to be sterilized; and in patients with histories of neurosis, the operation occasionally leads to depression. These factors add to the likelihood of subsequent regret.) The* Urology *article concedes that such a suit is theoretically possible, but cites the opinion of a number of medicolegal authorities that such a prosecution would not be upheld by the courts. Many doctors are not, apparently, familiar with this opinion.*

A medical consultant for the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., points out other factors in the medical profession's reluctance to operate. Doctors, he states, are an extremely conservative group and do not easily accept innovation. Consciously or subconsciously, they are also prejudiced against any surgery for patients who are not ill. There is often also an automatic resistance to any proposal for surgery that is initiated by a layman. And, finally, many doctors are reluctant to have it known that they approve of and practice sterilization because of the strong though unreasonable stigma attached to such practice.

Your problem, however, can be solved. Write to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., 14 West 40th Street, New York, New York, which will recommend one of 1600 surgeons on its list.

The irony of your fruitless search for such a physician is underscored by the plight of numerous people who have been involuntarily sterilized, by court order, under some rather strange statutes on the books in various states. See the following letter and answer.

COMPULSORY STERILIZATION

I was surprised to learn that in several states, compulsory sterilization is a punishment for certain crimes. I should think this would be considered "cruel and unusual punishment," which is forbidden by our Constitution.

Can you tell me how many states have this punishment? What justification is there for such laws, and what does PLAYBOY think of them?

Kenneth R. Frohlich
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

At present, 23 states have compulsory-sterilization laws. According to an article by Elyce Ferster in the Ohio State Law Journal, *the grounds for compulsory*

"Remember, no political discussions; it may not be a cigarette lighter. . . ."

sterilization break down as follows: "Mentally retarded persons are subject to the laws in all of these states and in all but two states they are also applicable to the mentally ill. Epileptics are still included in 14 states. In 12 states, criminals are subject to sterilization."

These laws have so far escaped judicial condemnation as "cruel and unusual punishment" because their ostensible purpose is not punitive but eugenic—that is, they are designed to make reproduction impossible for persons who have supposedly inheritable defects. The eugenics movement advocated such laws in the late 19th Century, declaring that mental illness, mental retardation, epilepsy, criminality, pauperism and various other "undesirable" traits are hereditary. This notion, of course, has been largely discredited by modern geneticists. Dr. James V. Neel of the University of Michigan's Heredity Clinic points out: "The inclusion of habitual criminals, moral degenerates and sexual offenders in a eugenics law cannot by any stretch of the imagination be justified on genetic grounds and can only be regarded as an unfortunate carryover from the early, uncritical days of eugenics." Many penal and public-health officials interviewed by Miss Ferster doubted that anyone knows enough about genetics to be qualified to impose sterilization. A number of these officials, pointing out that the damage done by a mistaken application of sterilization could never be undone, expressed their preference for conventional birth-control methods as a means of preventing reproduction.

The specious logic underlying these laws is highlighted by the fact that, of the 23 states having sterilization statutes intended to prevent the birth of defective children, 15 have laws restricting to some degree the dissemination of birth-control information and 22 forbid therapeutic abortion when the child would probably be born with serious mental or physical defects.

PLAYBOY *believes that these laws are a denial of the individual's right to choose or reject parenthood and that they sanction a practice that easily lends itself to infringements of human and civil rights. These laws tend to be extremely vague in their definition of what constitutes grounds for sterilization, thus leaving room for arbitrary and punitive application. For instance, in Delaware, a person found guilty of three felonies can be classified as a "habitual criminal" and compulsorily sterilized. Idaho, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oregon and Utah allow this punishment for "perversion" or "crimes against nature," vague terms that can be applied to a married couple who engage in the oral-genital activity found by Kinsey to be normal. Ironically, the same statutes could be invoked against homosexuals, thus punishing a man for "abnormality" by making it impossible for him ever to be completely "normal"—i.e., to enjoy the procreative aspect of sex.*

"But, Mother, it doesn't do anything!"

Not only are the purposes of and grounds for compulsory sterilization open to criticism but the processes by which sterilization may be inflicted often fail to protect the individual from abuses. Sterilization is sometimes ordered by authorities acting on their own where no law exists or where the existing law does not apply to the case in question. Such a case involved Nancy Hernandez, a 21-year-old mother of two, who was given a choice between sterilization and six months in jail (see "The Playboy Forum," October 1966). Her alleged offense was being in a room where marijuana was being smoked; but, according to the appeals court that overruled her conviction, the punishment was really based on the fact that she was living with the father of her illegitimate daughter while collecting welfare funds (which is not a violation of California law).

The advocation of compulsory sterilization as a means of dealing with criminality and the "unfit" is more compatible with an authoritarian society than with a free one. In Nazi Germany, a law provided for the sterilization of anyone with a "hereditary disease." This term was broadly defined and included, under "feeble-mindedness," such things as "how the individual lives up to his position in life," lack of "moral judgment," "inability to reason" and "utter superficiality of thinking." Sterilization was an early form of the Nazis' "final solution" (before they decided that killing was more efficient) and was applied both to Jews and to those who politically opposed the Nazi regime.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

LOWER THE VOTING AGE *(continued from page 83)*

found a favorable response in Congress and in the country at large during times of military action abroad. Congressional resolutions to permit 18-year-olds to vote were first introduced in 1942, when the draft-induction age was lowered to 18. Such resolutions have been introduced in every Congress since that time and one—spurred by President Eisenhower's outspoken support—was actually debated in the Senate shortly after the Korean War. (It fell just five votes short of the two-thirds majority necessary to adopt a constitutional amendment.) The slogan has been a powerful prod to Congressional action—but has not yet been able to produce results.

Despite the emotional appeal of equating eligibility for military service with the right to vote, the argument cannot be taken as conclusive. Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee (which would normally have to approve any legislation on the subject), pointed out in a radio debate years ago that the parallel between military service and the franchise is fallacious.

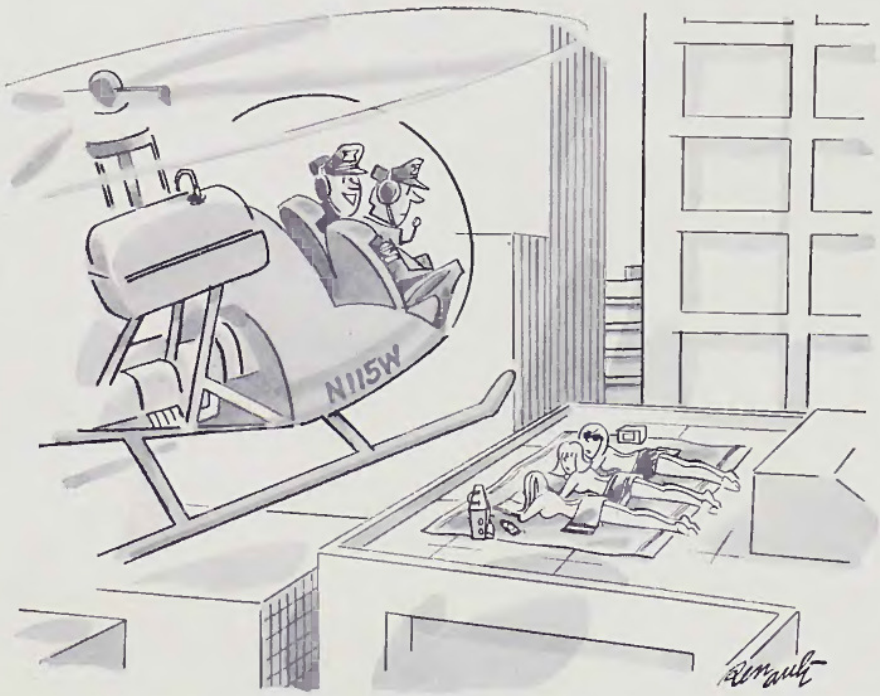
"No such parallel exists," he said. "The abilities to choose, to separate promise from performance, to evaluate on the basis of fact are the prerequisites to good voting. . . . The thing called for in a soldier is uncritical obedience. . . ."

Why, then, reduce the voting age? Many reasons have been advanced through the years. Some stress the fact that 18–21-year-olds are considered adults for many purposes, military duty aside. They can marry and start families, pay taxes, drive cars and carry firearms. They are subject to the same penal code as are those over 21. Other supporters of the cause use the "experience is the best teacher" argument, claiming that if young people receive the right to vote immediately after graduation from high school, they will form the habit of civic responsibility early in life. Senator Mike Mansfield, when he recently introduced a heavily cosponsored resolution to reduce the voting age, presented another pertinent argument to the Senate: "Lowering the voting age to 18 will tend to bring about a better and more equitable balance in the electorate of the nation. As life expectancy rises, the number of older voters increases. A corresponding expansion in the number of younger voters will not only broaden the political base of the Government, it may well provide concurrently a more balanced approach in the nation's general political outlook."

Another argument takes its cue from those of us who fought for the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and from the decisions of the Supreme Court in the famous "one man—one vote" ruling. The argument goes like this: Since Georgia, Kentucky, Alaska and Hawaii now allow persons under 21 to vote, those under 21 in all other states are being deprived of their equal rights in not being granted the franchise. This is an interesting legal point—especially since the under-21 voters in those four states do vote for the President and Vice-President every four years—and one that may prove effective in the future. But I do not think it is likely to sway many of those key elements in the state legislatures or the Congress.

The experiences of the four states with under-21 voting are both puzzling and instructive. What is strange is the fact that reform was accomplished in each of the four states with very little debate. The 18-year-old vote in Georgia was introduced by Governor Ellis Arnall in his inauguration address in 1943, passed by both houses and later that year ratified by Georgia voters by a more than two-to-one majority. About the same proportion of Kentucky voters approved that state's 1955 measure lowering the voting age to 18. In Alaska and Hawaii, 19- and 20-year-old voting, respectively, was set at constitutional conventions prior to statehood. In none of the four states, students of the matter agree, was there active, organized support either for or against the measure.

But the easy passage of the proposal in these instances does not justify thinking that younger voting is simply an idea that has reached its time for easy acceptance. Last year, the Oregon senate and the Iowa house rejected amendments to lower the voting age, and the Indiana legislature adjourned without taking action on the matter, as advocates had hoped it would. Attempts to pass similar legislation have failed in recent years in Connecticut, Michigan, Ohio and West Virginia. And the fate of the proposal in my own "progressive" New York last year was also discouraging. For the first time in 30 years, the state constitution was being revised and delegates to the constitutional convention were asked to include the 18-year-old vote. The proposal had the active support of Governor Rockefeller, Senator Robert F. Kennedy and myself. There are about 900,000 New Yorkers now between the ages of 18 and 21, compared with about 11,500,000 over 21. Lowering the voting age to 18, therefore, would have increased the potential electorate by eight percent. Many state legislators and delegates to the constitutional convention were not at all sure how these young people would vote, ignoring a Gallup poll of last May that disclosed that as many college-aged Americans considered themselves Republicans as Democrats. (The figures show that 29 percent considered themselves Republicans, the same percentage considered themselves Democrats and 42 percent considered themselves independent.) But no matter what the national figures showed, political leaders in New York, as elsewhere, were worried about what the expanded electorate would do and about the fact that they would have difficulty in reaching these new, young voters. In the end, the convention threw the decision on lowering the voting age back to the legislature; in



"Watch the effect of the prop wash."

effect, burying it for the immediate future. The lobbying efforts of student groups lacked the solid, organized support of young people all over the state. Only such support could have persuaded key political leaders of the need to lower the voting age now.

These failures would constitute my reply to readers who are wondering why I have talked of a constitutional amendment at all—since the franchise was extended to young people without fanfare in four states by the states themselves. Winning over two thirds of the states to the constitutional amendment is going to be hard enough, but getting all 50 states to lower the voting age on their own would be all but impossible.

To me, the most compelling reason for lowering the voting age is that American politics needs the transfusion that younger voting would give it. Almost without exception, today's 18-to-21-year-olds—those of college age—are better educated and more highly motivated toward political action than were their fathers and grandfathers. It is essential to our country that their idealism and activism find a genuine release within our established political framework. Unless young people know that they are involved, idealism tends to turn to cynicism. But why 18? Why not 19 or 20?

Any choice would be arbitrary, just as the present "age of responsibility" is arbitrary. As a matter of fact, the present standard is borrowed from ancient English common law, which designated 21 as the minimum age for knighthood. (This was supposed to be the age at which the young man would be strong enough to bear the weight of armor in battle.) Since we are dealing with arbitrary designations, why not choose the age that marks a definite turning point in a person's life—the usual age for graduation from high school?

I am persuaded that it makes sense to grant the franchise as soon as possible after high school, so that the lessons of civics and history are not forgotten, whether a young person goes into the labor force, into military service or on to higher education. Statistics indicate that 21-year-olds are today's most delinquent voters. This can be attributed to many factors, including dislocation due to military service and the frequent changes of jobs and addresses that are characteristic of young adults today. But a major factor, according to the experts, is that a large percentage of 21-year-olds have been out of school for three years. After making sure they are highly motivated in high school, we make them wait three years before letting them use what they have been taught!

Nobody really disputes the fact that today's 18-year-olds are generally better educated in the workings of government than were previous generations. The U. S. Office of Education reports that today 75 percent of our young people graduate from high school and 40 percent will attend college at some point—compared with 45 percent who completed high school in 1940 and 16 percent who then could expect to attend college. In addition, virtually all high school students are now required to attain passing grades in civics and government as well as in American history; while in the days past, only history was required. When 21 was confirmed as the age of voting in the early days of the Republic, the average 18-year-old was lucky to have had more than two or three years of formal schooling; his knowledge of government came principally from regional newspaper accounts and itinerant speakers—neither group known for its accuracy or fairness.

Who can determine the broadening effects of newspapers, radio and television reporting today on this age group? Millions of young people pay closer attention to the national political conventions and campaigns than many adults; young people see and hear detailed reports on legislative, political and governmental matters. Many political and communication theorists claim that television now gives all of us a feeling of immediacy and involvement concerning international and domestic problems—an involvement never before possible. They claim further that TV and radio have been major catalysts in the student movements of the Sixties. For the most part, the 18-, 19- and 20-year-olds today have actually witnessed the important events of our era—from the sometimes violent demonstrations on behalf of civil rights through Congressional hearings on Vietnam to the funeral of a young and vigorous President murdered in the fullness of his youth. Such experiences—coupled with knowledge learned in school—create a desire in young people to be part of national movements, to have a real voice in the decisions affecting them.

The combination of improved education, especially in government and politics, and the feeling of identification with the important social and political currents of our time has made the college-ager a potent force in this country, but a force generally on the *outside* exerting pressure on the system itself. No one who was part of the struggle to enact laws guaranteeing equal rights to all Americans can forget the effectiveness of the students, Negro and white, who braved insults, arrests and personal injury to awaken the conscience of the nation to the denial of civil rights. More than any other factor, it was the nonviolent, student-led demonstrations of the early 1960s that produced the climate in this country for enactment of the landmark Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1965, legislation that many of us in Congress

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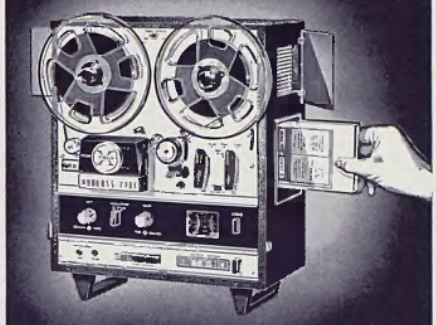

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had been trying unsuccessfully to pass for decades.

Through the years, young people have been a great help to political parties and candidates—but as helpers, not as voters. My own initial election to the House of Representatives in 1946 is one illustration of this. I had just returned from the War and was relatively unknown in politics. High school and college-aged youngsters in my district in New York City's Washington Heights section rode the elevators and trod the halls of the tall apartment buildings to make my face and program known. Later, the political professionals in New York told me that this extra push—this show of confidence in me by these bright young people with pamphlets in their hands—was a big factor in electing me as the first Republican Congressman from that district in more than two decades. Ever since, young people have played important roles in my campaigns and in my New York and Washington offices. But it is disturbing, to say the least, that these students can be political-science "interns" and volunteers and can persuade others to vote, but cannot vote themselves.

Students form the backbone of the opposition to U. S. policies in Vietnam. They have successfully required the Administration to defend its policies at every turn and have helped provoke a debate on the direction and basic tenets of U. S. foreign policy that may well affect the outcome of this year's Presidential election. But partially because these demonstrations and marches and speeches have all been outside the political system, some demonstrators have felt the need to resort to unlawful acts to make their point. In doing so, they make my point, too; there should be no need for civil disobedience in a political system that meets the needs of the population. In my opinion, the energy, the ingenuity and the idealism of these activists could instill new purpose and new drive in our present political parties, if the college-aged were given the right to vote—the ticket to true involvement in American political life.

There are some easy—and accurate—ways to counter the arguments of the politicians and businessmen who point to the December 1964 demonstrations at Berkeley and ask me whether I want hippies to be able to vote me out in favor of somebody with sandals and a guitar. I could point out that the demonstration at Berkeley began with protest against the very exclusion from decision making that the 21-year-minimum voting laws epitomize. I could also point out that those who acted irresponsibly were a small minority of the protesters—and in many cases were over 21. But the best argument is still that almost all such protests demonstrate exactly the sense of purpose and high idealism that is so often missing from conventional politics. According to a detailed, scholarly article by Berkeley professors Sheldon Wolin and John Schaar, the freshman class at the school is selected from the top 12 percent of California's high school seniors. "This means not only that the students are of high average intelligence, but also that they have worked hard and kept 'clean' throughout their high school years." It would be a mistake to suggest, the professors say, "that the entire crisis was fabricated and dominated by subversives or riffraff. It has been well established that the bulk of the followers was composed of intelligent students who were novices in political action. The sacrifices of many who were willing to place their careers on the line, the spontaneity of their indignation, the warm fellowship of the movement and their unfailing good humor were too real to be explained by subterranean conspiracies."

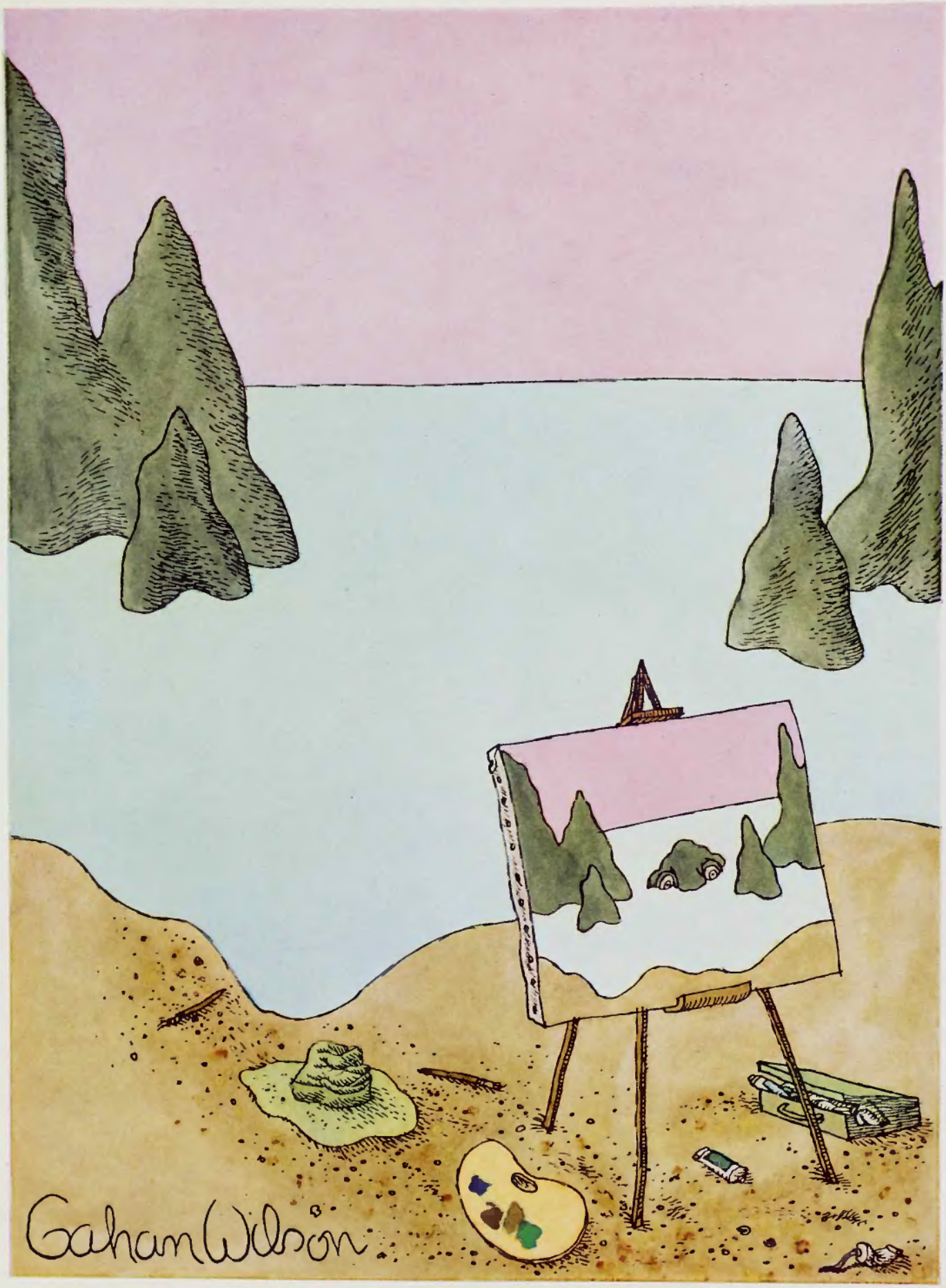
If the stereotype of the Berkeley student—or even of the Berkeley demonstrator—as a hippie is false, and it is, then the idea that most college students are irresponsible is patently absurd. Tens of thousands of college-age men and women have served remarkably well in the Peace Corps and its domestic equivalent, VISTA. These are jobs that almost always demand the highest measure of individual responsibility. Personally, I'll not forget a chance encounter in an isolated village in Turkey with a 20-year-old Peace Corps girl from the University of Oregon. As chairman of a committee to develop economic cooperation between Greece and Turkey, I was inspecting a possible site for a dam on the border between the two nations when I met this petite young lady surrounded by ten of her students at the Ipsala village school. Her job for the past year had been to teach English to the children, most of whom had never even met a foreigner before. As far as she knew, she was the only American within 75 miles. She admitted to occasional loneliness, but said: "We're making progress now and the children are learning quickly. What more can you ask?" What more! Yet the principal theme of those opposed to lowering the voting age is lack of responsibility and the alleged radicalism of the young.

The establishment of 21 as the age of responsibility in voting has no real relevance in the 20th Century, since we have all shed our suits of armor. But those who want to maintain the *status quo* demand guarantees of responsible action from those immediately on the other side of this arbitrary line, as if there were some magic to the age of 21. They ignore the fact that nothing in the recent political history of the four states allowing under-21 voting indicates that the college-age vote is irresponsible. Georgia has consistently elected Senator Richard Russell, a conservative who has won universal respect among his colleagues as one of the foremost upholders of the traditions of the Senate. Kentucky, including its 18-year-old voters, has supported Senators Thruston Morton and John Sherman Cooper, two of the mainstays of the moderate wing of the Republican Party and two men noted in the Senate for basing their decisions on fact and logic.

The truth is that those opposed to lowering the age of voting want proof positive that college-aged people will handle their franchise intelligently even before they have ever had an opportunity to vote. The same impossible demand was made by the opponents of female suffrage 50 years ago and by the opponents of equal voting rights for Negroes three years ago. In both cases, the claims were that "they" lacked the experiences to vote intelligently, that "most of them" really didn't want the vote anyway, that "they" would tend to vote in blocs and would be easy prey for demagogs, that such a "volatile" electorate would destroy our institutions and, finally, that "they" were "just not ready" for the franchise—someday, maybe, but not now.

No tragedy occurred on ratification of the 19th Amendment in 1920 and no catastrophe has befallen the nation since passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. What did happen is that large segments of our population were given a positive role within our political system. They were given the feeling and the substance of being involved in the decisions of our Government. That's the meaning of the word "democracy."

While the struggle to guarantee the Negro full equality at the polls is far from won and too near in time to serve as a gauge, an examination of the suffrage movement provides some interesting insights for those who would lower the voting age. Not only were the ladies characterized as too inexperienced and too unpredictable, just as our college-aged people are today, but, also like our students, they were among the foremost political activists of their era. Suffragettes were the catalysts in nationwide reform movements. They demonstrated to improve the lot of the Negro during and after Reconstruction. They were leaders in efforts to establish the Civil Service, to provide for the direct election of U. S. Senators, to further the rights of labor and to improve public education. And like today's students, their energies and talents before 1920 were spent *outside* the existing political structure. It is interesting to speculate on just how much scandal and loss of confidence in the Government would have been avoided in the last half of the last century if the energies and talents of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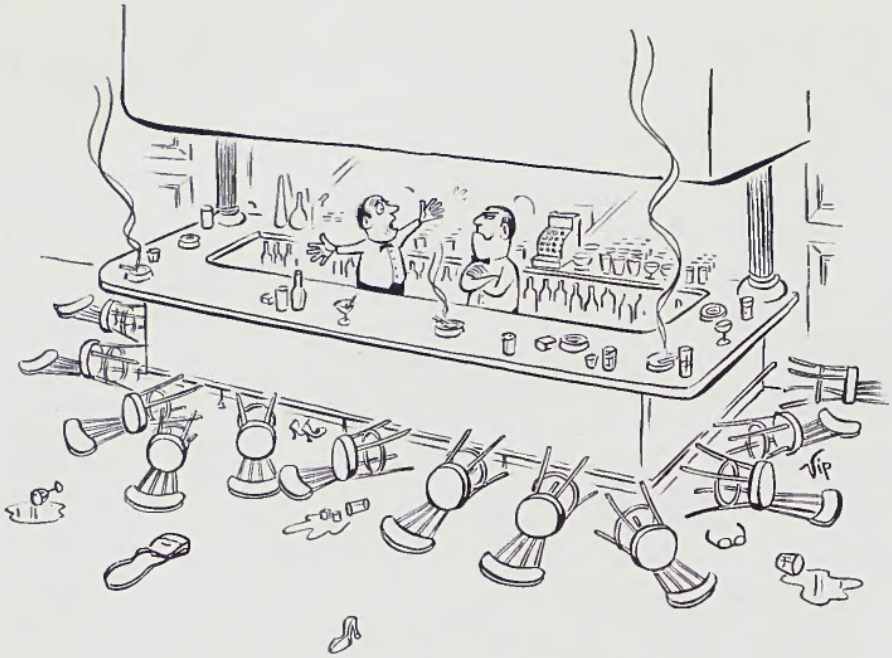


"Now, why the hell did you have to go and tell that joke for?"

a Susan B. Anthony and a Carrie Chapman Catt and their followers had been channeled to the work of reform from within.

Perhaps the most important of the lessons to be learned from the women's suffrage movement is its methods. The movement was supported and led by two national organizations—as well as by many local ones. The ladies and their supporters waged hard battles in state after state. They had the right to vote in 15 states before Congress sent a proposed constitutional amendment to all the states for ratification. They were organized to maintain the pressure for women's rights throughout the country. Scores were arrested after chaining themselves to city-hall doors in demonstrations; but thousands of others worked quietly in state legislatures and county courthouses, slowly and persistently eliciting support for their cause—winning over those "key elements" we've been talking about.

This type of organization and motivation, however, is not apparent now among 18–21-year-olds. (Unlike their suffragette forbears, of course, young people need only wait until they reach 21, when they're given the vote automatically.) The National Student Association, which actively supports lowering the voting age, has conducted polls indicating that between 70 and 80 percent of students on American campuses believe that 18–21-year-olds should be given the right to vote. Yet Congressional mail—usually a barometer of the currents of public thought—fails to indicate this. So does the lack of energetic movements in all but a handful of states. There have been, however, some recent successes sparked by state student organizations. In 1967, the legislatures of Nebraska and North Dakota voted to lower the voting age to 19, subject to approval by the voters in a referendum this year. But elsewhere, as I mentioned earlier, the picture is gloomy.

It is fairly easy for Senators and governors and Presidents, all of whom can command the attention needed to make their positions and records known to the voters, to support lowering the voting age. They know they will be heard by the younger voters added to the rolls by any such legislation. But for members of the House of Representatives, who must stand for re-election every two years, and for members of state legislatures and for other state and local officials, the story is quite different. They find it much harder to get public attention and to make an impact as political personalities. They are therefore more dependent on local political organizations to provide their margins of victory. Theirs is the type of practical political argument difficult to fault—in the absence of aroused demands from youth itself.

An old friend of mine in the House of Representatives told me: "It's all right for you fellows with a state-wide image to talk of lowering the voting age, but what about me? After years in Congress and all the benefits that my seniority can bring to the district, my name is hardly a household word. My usual margin is between 25,000 and 30,000 votes. But what with third parties and all, and 15,000 or 18,000 new, young voters coming in who don't know me—they could throw me out in a minute for some professor without the slightest idea of what it's all about."

This is the nub of the "practical political" obstacle to lowering the voting age now. Without assurances from organized college-aged groups that the 18–21-year-olds really want the franchise, and without the crucial assurances that the new voters will support the legislators who make it possible, chances of passage are dim. State and Federal legislators from marginal districts want to be told by the young people themselves—and their parents—that there is a need for lowering the voting age.

In 1967, more resolutions were introduced in Congress to lower the voting age than ever before in history. Many of these were the work of the same men who have been fighting for this cause for years. Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, for example, was the first to introduce such legislation in 1942, when he was a member of the House. He has introduced similar measures in almost every Congress since then and has championed the cause on the Senate floor on countless occasions. Last year, he joined 38 of us in cosponsoring the bipartisan Mansfield-Dirksen Resolution, while reintroducing his own measure. But the 40 of us—even with the tireless support of men like Senator Randolph—do not, as I said at the outset, come close to being able to muster the two-thirds vote necessary to propose a constitutional amendment. In the House of Representatives, a similar situation exists. Although 45 resolutions were introduced—all but two of them designating 18 as the proposed new voting age—their sponsors do not yet have the support of enough of their colleagues to come close to success. And even if, by some legislative miracle, Congress passed a constitutional amendment to lower the voting age tomorrow, the amendment would still have to be ratified by three fourths of the state legislatures.

It is possible to overcome these practical, very real political hurdles. The 18-to-21-year-olds should update the state-by-state strategy used by the suffragettes 50 years ago and should consider making use of the tactics of the civil rights movement to demonstrate the reasonableness and justice of their arguments. There is no way to expand the electorate in this country without the persistent hard work and enthusiastic support of those who want the franchise. The sooner this lesson is learned, the sooner the tattered, outmoded standard of "knighthood at 21" will be relegated to the pages of history, where it belongs.

LASERS *(continued from page 74)*

mowers. Who will laugh tomorrow? At whom? About what?

Nobody cares to guess. "This crazy industry has matured when it should still be in its bottle-sucking infancy," says Bill Bushor, an engineer who founded *Laser Focus* three years ago and is now the industry's acknowledged chief historian. One sign of an industry's maturity is the appearance of a self-supporting technical publication covering the field, and *Laser Focus* fits the description. Its history has resembled that of the laser: Like one of those TV reruns that are hacked apart to make room for commercials, all the connecting scenes seem to be missing and the chronology is bewilderingly compressed. Bushor started the publication in 1965 as a mousy little newsletter, but today it blooms as a four-color job on glossy paper, fat with ads. Its offices in Newton, Massachusetts, also resemble the laser business: cluttered, untidy, expanding too fast to pause and make order. "It's like being in one of those dreams where you can't stop running," says Bushor. "This is better than a two-hundred-million-dollar-a-year industry already, and some guess it could hit one billion by 1970."

So new is the science of lasers, in fact, that the inventors are still around to tell from recent memory their tales of lonely intellectual adventure—and not only still around but still young, still inventing.

The laser's history begins quietly on a park bench in Washington, D. C., and weaves a strange, obscure path through a candy store in the Bronx and other dim, unlikely places. Columbia University physicist Charles Townes is credited with starting the drama. In Washington for a scientific conference in the spring of 1951, Townes strolled early one morning into Franklin Park and sat on a bench. There, he fitted together the pieces of an idea that had been churning about in his mind. The idea was the basis of an invention that Townes later dubbed "maser" (acronym for microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation)—a device which, by feeding on its own internal energies, generates a powerful beam of microwaves. The invention has since proved useful in radar, spacecraft guidance and other microwave applications.

During the late 1950s, another thought began to take form in several minds simultaneously, including Townes'. Microwaves belong to a broad spectrum of electromagnetic radiation in which our world is bathed. At one end of the spectrum are radio waves, which can be anywhere from several miles in length down to about 10 centimeters—at which point microwaves begin. At the other end of the spectrum are exotic forms such as X rays, whose waves are measured in tenths of millionths of a millimeter. In between are radiations of every other conceivable wave length. To us, as humans, the most important part of this enormous spectrum is a narrow band of radiations whose wave lengths measure from roughly four to roughly seven thousandths of a millimeter. For reasons about which biologists are still arguing, the earth's major animal life forms millenniums ago developed a remarkable organ that is sensitive to this particular little group of wave lengths. This organ is the eye. The wave lengths it senses are what we call light. (The human eye and some animal eyes are so cleverly made that they can even sense minute differences in wave lengths. The longer waves give us the peculiar visual sensation that we call red; the shorter ones, violet.)

It seemed to Charles Townes and several other physicists in the late 1950s that, since light waves are the same as microwaves except for being shorter, it should be possible—theoretically—to build a device that would do with light waves what the maser did with microwaves. By 1957, there was a name for this yet-unbuilt device. It was called a laser—the "l" standing for "light"—though Townes for a long time insisted on calling it an "optical maser." But nobody had any idea how such a device might work.

Townes was beginning to get some ideas, however. So were others, and a curious dramatis personae now began to assemble. One early arrival was a man who had married Townes' sister: physicist Arthur Schawlow, then at the Bell Telephone Laboratories and now at Stanford University. Another was a research associate and doctoral student at Columbia University's Radiation Laboratory, Gordon Gould.

Gould, out of Yale in 1943, had gone to work for the Manhattan District in the Corps of Engineers, developer of the first atomic bomb. He had met a girl and one night wandered into a Marxist discussion group with her. This cost him his job and his security clearance, subsequently made it difficult for him to get into scientific laboratories. He spent the next decade struggling to get jobs and continue his physics education. He was still struggling in 1957, when some startling thoughts about lasers occurred to him.

Independently and simultaneously, similar thoughts had occurred to the brother-in-law team of Townes and Schawlow. In essence, the thoughts were that it might be possible to take some fluorescent substance and "pump" its atoms up to an excited state by hitting them with a flash of light or a jolt of electric current. Normally, these excited atoms would calm down in random fashion, emitting photons one by one and making the substance glow dimly for a few minutes. But suppose you rigged up a trap of mirrors in such a way that some of the photons began to bounce back and forth. On each bounce, the photons would hit atoms that hadn't yet calmed down. These atoms would be jolted into

". . . Now, then, what seems to be our problem . . .?"

releasing their photons sooner than normal and the new photons would join the gathering surge and hit still more excited atoms. In this way, perhaps, you could make all the excited atoms release their photons in a billionth of a second instead of several minutes. You might produce a blast of incredibly brilliant light. If you provided a way for some of the light to escape the mirror trap—maybe by making one mirror only partially reflective—you might get a beautiful strong beam.

In trying to explain these thoughts, Townes would sometimes ask puzzled listeners to think of a long swimming pool. At one end, rising from the water, you erect a thin wobbly pole, and atop the pole you build a platform. You hoist rocks onto the platform. This is analogous to the pumping up of atoms to their excited state. If the rocks release their stored energy (that is, fall into the pool) in random fashion, the result will be only a pool of choppy water. But suppose you rig the system to feed on its own energies in an orderly way. You let just one rock fall in. A nice tidy wave travels to the other end of the pool and bounces back. It jiggles the pole and this makes another rock fall in. This second rock hits the water at just the right time to amplify the existing wave. In other words, its energies fall into step much like photons in a laser. The bigger wave travels down the pool and back, the pole wobbles, a third rock falls in and the wave grows still bigger. And so on.

Dr. Townes referred to this concept as "wave amplification by stimulated emission of rocks"—that is, a waser.

Gordon Gould, contemplatively commuting from Columbia University to a Bronx apartment, believed he had this field of thought to himself. But one night just before Halloween in 1957, Townes phoned him. The two had met occasionally on Columbia's campus. Townes wanted some data about certain high-intensity lamps with which Gould was working at the Radiation Lab. Townes' questions made Gould suddenly ask a question of his own: "Is Townes thinking what I'm thinking?"

Gould plunged into an undeclared race against Townes. He worked night and day on his laser calculations. One cold November night, Gould and his wife left their apartment and walked a few blocks to a candy store whose proprietor doubled as a notary public. Clutched in Gould's hand was a dirty gray laboratory notebook bearing the title "Some Rough Calculations on the Feasibility of a Laser." The notary witnessed it and dated it: Friday, the 13th of November, 1957.

Townes and Schawlow were making their own rough calculations about the same time. By mid-1958, they felt their figuring was specific enough to be patentable, and they and the Bell Labs applied for the law's protection. Gould, working alone with little equipment and a small budget, hampered by security restrictions, was farther behind. Seeking help, he left his university job and took his notes to a small scientific outfit named TRG, now an affluent laser-making division of Control Data Corporation. Intrigued, TRG took him in and put him in a lab where no security clearance was required. He and TRG applied for their patent in early 1959.

A series of court battles then began. Some experts later said Townes and Schawlow's papers most nearly described the laser as it eventually came to be; some said Gould's. Gould's notarized notebook bore the earliest date, and it was mostly on this basis that Gould claimed to have conceived the invention first. But the court turned him down, largely because he hadn't proved "diligence" in going from general concept to specific calculations and thence toward hardware. The Bell Labs team was awarded a patent with the fetchingly rhythmic number 2,929,922.

Meanwhile, another interesting character had drifted on stage. This was Ted Maiman of Hughes Research Laboratories, who claims that he, too, deserves credit for inventing the laser.

In 1959 and early 1960, though the patent battle was already joined, nobody had actually made a laser. Dozens of large corporations were trying: the Bell Labs, Westinghouse, General Electric, Raytheon. Many were trying it with potassium vapor and related gases, which seemed theoretically to promise the best results. They had great expensive, science-fictionish rigs on their lab tables. Every now and then, something would explode or an overloaded circuit would disintegrate and the scientists would curse and build a new, even less probable-looking contraption. And what of Ted Maiman?

It was laughable. Compared with the giant corporations that were thundering up and down the laser trail, Maiman was a mouse rustling in the weeds. He had a small, cramped, cluttered lab room at Hughes' Malibu Research Laboratories in California. Hughes supported him because he was considered a bright young fellow; but the hope was that he could eventually turn to something more promising. Maiman was pursuing a magnificently ridiculous notion. He was trying to make a laser out of a ruby.

A ruby? There were several impressive reasons you couldn't make a laser out of a ruby. Ruby had been shown to lack the required quantum efficiency—in lay terms, the go. Moreover, it obviously wouldn't be able to take the heat without cracking. Yet Maiman chose to ignore these facts. He had a ruby crystal about the size and shape of a pencil stub. Its ends were ground parallel and were silvered, one more completely than the other. This was the heart of his proposed laser. The rest was like something from a five-and-dime store. Curled around the ruby was an ordinary helical flash tube, the kind photographers use. This was intended to provide the "pumping" light that would excite the ruby's

"If you think I'm drunk, you should see my secretary!"

atoms. Wrapped around the flash helix, in turn, was a dented aluminum reflector. That was all.

"Forget it, we've tried it, it won't work," some visiting Bell Labs physicists had assured Maiman. He had to admit the gadget didn't work yet, but he refused to admit it wouldn't. He was becoming the comic relief of the laser quest. He'd submitted a paper on his proposed laser to a technical journal, but the editor had rejected it. A photographer had come around to take a picture of the nonworking laser but had found it so unimpressive ("Like something a plumber might have screwed together," he said) that he asked Maiman to build a bigger, more scientific-looking mock-up. Another company had copied the picture to make its own ruby laser, and of course this laser didn't work, and this only increased Maiman's embarrassment.

"I'm sure it's just on the threshold of working," he said one day in June 1960 to a group of East Coast scientists. They'd come West for a convention and were indulging in the great new California sport of Dropping In On Maiman. They nodded politely as Maiman earnestly explained his reasoning. They left, nudging each other in the ribs. Maiman chomped his cigar gloomily.

Shortly afterward, his lab assistant, a man named Irnee D'Haenens, came in with a package. It contained three new ruby crystals of improved optical character, fabricated and polished with special loving care by the Linde Company, expert crystal maker. Maiman and D'Haenens mounted one of the new crystals in the gadget. They looked at each other. D'Haenens quietly closed the lab door. Maiman threw a switch and the helix flashed.

And a tiny spot of brilliant red light appeared momentarily on the laboratory wall.

Bob Meyer, a Hughes publicity man, recalls being summoned to the Malibu lab building the next day. "The place was buzzing with excitement. People were standing around in the corridors babbling at each other. I couldn't understand what it was all about. I'd heard the word 'laser,' but I didn't really know what it was supposed to be."

The lab director, Dr. Lester Van Atta, tried to explain. "Great news!" he shouted at Meyer. "Maiman has achieved laser action!"

That was eight short years ago. Today, almost every newspaper-reading man in every industrial nation knows what a laser is. Literally thousands of lasers exist and literally hundreds of scientific groups throughout the world are working on improvements. "I knew I had something important," says Maiman, "but I never dreamed of anything like this."

The ruby laser today is the most powerful, though not in all respects the most

useful, in the business. "We've developed continuous-wave ruby lasers, but most still operate in short pulses," says physicist Dr. Richard Daly of TRG, the outfit that took in the struggling Gordon Gould in his hour of need. "Pulsed operation isn't always what you want in every application. But it's right for many uses. Here—let me show you."

Daly has the typical laser man's fondness for showing off his gadgetry. In a large, windowless lab room, Daly tinkers with a thick metallic tube. He turns some dials. You adjust your goggles. He flips a switch and there is a sharp crack like a rifle shot. At the other end of the lab, a metal target seems to explode with a blinding white flash and a huge sunburst of sparks.

The metal is steel. In its center is a smoking hole about half an inch deep.

"This is a giant-pulse ruby laser," explains Daly. "You didn't actually see the laser light, because it was such a short pulse. It was a slug of light not much longer than your outstretched arms. But there was a lot of oomph in it. About a gigawatt."

A gigawatt is a billion watts. You can nearly go blind just thinking about that much light in that small a space. For comparison, consider the sun. On a clear summer day at high noon, the sun pours energy onto your head at a density of about one tenth of a watt per square centimeter. This much light can blind you if you look directly into it for long. But even an unfocused laser beam can deliver energy at literally millions of times that density. "Focused carefully," says Dr. R. D. Haun of Westinghouse, "a laser beam can deliver ten billion watts to a square centimeter."

It isn't only the power of laser beams that fascinates scientists. It's also the quality of utter neatness. A laser beam is "coherent"—meaning, in effect, orderly, like a good TV broadcast beam. Ordinary light is untidy. Its waves are of diverse sizes and never quite lined up right, and each photon behaves in a slightly different way as it passes through a focusing lens. Even the best lens can't focus this untidy light to a point, only to a fuzzy-edged blob. But laser light has been focused to a spot as small as 1/10,000 inch.

Jobs both of brute force and of microscopic tenderness can be done with light like this. TRG, for instance, sells a microscope-mounted laser that can deliver a pinprick of energy delicate enough to burn a single chromosome inside a living cell—a capability now being used in studies of genetics. An equally delicate Westinghouse laser recently drilled three neat round holes in a row across the breadth of a human hair.

Slightly more powerful beams are used in surgery. The American Optical Company, for example, makes a special laser instrument for operations inside the eye. By passing the beam through the eye's transparent cornea and lens, doctors can burn away a blood clot or weld a detached retina inside the eye without touching the outer parts. At the Children's Hospital of Cincinnati, doctors are experimenting with lasers in destroying cancers, drilling teeth and removing warts, tattoos and birthmarks—and, at the same time, they are trying to find exactly what laser light does to human skin and other tissues. Director of the laser laboratory Dr. Leon Goldman, who has deliberately pricked himself with laser beams some 450 times, remarks that physicians as a group are often a decade

late in taking advantage of scientific developments. But they began working with the laser almost as soon as it was invented.

Industrial engineers have also been quick to use the laser. Take the enormously varied, omnipresent industrial problem of hole drilling. "A laser beam can vaporize any substance on earth," says Ted Maiman. "That's why all kinds of engineers, drilling holes in all kinds of materials, have fallen in love with the laser." The Wurlitzer Company, for example, maker of pianos and other large musical instruments, for years has worn out bits by the hundreds drilling some 80,000 holes a day in hard rock maple to a tolerance of 1/2000 inch. "*Please* say it can be done with a laser!" a Wurlitzer engineer begged TRG; and TRG, not having the heart to turn him away, is now designing a light-beam tool for the purpose. It shouldn't prove difficult, for a laser beam can even punch a hole through a diamond. Many types of fine wire are made by drawing soft metal through minuscule holes drilled in diamonds; and in the past, it used to take two to three days to drill such a hole. A laser tool made by Western Electric does it in a few minutes.

The U.S. Department of Commerce and MIT are now dreaming about much larger holes. Late in 1966, two MIT sophomores, ignoring the amused chuckling of their professors, borrowed a powerful carbon-dioxide laser from Raytheon and trained its beam on a chunk of granite for 30 seconds. When they picked the granite up, it crumbled like dry mud. Engineering professor Robert Williams now believes this startling effect may be a key to fast, cheap tunneling. It may be possible to build a laser-headed boring machine that can eat its way through rock like a worm through cheese. The Commerce Department, interested in rapid-transit tunnels between cities, has encouraged MIT to probe further.

Because laser light is orderly, it can also be used for communication. Its waves can be modulated exactly like radio waves or microwaves—and this is another application that brings a gleam to the eyes of scientists. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has hired several companies to wonder about sending messages through interplanetary space on a laser beam. "A radio or radar beam fans out widely," says a Perkin-Elmer scientist who is working on this idea, "and after traveling millions of miles to get here from Mars, for example, its energy would be so far dissipated that we'd barely be able to pick it up. But a laser beam can be made so tight, so narrow, that it can get here from Mars and still be going strong." The U.S. Army is also interested in the laser as an instrument of battlefield communication. Radio messages fan out and can easily be picked up by an enemy. But a message sent on a laser beam would go nowhere but to a single receiver—and even if the enemy saw the beam and tried to read it, he'd give himself away the instant he poked his receiving device into it.

The tidiness of laser light has also made possible a photographic technique called holography. A hologram is, in effect, a true three-dimensional image of an object. Instead of showing only some of the object's surfaces, as an ordinary photograph does, a hologram shows all surfaces—faithfully re-creates the entire object in light. By turning the hologram or walking around it, you can see the back of the object. This spooky effect depends on complex phenomena of diffraction and can be obtained only by illuminating the object with the coherent light of a laser. Industrial companies have begun using holograms to study, among other things, stresses in metals. Engineers might make a hologram of an aircraft-wing part, for example, while the part is at rest, then make another stop-action hologram while the part is vibrating as in flight. By comparing the two images, they see precisely how and in what dimensions the part was strained out of shape.

Bob Whitman, an artist with an ability to sell far-out ideas to large organizations, has discovered yet another use for the laser's eerie light. Working with Bell Labs engineers, Whitman this year built what he called "light drawings" at the Pace Gallery in New York. These might be compared with line drawings on paper, except that the lines are thin, colored, low-powered laser beams and the viewer stands within the three-dimensional drawing and "experiences" it instead of merely contemplating it from without. Whitman calls the drawings "articulations of space." Bell Labs people, who cooperated for reasons of publicity, are not quite sure what to call the drawings. Asked to comment, a company spokesman explained: "Well, this laser art is —it kind of—um. Well, we enjoyed working with Bob Whitman."

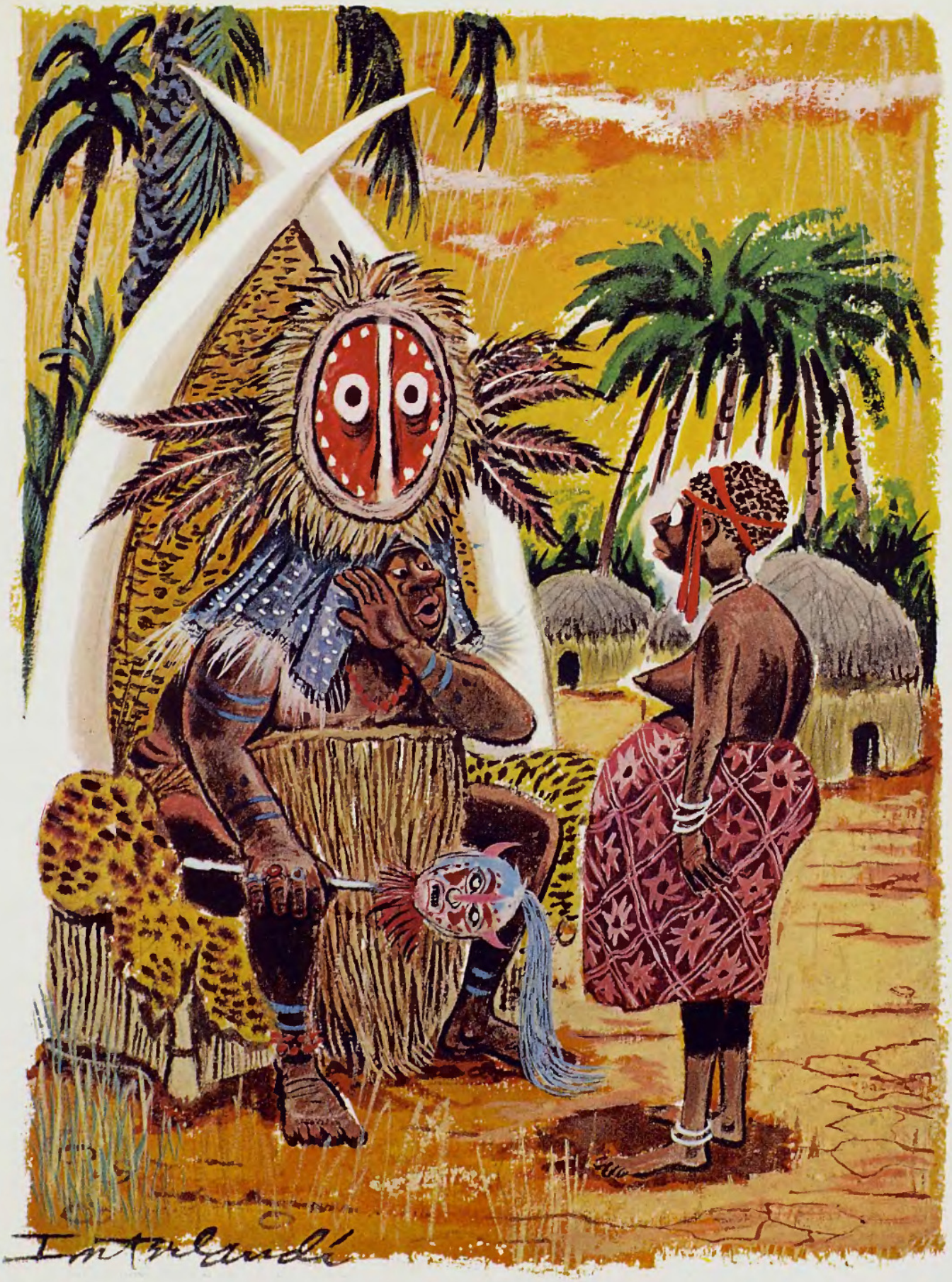
But of all the actual, possible and imaginable uses of the laser, the one that generates the most excitement is that of weaponry. The U.S. Army and Navy are known to be working strenuously on destructive light beams, but have kept the effort secret. The Air Force was less successful at first in keeping its lip zipped. General Curtis LeMay's speeches used to contain cryptic comments about "beam-directed energy weapons"; but in the past few years, the Air Force has declined to comment further on the subject. Similar secrecy shrouds laser research in Europe (and, of course, in Russia), though national pride occasionally forces security curtains to be lifted briefly. Late in 1966, Britain's Services Electronics Research Laboratory, a government science center, showed off some of its laser developments, and one item on display was a portable, battery-powered laser rifle. The cool-voiced British scientists referred to it smilingly as "a toy, of course," and showed how it could be used to pop balloons. Yet it is hard to believe that the frugal British government would spend its taxpayers' money to build balloon poppers for the lunch-hour entertainment of scientists. Such a rifle could be used in combat to blind enemy troops—and, at higher power, to do the same kinds of damage bullets do, or worse.

The new family of molecular lasers—particularly carbon-dioxide lasers—interests military men, because they offer high power as well as continuous-beam operation. Such lasers work, in effect, by setting up a sort of vibration within molecules instead of dealing with excited atoms. Theoretically, they are capable of enormously higher power than anything yet developed. Raytheon, Westinghouse, Perkin-Elmer and dozens of other companies have military contracts to study molecular lasers—contracts surrounded with elaborate secrecy. One of Perkin-Elmer's contracts has required the company to build an odd-shaped tall room; and although any visitor may peek into the room (after proving that he's a U.S. citizen), most of the company's employees and executives are mystified about the room's uses.

"If you think the laser business has produced surprises over the past few years, wait until the next few," says Gordon Gould. Like the laser, Gould since 1960 has risen rapidly from nowhere to prominence. Though he lost his fight for the basic laser patent, he now holds several other important patents in the field and has applied for others. These and a Control Data (including TRG) stock option have made him suddenly quite wealthy. Among his new possessions is a boat in which he periodically sails in the West Indies, gazes across vast ocean reaches and tries to see the future.

What he can see looks good to him. He left TRG in 1966 to become a professor at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. His basic job there is not to teach but to research and invent. He is interested in a new copper-vapor laser that produces green light of potentially colossal brightness. He is interested in picosecond pulses (a picosecond is a millionth of a millionth of a second). He is interested in more things than can conveniently be cataloged.

"It seems strange to say this when lasers are in such wide use," says Professor Gould, "but the laser is still a very young invention. It has only just begun. The possibilities ahead are—well, it's a word scientists don't like to use, but what else can I say? Fantastic."



"I'm going to give it to you straight. You're knocked up."

A DAY IN THE LIFE *(continued from page 118)*

African Coolidge. You should've married Mahalia Jackson and then you two could've stayed up all night blessing each other."

"If you like, my dear, you can leave me. I won't hold you. I have fought too hard for your freedom."

As she walked in to breakfast, the First Lady wondered if there had ever been a divorce naming mankind as corespondent.

A Day in the Life of President Percy

At 7:48, President Percy stood before the bathroom mirror, once more upset to see no reflection. On this particular morning, the mirror's lack of response was especially depressing, because he'd forgotten his age.

"Dear," he called to the First Lady, "how old am I?"

"Either two years younger or two years older than Bobby," she said. "If you want, I can look it up."

"No, no: it'll come to me."

Tight-lipped, the President turned back to the wall and said:

"Mirror, mirror beside my towel,
Am I relatively as young as I was
at Bell & Howell?"

At 8:10, the President looked out at the Washington Monument. He had come a long way since he'd been a movie usher, but he knew that he still had a long way to go. He just couldn't figure out where. So he stopped brooding about statesmanship and went back to bed with the First Lady.

"Charles, *please*," she said, when he gave her a tight-lipped, no-nonsense kiss on the shoulder. "Doing *that* doesn't prove you're young. Men of *seventy* are doing *that*."

"To *you*?"

"Not that I recall."

"Well, let's go through with it, anyway," he said. "I hate starting things I don't finish; it's a bad example for the boys in Junior Achievement. Anyway, I've got you down for 8:12 and I believe in keeping appointments."

"You could always goof off for three or four minutes."

"Look, don't you feel romantic? Or do you *always* get taken to motels by Presidents?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey; I was just teasing; I forgot you don't joke. Of *course* I feel romantic; and coming here's a great idea. I could just never respond at Camp David. But it *was* silly to register under another name. I mean, you *know* that nobody knows you."

A Day in the Life of President Humphrey

When the First Lady awoke at 7:20 and didn't see President Humphrey, she knew he had spent another grim night with The Book. Throwing on her robe, she ran to the library and found the President asleep in a chair, his head resting on *The Wisdom of L. B. J.*, as told to Courtenay Valenti. She gently shook him and he awoke, smiling and waving.

"It's only me," she said, "and I voted for you."

"It's really a delightful pleasure," he said, "and, I might add, a pleasant delight, to greet my very own wife on this grand and significant occasion."

"That's good," she said. "You can use it if you ever have to dedicate or launch me."

"You know, Muriel, I had the nicest dream. I dreamed it was before the accident and Big Daddy was still President and I was again coping with those wonderful old responsibilities of praising him. Gosh, I was even using new adjectives, words I *wish* I'd thought of when he was alive, words like Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

"He would have liked those. He would have wanted you to keep using them. But now it's *your* turn, Hubert, and you have to go on—in His name. Come upstairs; breakfast is ready."

At 7:30, as he followed the First Lady to the dining room, the President stopped smiling with a sharp crack of his cheeks. He was clearly worried.

"You know, honey," he said, thoughtfully spinning one of his spurs, "maybe I just wasn't cut out for the top job. Maybe I should've stayed in the drugstore. I might still have the liberals if I were just selling 'em Kaopectate."

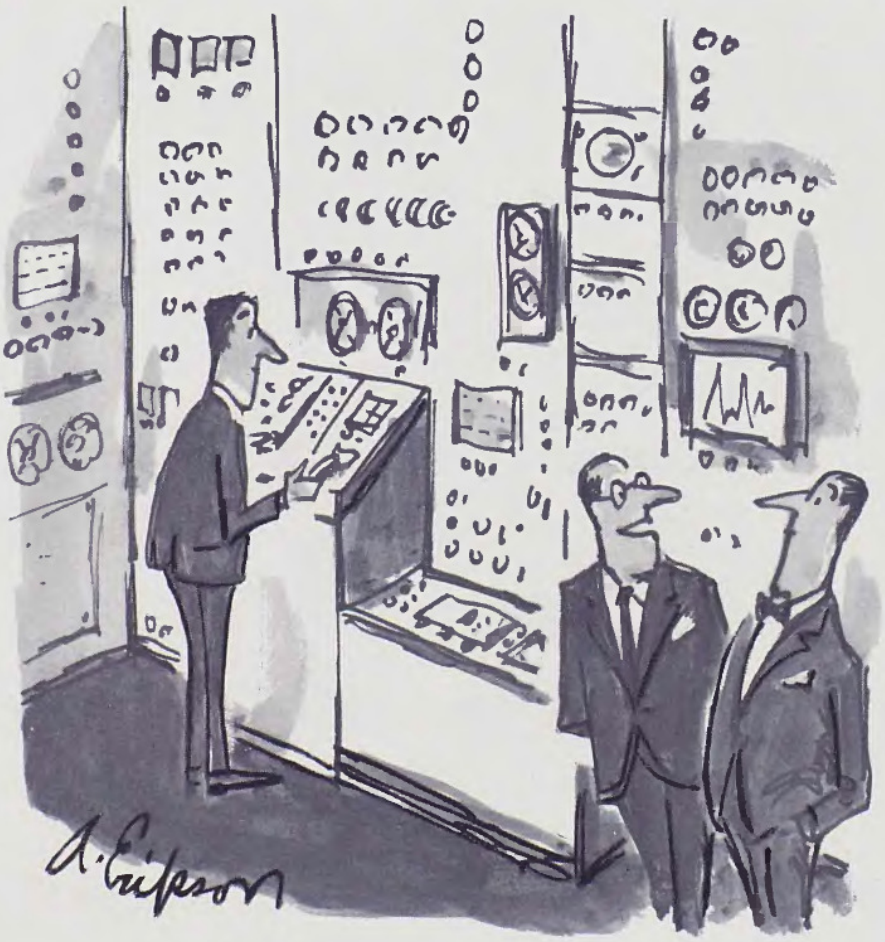
"Oh, *screw* the liberals," she said sweetly. "You've still got me and the children."

"Good old Muriel! I can always count on you to help me keep my perspective."

Then he took out his notes for the dedication of the oatmeal.

A Day in the Life of President Rockefeller

At 7:10, President Nelson Rockefeller awoke, sat up and made some notes for his autobiography, tentatively titled *The*



"He found his wife by computer. Now he's trying to find out how to get rid of her."

Importance of Being Earnest. When he finished writing, he leaned over and gave the First Lady a playful punch on the chin.

"C'mon, fella," he said. "Time to hit the deck."

"OK, honey," she said with a yawn. "I love to watch you running the country."

"And I love to see you beside me, with all the men admiring your looks and all the women wondering if you're pregnant. You're a grand girl. Grand."

"Say, that reminds me: Tell me again how much it is."

"Oh, Happy, *you* know I never count it."

"Sorry; I'm such a silly goose about security."

As the President took off his pajamas and Dartmouth T-shirt, the First Lady said, "You know, Nelson, I was reading a history book last night and I learned something very interesting. Your grandfather was a bastard."

"My little ricochet romance," he said, playfully punching her again and wondering if he should have married Bobo. She smiled at him, the sweet little smile that bugged so many Catholics, and at 7:25, they fell into an embrace.

At eight o'clock, they walked together toward the shower, stopping only when they met a reporter.

"Hi, guy," said the President.

"Mr. President," said the man, "the entire Free World is wondering why you always sound so nasal. Is it ingrained wealth or adenoids?"

"Lemme tell ya something about this wealth business, fella. How many meals a day can a guy eat? Three, four at the most. A *knish* here, a boiled potato there, some *ravioli*, and a few egg rolls around midnight. And how many places can he own? Half a dozen at the most. A place in New York, a hunk of Westchester and the middle of Venezuela. And how many TV spots can he buy? Twenty, maybe thirty a day; forty at the outside —unless, of course, he's behind."

And then, excusing himself, the President led the First Lady to the shower, where he sang the song that had won him both the nomination and election—*Happy Talk.*

A Day in the Life of the Presidents Wallace

The President and Mr. or Mrs. Wallace awoke at 6:50, simultaneously, one assisting the other. George got up at once, went to the window and looked out at the South Lawn. The rising sun sent a long shadow from the iron jockey below.

"Splendid mornin', sugar," he said. "I think the first thing I'm gonna do today is cut loose another state. Let's see, now —how many we got left to dump?"

"Gee, honey," said Lurleen, "I think we've gone and whittled this crummy ol' Union down to about thirty-one or -two. How about freein' Montana next?"

"Montana? That one of ours?"

"So they tell me."

"OK, then as soon as I get to the office, I'll——"

"Hey, just a minute, George; it's *my* turn to run the country."

"No it ain't, sugar; you had it *yesterday*."

"But I couldn't *do* anything with it; it was that time of the month."

"Too bad; that ain't in the Constitution."

"It's in *mine*."

By 7:15, when they had almost finished dressing, their Presidencies had agreed to make America HIS until noon, HERS until six, and then give it to the National Guard while they got some chicken and went to a drive-in. As he combed his hair, George wondered if Negroes really *did* have natural rhythm. For several minutes, he tried to think of all the Negroes he knew who couldn't dance; but he finally came up with just A. Philip Randolph and a headache.

"Hey, honey," said Lurleen, "know who I'm seein' today? The wife of the President of Ghana."

"Why? We short a maid?"

"Say, I'll bet she *is* a classy cleaner. Maybe she'd like to come in once or twice a week for a little diplomacy and light housework."

"Sure; it could be a great li'l cultural exchange. She could show you how they dust in Gonna——"

"Ghana."

"—And you could show *her* what knives and forks are for."

With a sudden rush of affection, she embraced him and cried, "Oh, I just *love* you, Georgie!"

"Likewise, sugar. 'May your days be merry and bright.' "

" 'And may all your Christmases be white.' "

"But darling, the female praying mantis always eats the male during copulation. Any other way would be unnatural!"

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HOT SAUCES OF MAGDA

(continued from page 90)

of sponsors and endorsers. It'll work out fine, Manolo! You go down there and become a new man, then come back to Vaverdy and we'll get you set up, don't worry! It'll be good for you and will benefit me too, a lot!"

"I'd better think up a name," I said.

"Think along these lines," she said. "I live on my employer's property in a nice cottage away from the ranch house. You should stay with me, it's a good hiding place, very isolated. For you to share quarters with me you should be some relative, no?"

"That's logical," I said. "All right, I'll come back a Vallejo, say Jaime Vallejo, how's that?"

Her brow made knots of contrariness.

"That won't do," she said. "See, I've told my employers all about my family; they know the only Vallejos left outside of myself are my three small brothers in La Paz, so a whole new Vallejo can't show up out of thin air." Her features warmed again. "Here's an available name. Javier Campos."

"There's a Javier Campos in your family?"

"There was, but he was killed in Cuba and nobody remembers him but me. I could make up a story for my employers to explain your turning up. Yes, that's a good name for you, fine, perfect!" She mussed my hair in what had the appearance of an affectionate move. "You're sent to me from heaven, Manolito, I mean, Javier! Though where you came from that other time, I don't know, some hot place probably!"

"One thing, Magda," I said, "in reference to your statement that this plan will benefit you as well as me, would you care to make that clearer?"

"Details later! Right now let's put you on the road to Chula Vista and good papers!" And she mussed my hair again, in a definitely familial way.

We talked for a time more, for we had to agree on my story, and my story had to agree with my circumstances, and the forthcoming papers had to agree with all parties and factors. Then I took the Greyhound to the Chula Vista merchant of cost-plus identities.

Over the palpitant bus tires my thoughts, too, palpitated as I considered the considerable puzzle of Magda Vallejo.

True, there'd been a Porfirio Vallejo in La Paz, I remembered. True, he'd had a seam-straining daughter just above my age bracket, I vaguely remembered.

This was all I remembered.

• • •

Any wetback dispatched from Miss Magda this papermaker was ready to dry off thoroughly. In addition to major documents, manufactured with care, he threw in a massage-college diploma plus a library card, at no extra charge.

The minute I got back to Vaverdy, I called the number Magda had given me. A woman's voice answered, not Magda's.

"Hello, is it possible I could speak with Miss Vallejo, please?" I said in my most precised English.

"Miss who?" the voice said.

"Magda Vallejo, please. Javier Campos calling."

"Oh, you want Magda Campos. Hold on a minute, Mr. Campos. I'll get her." I heard this voice calling, "Magda, for you, your long-lost husband, you lucky girl," and Magda's voice answering from far, "Thanks, Mrs. Bassing. I'll take it in the pantry."

Pretty soon Magda came on the phone saying with energy, "I told you specifically, when you call ask for Magda, that's all, just Magda, no further names."

It was so. She'd said to avoid last names, made a point of it. I'd forgotten.

"What, no further names? I just heard further names. For you, Campos. For me, husband. Can names get further? My God."

"Well, listen, the plan was to introduce you as relative. I couldn't just say, Javier Campos, a relative."

"Listen, you could have made me something minor! There're nephews, you ever hear of them? You ever hear of second cousins?"

"Well, listen, after thinking it over, I saw that if you're going to share quarters with me, the best kind of relative would be husband, you see."

"Listen, that woman referred to you as Magda Campos, meaning, wife to Javier Campos, who's me! How come you're suddenly a Campos and I'm the source of this Campos, my God!"

"Get hold of yourself. There are deep reasons. I can't go into it on the phone."

"My God, I start as lost friend and go away to become second cousin or something minor and come back one hundred percent husband! My God, what's going on! This you call saving me from jail! Listen, do me a favor, don't ever save me from stampeding elephants!"

"Calm yourself, man, try. I'll explain everything. Let's meet at the abandoned quarry, that's three miles, you take the highway south——"

"A horrible thing! Calamity! To go away fugitive and come back prisoner——"

"I'll explain the whole thing, have faith, quarry, sundown——"

She'd said this arrangement would benefit her as well as me.

My God, my God. The world's whole elephant population coming my way.

• • •

SANTEE LIMESTONE AND GRAVEL WORKINGS, the silvered, slivered sign said. Off highway, down rippled tar of diminishing side road, I went, into zinc sands of semidesert under zinc moon. One Mexican nailing another Mexican to cross for the fun of carpentry. Family

patches of agave and kalanchoe with arrowed leaves. Rotted wheelbarrows. Stepping slantways on erupted slabs of old tar. One Mexican making noose for another Mexican out of fondness for rope tricks. Mule skull's vacated eye sockets quizzing some worn truck tires. One Mexican mortising coffin for another Mexican and for what. Toaster winds from cook pit of Coachella desert trying to crisp the skin. Stands of piñons to crosshatch the ashy air. Mountain face shaved clean by barbering of pneumatic drills. Mammoth mouth of gravel pit dentured with ledges of limestone. Black waters filling pit with lapping black. One Mexican double-dealing another Mexican for the plain hell of it. Something splashing in the waters. One Mexican knifing another. Somebody's body silvering ass up through black waters. One Mexican knifing another up the back and down again. Body in rise from waters to ledge reddening from silver to bronze. Wiping long black moon-glassed hair with towel. Humming some Argentine tango to audience of pines and feather-hatted yuccas. One Mexican knifing another but no knife visible in either hand. Breasts two dunes of arrogant copper. Haunches high, wide and handsome, made to replete hands. Black, black moss of pubis glassed with wet and widening as legs spread to towel. No knives in these hands spreading jumbo thighs. Yet I felt knifed in many places up and down the spine as naked Magda toweled between legs, throating wordless tangos. "Hello, hello. You're late. Oh, a hot night."

• • •

This was her story. Minute she laid eyes on me, wild about me. Minute I laid hands on her, wilder. I was, though drunk, the first, remained to this day the best. Yet I left La Paz and never came back nor wrote. Not her place to send coy, probing letters. Had to put me from her mind and get on with life. When parents died got her first job, in Galveston. Here met Javier Campos, ex-sailor from Tampico working as stevedore on the docks, looked to be steady type. Javier simply not fit for obligations of a shared life. Marriage the signal for him to stop work and start drink. She pressed him hard. To escape, Javier ran to join Castro in the Sierra Maestra, there was shot dead, leaving no family but her. She'd never said much about the no-good, so the Bassings did not know the facts about the worthless. The name was unoccupied, thus available to me for a lifetime. Who'd be the wiser? So long as outside the house I was husband, inside I could be second cousin, great-grandfather, as minorly related as suited my tastes, yet would have nice roof overhead, good meals, some job on the ranch, permission to drive a ranch jeep over to Brawley or El Centro to attend night classes in television repairs. Where

"My parents are getting suspicious, Robert. Could you shave more often?"

was the calamity? Was it calamity to be handed back your future with velvet ribbons on it?

"Get your clothes on and we'll discuss different brands of calamity."

"Oh, it's the first time I've been cool in days."

"If we're going to talk sense, you cover up."

"I can talk with more sense if I'm not melting away with the hellish heat. Besides, you've seen me naked before."

"Magda, whether it's nakedness number two or nakedness number one isn't the question. I'm trying to arrange conditions for serious talk."

"Well, here, if the sight of me offends you so much, I'll wrap this towel around. All right?"

"One more thing, be so kind as to cross your legs, that's a very short towel. Good. Now you listen to me. You explain who Javier Campos is or was. You omit any reasons why I'm tricked into taking his central place. Magda, that towel's not doing much good when it's down to your navel."

"Sorry, towels are hard to keep high with structures like mine. You haven't been tricked. No tricks whatsoever here. I simply asked myself what connection could we have that would give the most basis for being under one roof."

"Magda, I ask you again, please don't uncross your legs, and stop lying."

"Sorry, truly, when I try to take care of one end I forget the other end. All right, I'll tell you the rest. I'm in a delicate situation at the Bassings. Mr. Bassing is young and energied and with a very roving eye. So far I've been able to hold him off, but lately he's after me hard. When you showed up I thought, well, if you're just a cousin or something nonsexual, how much will that help? A hotblood isn't deterred by a second cousin or nephew. With a husband at my side, though, he'd have second thoughts and wouldn't be always trying to catch me in barns or on the back roads, you see? This is the benefit I hoped for from reconstituting a husband, one, anyhow, but does this in any way diminish the benefits to you? Which can, I give you this assurance, be as numerous as you wish?"

I tried not to look at the slipping towel. I did my best not to take note of the constantly shifting thighs. No doubt about it, this one was well made, and to replete hands. There was one single reason I couldn't reach for her, that she was abruptly, vagrantly, nonconsultingly, irreversibly, my wife.

"All right," I said. "Finally you let me in on the true story. A little late, but. I'm not indifferent to your problems. I want that clear, but I've got to think of my own first."

"Your thoughts haven't caught up with your circumstances," she said. "Yesterday, when cops were chasing you, you had problems. Today, having found a perfect hideout, you're in the clear. Try to see currently, Javier."

"Currently I'm an unplanned bride-

groom, I call that a problem." I said. "How to put this? Any marrying I do, if and when, will be the result of my choosing, no other party's. I didn't do two cents' worth of choosing here. That fact rasps in my thoughts and will continue so to rasp."

"You did the choosing once," she said. "In La Paz. You don't have to do new choosing, just reactivate the old."

"If I did in fact shinny up that eucalyptus," I said, "if I did, the choices were for a night, not a lifetime. Also, bear in mind that if there were such happenings in La Paz, if there were, I was drunk, and here in Vaverdy I'm sober and not in the mood to climb trees, especially one-way trees. Too many tricks, my girl. Listen, tell me true now, did I really do that climbing in La Paz?"

"More insults? You've forgotten again? Yesterday you remembered."

"I was forcing the memory in a nonmarital situation, for social politeness. Now that we're without warning husband and wife, it's again hard to remember. Is this on the level, Magda, I spent nights with you in La Paz?"

"Insults, insults. This is what comes from being nice to a staggering drunk. Look, you want to make sure? There's a way. You're a family man, if it's to your taste you can have your family rights. Try, and see if it doesn't remind you of nights long ago. This is about the only suggestion I can make, if you've got such a leaky memory, due to your youthful drinking. For my part, I remember perfectly. If you wish to remember, I'll certainly help."

Generous invitation, made more so by the steady slippage of towel and restlessness of most solid thighs. It would have been no hardship to accept, whether it proved something about earlier fusions or not. It was hardship not to accept, to keep hands at sides.

But I had abruptly married without so much as proposing, only by taking bus to Chula Vista, a bus picked and urged by her. This is not the way to the highest maritality.

I got to my feet. She looked up, towel slipping, legs rubbing, all abundances lively.

"Want to go home?" she said. "I've got the jeep here, I could make you some *chiles rellenos* with my special sauce in no time at all."

"Too much married too fast and too unwarned, Magda. I need to go somewhere and get as drunk as I have the talent for."

"All right," she said. "Maybe if you get drunk enough, you'll remember what you did in La Paz some nights when you got drunk and get interested in doing it again. If so, you come right home, you hear? I know your talents when drunk."

• • •

On the highway I found a cantina where Mex farm hands were playing pool and drinking beer. Here I started to drink, too, tequila after tequila, trying to sort out in my spinning head the many ways in which I'd been encroached upon: Hard, they overlapped.

Noise of demon sweeping in my head from Mrs. Campos' fast brooms. Banging of various kettles of guilt, Mrs. Campos the chief banger.

In my rotating, reverberating head, with an imaginary pen dipped in real tequila, I wrote a letter:

Most Esteemed Mrs. Campos:

It is very important that you stop this lying.

I have the sensation of being robbed and will tell you why.

Allow the hypothesis that in the distant past I had intimate dealings with you. All right. This scares me from top to bottom. The absolutely first girl I had in body and lost from mind. I feel robbed.

I have not been loose with girls as some. Had girls, enough, but with no thought to championships. The pleasuring for me was to know a particular girl in depth, not many girls in generical width, so to speak.

It terrified me, the having of many samples from the ocean of girls, so all samples mix in the mind to become one sample.

All right. If certain events did in fact transpire in La Paz as you say, then for the first time I have had a total intimacy followed by a total oblivion. This makes me feel robbed. I am no longer in possession of my personal happenings, my only belongings.

Listen, can a man say fairly he has had a girl if he doesn't hold her in mind? This is not a true having, it's a sightseeing.

Also, I feel guilty. Why? Because the way you show respect for human beings you've had major dealings with, including girls, is to remember them.

This, my dear Mrs. Campos, is why I say girls you forget can molest. Mrs. Campos, from you I feel a molestation.

This is not an ordinary domestic arrangement you invite me into, Mrs.

"You're pretty handy with your dukes, young fellow, and you move fast. How'd you like to become an upholsterer?"

Campos. I hear accusatory brooms in the molested spaces of my brain. Loud pots and pans of peccability.

All this, of course, Mrs. Campos, on the hypothesis that you're telling some semblance of truth.

If you're lying, Mrs. Campos, schemer, falsifier of my drunken hours, thimble-fanged bitch of the universe, rider of needling brooms through my head, mixer of witch's brews under the name of chiles rellenos *with special sauce, oh, if you're lying. . . .*

This letter I had been mailing to the tequila bottle line by line. Now my special-delivering eyes went from this bottle to the newspaper on the next table. Some field hands had been drinking there. Left behind this Spanish weekly published for the Mex population in and around Los Angeles. Headline said, "PRODGER URGES MILITANT STREET DEMONSTRATIONS IN EAST LOS ANGELES."

I leaned over to see. From the text my eye picked out phrases: ". . . Fresh from successes in organizing the date-grove workers of Indio. . . . Addressed massive outdoor rally. . . . Urging barrios rise up against the new smothering bureaucracy of Poverty War Administrations. . . . Attacked bossism as the rot in all areas of life. . . . Humanism the total and permanent war against bossism. . . . 'All men have two tendencies,' Prodger said, 'to rise up against bosses, to become bosses.' . . . Nature of the human animal. . . . No sense wasting tears over. . . . Fan the first, make trouble for the second. . . ."

Vernace Joe's home was in Los Angeles. Vernace Joe was now, it appeared, in Los Angeles. Vernace Joe was a fighter. I had a mammoth fight on my hands. Against the sirens with *relleno* sauces. What I needed was Vernace Joe to inject maximum fight in me. *La huelga.* The strike against the worst bosses with their accusatory brooms and frying pans. *La huelga.* Emergency call to the chief strategist of *la huelga,* mastermind of antibossism, Vernace Joe.

I shook off as many of the tequila fumes as would be shaken and hurried to the phone.

• • •

"*Viva la huelga,* Manny!"

"*Viva la huelga,* V. J."

He said "Long live strike" in place of hello and goodbye, he promulgated strike as others talk of weather and stock-market reports and how are the kids. All in his orbit fell into this propagandistic chitchat.

"Looking all over hell and gone for you, Manny. Sent word through the grapevine. Through the grape pickers. Organizing them now. Never mind, just a joke——"

"I better come up and talk, V. J. I'm in worse trouble than before."

I detailed this revolting plot to bury all my wheels. He listened, making sounds of surprise, significance and other comments in his nose.

I could see him as he sat making footnotes in the nose. Looking like deck hand, hobo, boxer, skid-row bum, all things he'd been in early days. Coming from gutters and alleys, he could ministrate with convincing migrancy to gutter and alley people.

He was silent after I ended my story, except for sounds of hum and hah.

I said, "Isn't it a disaster?"

He said, "Why, is she ugly?"

I said, "No, quite pretty. What's that got to do with it?"

He said, "She was lying about her *chiles rellenos*? You tasted her *chiles*, they were lousy?"

I said, "I never went near them, how would I know? V. J., how does this relate?"

"Manny, a pretty girl opens her bed to you, and offers to cook for you, and you ask what's her looks and sauces got to do with it? There's disaster here, boy, inside your head."

"Arrangements were made by her, all. The man takes initiative, the woman says yes or no, that's how I was raised, V. J."

"Lowered, that's the way we're all lowered. Listen, Manny, the women call the shots in these transactions, who opens the mouth first's a formality."

You could depend on V. J. to put forth his own angle. Interesting, if around the back and up the sides, piece of logic.

"Also, V. J., if she's telling the truth about La Paz, if I had her below and don't hold her above, she right away has an advantage——"

"Let's see. Suppose you restored the below arrangements. Wouldn't the above problems more or less go away?"

Around the back and up the sides, nevertheless a stimulating piece of logic.

"Yes, but suppose she made the whole thing up, wouldn't that indicate a terrible crookedness of mind?"

"Singleness of mind, I'd say. Listen, if she tricked you, what's she after? Your money? Your social standing? And what's the essence of the trick? To offer you bed, board and a list of advantages! OK, trick her back! Take the bed, board and advantages! That'll teach her! Serve her right!"

"V. J., I always prided myself on neatness. I thought neat. One project at a time. When I drank, I drank, when craved, craved."

"I've known neat guys drink to get sloppy. Maybe the drinking was to get you sloppy enough to go up eucalyptuses."

"But suppose I didn't, and she knows I was so drunk I don't remember what I did, so she says——"

"Manny! Quit that, boy! Did I, didn't I, was it, wasn't it, that's a faster's game to keep you dangling! You want to dangle and fast, when there're maybe great *chiles* down below?"

He did have his own sledge way to put things, this harping, hammering man. Yet and still, I was asking him to fan up my fighting spirits and he was pounding at me for total bending, total collapse. This is not the service we expect from foremost troublemakers. I can arrange my own drubbings. In vanquishments of myself I don't need collaborators.

"Where's the famous militancy?" I said. "This woman's manipulating me in every part. You're supposed to be against bossism."

"In class struggles," he said, "the guy who kisses and fondles the boss is a piggish sellout. In sex struggles the way to soften the bosses and get all your demands is to put your arms around them and smooch them up a lot."

"All right, I see it," I said. "Under the front of big fists and strong fight, you're a defeatist. Your advice is, fold up, throw in the sponge, you can't win in the foremost battle of all."

"Oh, sure, you can win if you want to, Manny," he said, making more sarcastic noises in his nose. "You can beat down this woman all you want to. Just remember, each time you win with a woman, the woman loses. What respect can you have for a mate who's a loser? Take that a step further. How much respect can you have for yourself if you're tied to a woman who's a loser? I call it the worst vanquishment, to be married to a loser. All the more so because her cooking's got to suffer."

He could twist things, all right, twist, and make little known knots. My head was totally trampled from the runaway gallop of his logic.

"I better hang up now," I said. "*Viva la huelga,* V. J., in case you've got any left."

"*Viva la huelga,* Manny, provided you don't take it home with you," he said. "Oh, by the way, the reason I was looking for you, there's some news. One of those Texas scabs spilled the beans about Bleggs. This guy found Bleggs lifting a five-dollar bill from his locker and got so sore, he told the cops the truth about that crowbar. The cops aren't after you, Manny. Any time you want, you can go back to being Manny Ruiz, you're a free agent with the little lady, how you approach her sauces is a matter of your interest in and evaluation of her sauces pure and simple. Listen, stay Javier, change back to Manny, that's up to you. Under any name, you're needed back in Indio. We won the strike, you know. We're going to the bargaining table in two, three weeks, and you've got to be on the negotiating committee. . . ."

• • •

Up and down Vaverdy's inkling of a downtown. Back and forth in this

innuendo of a downtown. Consulted with feed and grain stores. Quizzed supermarkets and delicatessens. Took counsel of saddle maker's shop, sought expert opinion from five-and-dime, held open forum with miniature golf course. This insinuation of a downtown and I were in perfect accord. Vernace Joe Prodger, all parties agreed, was a sellout. No doubt this fire-eater in the streets and public buildings was henpecked by his little woman at home and was whitewashing his lack of spine at home, his reduction to jelly at home, with theories about throwing collaborationist kisses to the boss at home. This big militant in the streets and bowl of mush at home was overlooking basic truths about my impasse with this Magda Campos. If tricking me, forever after she would know me as trick-prone. If telling truth, she would thereafter know me as vulnerable to other ruses, other pressurings. In neither case could I hope for anything from this woman but tricks and pressurings. Vaverdy's implication of a downtown and myself were eye to eye as regarded the impossibility of a viable life with this Magda Campos.

Two dozen storefronts confirmed this analysis and prognosis, at the same time, for vividness, presenting to me close-ups in full color of Magda Campos dressed in nothing but towel and the towel dislodging. Driving home, of course, the wide range of her tricks.

Finding a city-wide unanimity of opinion for my findings, plus a city-wide population of detoweling Magdas, I went to the phone booth outside a gas station and dialed.

"Hello," I said. "Many apologies for the lateness of the hour, but would it be convenient to call Mrs. Campos to the phone? This is Mr. Campos again."

I waited for a time, watching Magda's body on the glass door as the towel slipped from its outstanding upper portions. Still more out they stood, in the hunt for hands.

I heard her voice at about the time the towel reached her toes. My free hand was reaching for repletion, to find solely cold glass.

I said, "It's me."

She said, "Ah."

I said, "Emergency. Just talked on the phone with V. J. He says the search for me is wider and more energetic than I'd thought, practically a dragnet."

She said, "Oh?"

I said, "V. J. says I better stay put around here, it's off the beaten track, you know, also, the papers make a good cover."

She said, "That certainly sounds logical. There's no sense running all over California calling attention to yourself."

I said, "That's the way V. J. put it, practically word for word." It was interesting, how fast she was moving toward me on the glass door, now that she was without covering. Her thighs were very full and very active against each other: I watched this closely, both hands itching and twitching. After a moment I said, "Can I ask you something? Is the *relleno* sauce on your *chiles* everything you say it is?"

She said, "I've got a big pot of it on the stove right now. Let me put it this way. If it falls short of my claims in any way, you can stay in this house as my great-grandfather for fifty years."

I said, "If I'm going to be constantly on the alert, always watching out for cops, that takes a lot out of a man. I'll have to eat well to keep my strength and nerves up. It just so happens, *chiles rellenos* are a favorite dish of mine."

She said, "If we're going to get you fed right, we ought to start as soon as possible. As I say, I've got a big batch on the stove. Can I ask you one question? Have you had much to drink tonight?"

I observed this about myself, that I had been drinking, now I was craving, definitely, insofar as this had any bearing on my general tidiness in projects.

I said, "Enough."

She said, "You better hurry up home."

• • •

So I left the name of Manolo Ruiz back in Indio, a buried wheel. With this wheel was all my rolling equipment.

One night I got back from television-repair school in Brawley and settled down as usual for a late snack.

Certain questions still nudged, not hard, around the thought edges.

"Listen," I said, "about Mr. Bassing."

"You're not happy with the clerk job in the sheds?" Magda said. "I thought it was generous of him to give you a nice, clean, white-collar job, also, to let you use the jeep nights."

"I wasn't thinking of his sheds and jeeps," I said, "but more of his age. You called him young. He looks to me close to sixty."

"True," she said, "he's been showing his age lately. I'm worried about him."

"Also, you described him as energied. He seems to me to be using the wheelchair more and more."

"I would agree. He's very mechanically minded, I think he enjoys the motor and steering apparatus in this new chair."

"Regarding any chasing he might do, it's my feeling he'd have to do it slow motion, with such a bad leg and using a cane."

"Yes, I've noticed this, too. It's frightening, to see him go into decline like this, without warning."

"When would you say this aging and declining set in, Magda, at any particular point?"

"Oh, sure, a general weakening could be noticed from about the time you showed up, Javier, from just about the time I told him my husband had come back. You see, it's as I said, my acquiring a husband was very effective, it calmed him down as I predicted."

"Also, I've noticed he's very devoted to his wife, he's always patting her and kissing her hand."

"This is accurate, your coming has had a very good effect on their relations, too, he's really turned back to her. I'm happy to see this, Mrs. Bassing is a fine woman."

About the La Paz matter, I'd been working on a different approach to it. I had it formulated after some weeks of work. This night I decided to pass it along, to get us on a new plane.

I said, "You know, Magda, my mind's finally at rest about what happened and didn't happen down in La Paz in '56. I'm happy to tell you the whole thing came back to me. I remember in detail."

Naturally, I was watching her reactions closely. She seemed, essentially, not to have any, outside of a slow, not too full-bodied smile.

"You remember?" she said. "Javier, you're an amazing fellow."

"Why amazing? Is there any reason I shouldn't remember?"

"Well, stop and think, it was so long ago, and as you've often pointed out, you were so drunk the whole summer. But, listen, if it seems clear in your head now, fine."

"Magda, you talk as if you don't remember."

"I'll confess something, Javier. I think that between us you'd like the plain truth. The plain truth is, that whole business is getting very, very dim in my head. I'll tell you why, if it interests you. I think currently, it makes life simpler. When you have enough current events, they block out history and ancient things."

"Magda, are you telling me that now you don't really remember the details of summer 1956?"

"I'll tell you this, it's so vague in my head today, I couldn't give you a true yes or no about any detail anymore. To my way of thinking, Javier, when today's menu is rich, you don't have to write a history of all the meals you had in your life."

"I'm asking, Magda, do you remember 1956 or don't you?"

"I'll put it to you this way, Javier, I remember as well as you do, that I'm sure of. Come, sit, have another serving, did you notice I used more *cilantro* in the sauce today?"

I had noticed. It was the best *relleno* sauce ever, it made the memory of past sauces very hard.

A tricky one, this Magda. Were she not so satisfactory to share quarters with, I'd leave immediately. As it is, there's no rush. The table for bargaining back there in Indio won't be ready for two or three weeks, and the table here is a bargain.

"I do hope I get the part, Mr. Thompson. I'd hate losing two things in one day."
Don Lewis

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